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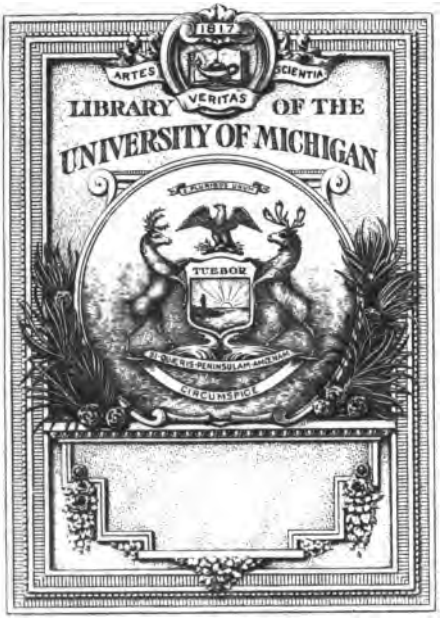
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TRACTS,

BY

WARBURTON,

AND A

WARBURTONIAN;

NOT

ADMITTED

INTO THE

COLLECTIONS

OF THEIR

RESPECTIVE WORKS.

Nescit vox missa reverti.

HOR. DE. ART. POET.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR CHARLES DILLY, IN THE POULTRY.

M,DCC,LXXXIX.

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MISCELLANEOUS TRANSLATIONS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

FROM

ROMAN POETS, ORATORS, AND HISTORIANS.

First Printed
1724.

3-15-38

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PREFACE

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PREFACE

OF THE EDITOR,

TO

Warburton's TWO TRACTS.

FOR Reaſons, which it is by no Means difficult to conjecture, though it might be invidious to ſtate them, the Bp. of Worceſter has not deigned to give a Place to the two following Tracts in his late magnificent Edition of Warburton's Works. By republiſhing them, however, without the Permiſſion of the R. R. Editor, I mean not to arraign his Taſte or his Prudence. I am diſpoſed even to beſtow ſome Commendation upon the *Delicacy of his Friendſhip* in endeavouring to ſuppreſs two juvenile Performances, which the Author, from unneceſſary Caution, or ill-directed Pride, would, probably, have wiſhed to be forgotten. But among Readers of Candour and Diſcernment, the Character of Bp. Warburton cannot ſuffer any Diminution of its Luſtre from this Republication. They who are curious in collecting Books, muſt certainly be anxious to poſſeſs *all* the Writings of that eminent Prelate. They who mark with philoſophic Preciſion the Progreſs of the human Underſtanding, will look up to Warburton with *greater* Reverence and greater Aſtoniſhment, when they compare the better Productions of his Pen with the worſe. The Faults of the one are excuſed by the Imperfections of his earlier Education: But the Excellencies of the other muſt be aſcribed only, to the unwearied Activity, the unſhackled Boldneſs, the uncommon and almoſt unparallelled Vigour of his native Genius. The Writer of the Divine Legation, might, indeed, with Propriety, have bidden Defiance to thoſe puny and churliſh Critics, who would meaſure his Powers and his Attain-

ments by the Incorrectneſs of his [1] Tranſlations and the Uncouthneſs of his Verſes. He that explored the "[2] wide and "trackleſs Waſtes of ancient Times" with ſo much Sagacity and ſo much Succeſs, ought to have laughed at every Imputation of Weakneſs to which he was expoſed from his Credulity and Singularity in the Explanation of Prodigies. *Hæc et infinita alia ridebamus, et tamen Warburtonum inter præcipua Literarum et Patriæ ornamenta ponimus. Nam quòd interdum ridenda dixit, non Warburtoni vitium, ſed hominis eſt. Et nemo fuit quantumvis Studiis magnus, cui non aliquando ridenda exciderint.* Vide Gronovium de Hadriano Junio in Centes. Uſur. P. 35.

[1] It may be worth while to remind the Reader, that one of Dr. Johnſon's firſt literary Efforts was an Engliſh Tranſlation of a French Tranſlation of a Book written originally in the Portugueſe Language. I never ſaw the Work, but refer the Reader to the Character which is given of it by Sir John Hawkins, who found in it no traces of that robuſt and vigorous Mind, which diſtinguiſhes the later and better Publications of the Author of the Rambler. Some Editor leſs timid or leſs delicate than the R. R. Editor of Warburton's Works, has lately republiſhed the Marmor Norfolcienſe of Johnſon, though it had loſt probably much of it's original Value in the Mind of the Author, though it is pronounced a dull Work by his Biographer, and though it was once thought even by the moſt impartial Readers, ſeditious in it's Tendency. I know not whether Johnſon left any Directions with his Executors about the M. N. nor whether Bp. Warburton laid any Injunctions upon his R. R. Friend concerning the two Books now republiſhed. If the Biſhop did impoſe any Prohibition, the R. R. "Editor" has acted an honourable Part in holding them back. But no Obligation of this Sort lies upon thoſe to whom the Biſhop's Commands were not communicated. I ſhould add, that the M. N. had been "republiſhed before" in 1775, during the Life of Johnſon, by ſome Perſon, who approved as little of his Jacobite Politics, as I do of the Sentiments contained in the "anonymous Letters" which were written by ſome Warburtonian to "Jortin" and to "Leland."

[2] Vid. Page 32, of the Preface to Vol. 3d. of the D. L.

EXCELLENTISSIMO

PRÆSTANTISSIMO & HONORATISSIMO VIRO,

D° *ROBERTO SUTTON*

EQUITI AURATO, AD GALLICUM MONARCAM, DARE MOREM CATHOLICÆ PACIS, CUM AUTHORITATE MAXIMA PROXIME, MISSO:

IN LEGATIONIBUS,

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D O M I,

VIRTUTUM HUMANITATIS, RELIGIONISQUE MODERATIONUM, EXEMPLARI PERILLUSTRI;

H A S N U G A S

IN SUMMI HONORIS, ANIMIQUE DICATISSIMI TESTIMONIUM,

D. D. D. Q:

W. WARBURTON.

CIↃ IↃCC XXIII.

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CÆSAR's

CÆSAR's ORATION

TO THE

SENATE,

IN

FAVOUR of the CONSPIRATORS,

FROM

SALLUST.

Malum ſub linguâ, non in lingua habet.

DIV. GREG. MORAL.

ALL Men, Conſcript Fathers, who ſit in Judgment o'er doubtful and important Caſes, ſhould be exactly ſtudious to diveſt themſelves of Friendſhip, Hatred, Pity, or Revenge. A Mind, in which theſe Paſſions predominate, is no longer at Liberty to act as Reaſon dictates; for when was it ever known that Partiality and Juſtice had a Place together in the ſame Sentence? So long as ſhe continues free from Prejudice, her Functions are regular and adequate. When Paſſions uſurp the Helm, in Vain do we expect Circumſpection and Conſtancy in her Courſe. I abound, C. Fathers, with Examples more than enough, of Kings and People, who, by giving Way to the blind Impulſe of Mercy or Cruelty, have committed fatal and irrecoverable Errors. But it is with greater Pleaſure I can recount the Behaviour of our wiſe Forefathers, who, ſuperior to all the Weakneſſes of human Nature, by conſulting the Honour of their Country, then laid the Foundations of her future Greatneſs. In the *Macedonian* War, which we waged againſt King *Perſes*, a populous City of *Rhodes*, grown pow-

erful by the Indulgence of the *Roman* People, treacherouſly revolted from their Protectors. But when, after the Concluſion of the War, it was debated in Senate how the *Rhodians* ſhould be treated, our Anceſtors, leaſt any one ſhould think we began Hoſtilities more out of Avarice for their Wealth, than juſt Reſentment of our Injuries, ſuffered their Perfidiouſneſs to paſs unchaſtiſed; ſo in all the *Punic* Wars, when the *Carthaginians*, both in Peace, and under the Obligations of Truces, had ſo oft violated the ſacred Laws of Nations, the *Roman* People never made Repriſals on them, conſulting rather what became the Dignity of the Empire to act, than what this unfaithful People deſerved to ſuffer. Be theſe, C. Fathers, your great Examplars; let not your Reſentments againſt *Lentulus* and his fellow Traytors, betray you into Indecencies unworthy of your Country; forbear to ſacrifice your Honours to Revenge. Can we invent a Puniſhment adequate to their Miſdemeanors? I approve the Severity, how unprecedented ſoever. But if the Monſtruoſity of their Crimes exceed even imaginary Ones, let us be contented with the legal Clemency of our Conſtitution. The generality of thoſe who have ſpoke before me, have wailed over the Condition of their Country, in all the Strains of Oratory and Flouriſh. They have ſummoned up the Evils of a Civil War; exaggerated the Fury of the Victors, and the Miſery of the Vanquiſhed; painted Veſtals deflowered before the holy Fire; Children torn from the Embraces of their Parents; Matrons violated at the Altar; Palaces and Temples undiſtinguiſhingly prophaned, and filled up the dreadful Scene with Slaughters, Plunders, Rapes and Conflagrations. But to what End, in the Name of Heaven! is all this Profuſion of Oratory employed? Is it to give us a juſt Senſe of this horrid Conſpiracy? That is, the phlegmatick Gentleman, whom the Blackneſs of this ſtupendious Villainy can't affect, may be taught his Duty by an oratorical Exaggeration vain and impertinent! few think thoſe Injuries that are levell'd at themſelves, inſignificant: many revenge them more ſeverely than Equity will warrant. Each Station of Life, C. Fathers, hath a Behaviour peculiar to itſelf. They, whoſe low Condition confine them to Obſcurity, may indulge

a vin-

a vindictive Temper with Impunity; the World is unknowing of the Frailty; their Frame and Fortunes are equally bounded: But they who adminiſter the Affairs of Empire, are ſet up to the Gaze of Mankind; their every Action paſſes the Scrutiny of a whole People; ſo that to the greateſt Power muſt be joined the greateſt Circumſpection. In them Inclination or Averſion is unbecoming, but Revenge is monſtruous. Revenge indeed it is called amongſt the little People, but in them 'tis Pride, 'tis Savageneſs and Tyranny. I own, C. Fathers, all Puniſhments muſt fall ſhort of their Demerits. But the Attention of the Many is chiefly fixed on the Concluſion of an Affair: The Malefactor is forgot, as ſoon as the Miſerable is pitied, and he never fails to be ſo, whenever his Puniſhment exceeds the preſcribed Rules of Juſtice. *D. Silanus* is undoubtedly a brave and honeſt Citizen; what he hath ſaid, I know proceeded from Affection to his Country: Partiality or Prejudice could have no Room in his Determinations; for I know the Manners and Moderation of the Perſon I commend. Yet give me Leave to ſay, his Opinion appears, I won't think cruel (for what can deſerve that Cenſure when applied to theſe Delinquents) yet certainly foreign to the Nature of our Conſtitution. What, *Silanus*, but Fear or Injuries could drive you upon theſe Innovations? The Pretence of Fear is ſuperſeded by the active Diligence of our illuſtrious Conſul, who has ſo well provided for our Security. Would you revenge your Injuries, let Bonds and Priſons do you Juſtice. In Death they will eſcape your Reſentments; they will there find a Refuge from their Miſeries, a ſecure Harbour againſt all the Storms of Fortune; in whoſe peaceful Boſom nor Hopes nor Fears can find Admittance. But tell me, I adjure you by the immortal Gods, why you made not Scourging Part of the Sentence? Was it becauſe the *Porcian* Law forbids? But then other Laws forbid the Death of a condemn'd Citizen, and commute the Puniſhment into Exile. Or was it becauſe Stripes are more ſevere than Death itſelf? But can any Thing be too ſevere for ſuch abandoned Wretches? What Mockery is it then to obſerve the Laws in a ſmaller Matter, and neglect them in a greater? But who can condemn us, you ſay, of Severity againſt the

Parricides of the Republick? Time, Fortune, and concurrent Circumſtances, give an Arbitrary Bias to the Opinions of Mankind; the utmoſt they can ſuffer, you ſay, will not exceed their Deſerts; however, C. Fathers, be cautious how you treat others. Moſt ill Precedents have aroſe from commendable Originals; but when the Reins of Government are delivered into the Hands of the Wicked, or leſs deſerving, thoſe very Rules which Neceſſity obliged the Wiſe and Virtuous to act by, will be perverſely and undiſtinguiſhingly applied by their fooliſh or deſigning Succeſſors. The *Lacedemonians*, when they had conquered *Athens*, ſet over them a Magiſtracy of Thirty. Theſe entered on their Adminiſtration with freeing the City from thoſe Members who were moſt obnoxious to it, without Regard to the common Forms of Juſtice. This Proceeding met with univerſal good Liking and Applauſe. But they had not been long indulged the Liberty, when the Good and Bad became the equal Objects of their Licentiouſneſs; ſo that the whole City, which was now fallen a Sacrifice to their wanton Cruelty, too late lamented, in Blood and Tears, the terrible Effects of their ſtupid Approbation. To come nearer to our own Times; when the victorious *Sulla* cut off *Damaſippus*, and other Diſturbers of the public Peace, which of us did not applaud his Juſtice? But what a black Scene of Miſeries did that ſingle Precedent produce? For no ſooner had an avaricious Soldier fixed his Eye on a Palace, a Villa, nay, if it was only on a Suit of Hangings, or Piece of Plate, but the Owner was immediately found in the Number of the Proſcribed. And now thoſe very Men who had been ſo well ſatisfied with the Plea of Neceſſity againſt *Damaſippus*, found the very ſame renewed to their own Deſtruction: Nor did the Slaughters ceaſe till *Sulla* had ſhared the Plunder of *Rome* amongſt his rapacious Followers. We have nothing indeed of this Nature to fear, either from the Manners of the Age, or the Moderation of *Marcus Tullius*. But in a large and groſs Body there are malignant heterogeneous Humours, whoſe ill Qualities, while in a State of Reſt, are innoxious, but when indiſcreetly ſet on Float, become fatal to the Conſtitution. At another Time, and under another Conſul, how eaſy would it be to find colourable

able Pretences for an unbounded Exercise of Power. When by a Precedent like this, a Decree of Senate hath unsheathed the Consul's Sword, who shall rebate its Edge or return it to the Scabbard? Our Ancestors, C. Fathers, were neither wanting in the Field, or the Council: They had Modesty enough to improve their own Institutions by such of their Neighbours as appeared worthy of Imitation. Our Arms and military Weapons we borrowed of the *Samnites*; our Ensigns of Magistracy were mostly of *Tuscan* Original: In short, whatever appeared worthy an Imperial City, was it amongst Enemies or Allies, we very wisely made our own; chusing rather to emulate than envy the Advantages of Strangers. At the Time we began to copy after the *Grecian* Manners, we imposed Stripes for the last Punishment of a *Roman* Citizen. As the Republick increased, and the Factions of her Sons kept Pace with her Conquests, the *Porcian* and other Laws were very opportunely made to give a Check to those Evils, and then a Convict was decreed to Banishment. These, Fathers, are my Reasons why I esteem an Innovation in Punishment prejudicial to the Public. Their Wisdom and Virtues, which enlarged the City to its present Extent of Empire, from the most contemptible Beginnings, were surely much greater than ours, which scarce know to preserve it in the Condition transmitted to us. Do you suspect then, I advise their Dismission to reinforce the Army of *Catiline?* Far be such Councils from this Assembly! But this I think, that their Effects should be confiscated, and their Persons detained in the richest of our municipal Cities: That whoever hereafter shall sollicit the Senate or People in their Favour, should be esteemed Enemies to their Country, and the common Safety of its Members.

TULLY's ORATION

FOR

LIGARIUS, BEFORE CÆSAR,

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Aſperitatis & invidiæ, Corrector ET IRÆ.

HOR.

I. THE Treaſon, *Cæſar*, of which my Kinſman, *Q. Tubero* now accuſes *Q. Ligarius*, for being in *Afric*, is of a Species entirely new, and, till this Day, unknown amongſt us: This Charge the accompliſhed *C. Panſa*, perhaps in Confidence of your Friendſhip, has been bold enough to confeſs. So that what Part I am now to act, I know not. I came prepared, as you knew nothing of the Fact, nor could, I preſumed, get Information of it, to take Advantage of your Ignorance for the Safety of a miſerable Citizen. But ſince the invidious Diligence of his Enemy has divulged what would have otherwiſe remained a Secret, 'tis adviſeable to plead guilty: Eſpecially when we reflect, that my Collegue *Panſa* has made it almoſt impracticable to do otherwiſe. To throw up all then, that may relate to a Defence, my whole Oration ſhall be one Addreſs to your Mercy, where ſo many have found their Preſervation; not only by a Pardon for their Faults, but an Excuſe likewiſe for their Errors. You obtain then, *Tubero*, what an Accuſer moſt deſires; a Confeſſion to his Charge; but ſuch a Confeſſion as involves you too, and what is more, your excellent Father, in its Guilt. You ought firſt then to implore the Mercy of this Tribunal for yourſelves, before you take upon you to provoke its Juſtice againſt *Ligarius*. But to the Point.

II. *Q. Ligarius*, when yet there was not the leaſt Suſpicion of a Rupture, went with the Proconſul *C. Conſidius*, in Quality of Lieutenant, into *Africa*: In which Station he became ſo acceptable both to Citizens and Aſſociates, that *Conſidius* could

could not leave the Province in any tolerable Diſpoſition to himſelf, without delegating his Command into the Hands of *Ligarius*. Who, after many vain Efforts to withſtand their Importunity, with great Reluctance, at length undertook the Charge, which he adminiſtered, during the Calm, with ſuch Honour and Integrity, as made him equally dear to Countrymen and Strangers. The War ſuddenly flamed out; whoſe Rage they in *Africa* had felt, before Preparations towards it were ſo much as heard of. In this Tumult, the Commonalty, partly out of their irregular Appetites, and partly on ungrounded Apprehenſions, the Reſult of Intereſt this, and that of Affection, were clamorous for a Leader: When *Ligarius*, who had now an Eye to *Italy*, and impatiently waited an Opportunity of returning to his Friends, would not ſuffer himſelf to be involved in any Affairs that might impede that Reſolution. In the Interim comes *P. Accius Varus* to *Utica*, with the Character of the Prætorate of *Africa*: A great Concourſe immediately aſſembled to him; and he ſeized the Government with Circumſtances of no great Moderation; if we may call that ſo, which no Decree of the Conſtitution, but the Caprice only of a factious Multitude conferred upon him. So that *Ligarius*, who till now had been induſtrious in avoiding all public Employments, ſoon after *Varus*'s Arrival, retired into Privacy. And thus far, *Cæſar*, have I conducted *Ligarius*, clear of Contagion: He was ſo free from Deſigns of engaging in the War when he left *Rome*, that he had not then the leaſt Suſpicion of a Rupture: He went Lieutenant in Peace, and ſo behaved himſelf amongſt a peaceable People, that he long ſecured to them the Enjoyment of its Bleſſings. His Arrival could not then diſpleaſe you. A much leſs Reaſon has his Stay to do ſo. The Motives of That indeed were nothing ſcandalous, but This proceeded from the moſt honourable Neceſſity. Thus are theſe two Periods ſecure from Blame: The one, while in Quality of Lieutenant, the other, when through the Importunity of the Province, he accepted the ſupreme Authority. There is a third, and that is, his Stay amongſt them after the Arrival of *Varus*. But this, if it be a Fault, Neceſſity, and not Inclination muſt anſwer. For can it be ſuppoſed, had it been in his

Power to do otherwiſe, he would have choſe *Utica* before *Rome*; *Varus*, before his deareſt Brothers, and Strangers before his own Family? When that very Lieutenancy, ſo immoderate is the Love he bears them, was at firſt attended with all Anxiety and Solicitude. Judge then of his Condition, when torn from them by the Violence of civil Diſſentions.

III. You have not yet then, *Cæſar*, the leaſt Proof of *Ligarius*'s Averſion to your Service. But ſee, with what Aſſurance I defend his Cauſe, while I betray my own. So wonderful a Clemency ſhall be a conſtant Theme in the Mouths, the Writings, and the Monuments of all Poſterity. *M. Cicero* defends a Criminal at your Tribunal from being in that Cauſe, of which he confeſſes himſelf a Party; nor dreads your ſecret Sentiments; nor fears what this Apology for his Friend's Innocence, may call up into your Mind of his own Delinquency. And ſee the Reaſon of my Confidence. See, while I am now ſpeaking, how the benignant Rays of his Generoſity and Wiſdom diffuſe themſelves upon me. Had I a Voice ſtrong enough to proclaim the Favour, all *Rome* ſhould be a Witneſs of my Gratitude. When the War, Sir, now raged at the higheſt, without any Force on my Inclinations, but following the Dictates of my Judgment and Affection, I openly joined myſelf to the Party then in Arms againſt you. But to whom do I make this Confeſſion? To him, to him, I ſay, who knowing all this, yet reſtored me to my Country, before I could have Time to aſk it: who wrote me Word out of *Ægypt*, that he would reinſtate me in all my former Dignities: who then ſole Leader in the *Roman* Empire, condeſcended to make me his Partner in Command: Who ſent me, by this very *Panſa*, the triumphant Faſces, which I held as long as Modeſty would permit: Who only then thought Life worth my Acceptance, when I could receive it unviolated of its Ornaments. What Reaſon now, *Tubero*, have I to heſitate in confeſſing of my Friend's Actions, when I have not ſcrupled ſo frankly to relate my own. But I have a farther View in it, that when the Courſe of my Apology ſhall oblige me to ſay the ſame of *Tubero*, he may the more readily forgive the Freedom. The Condition and Reputation of this Gentleman I ſhall be always ſtudious to advance and improve; whether from

from the Relation he bears to me, from the Value I ſet upon his Accompliſhments, or from the Intereſt I myſelf may be ſuppoſed to have in them. But give me Leave to aſk, who he is that accuſes us of being in *Afric?* Is he not one who attempted to be there himſelf, who complains that *Ligarius* denied him Entrance, and who actually was in Hoſtilities againſt *Cæſar* himſelf? For how, *Tubero*, was thy Sword employed, when unſheathed on the Plains of *Pharſalia*, in whoſe Quarrel was its Edge retunded? From which Side did thy Javelin fly? Who then claimed the Service of thy Hand and Heart, thy Proweſs and thy Conduct? For what were thy Vows addreſſed? In what were thy Hopes concentred?——But I have gone too far.——The generous Youth is in Commotion.——I return to myſelf.——I alſo was in the ſame Engagement. For what did we there, *Tubero*, but ſtruggle to uſurp a Power, we now ſee repoſed in the Victor? What Praiſes, *Cæſar*, can deſcribe a Clemency which pardons even thoſe that would diveſt you of it? That Prudence, *Tubero*, ſo conſpicuous in thy other Actions, is hardly to be found in this: But how much more defective is thy Father's! Is it not ſurpriſing ſo fine a Genius, ſo accompliſhed a Scholar, could not penetrate into the Nature and Conſequences of this Accuſation? Had he done that, he had adviſed thee any Method, rather than that thou haſt undertaken. But *Ligarius* muſt be puſhed, though he ſubmits: Arraigned, though, in my Opinion, leſs faulty than thyſelf, or, by thy own Confeſſion, but equally criminal. Theſe Proceedings, give me Leave to ſay, are altogether monſtrous. Your Charge is directed, by a natural Tendency, to his Deſtruction, rather than Condemnation: a Proceeding, till now, unpracticed by a Citizen of *Rome*. To purſue a Reſentment to the Death, is of Manners altogether exotick; more beſeeming the Levity of a *Greek*, or the Inhumanity of a Barbarian. But why all this Virulence? Is it to keep him out of *Rome?* To drive him from his Brothers, his Uncle, his Couſin, his Family and his Friends? To baniſh him from his Country? But is he not already in thoſe Circumſtances? Can that Condition be capable of greater Miſeries than thoſe he now ſuffers? It is Death therefore and not Exile that you require. But you ſhall not find a Charge of this

this Nature, even under the Uſurpation of that Dictator who cut off every Man he hated; the Tyrant was both Judge and Informer, even though he publiſhed Rewards for their Encouragement. That ſcandalous Practice we were ſome Years ago delivered from, by this very *Cæſar*, whom you would perſwade to others equally ſevere. But you have no ſuch Intent, you ſay, I can't think you have, *Tubero*. For I am no Stranger to you, your Father, your Name or Family: The Virtues, the Literature, the Humanity of your illuſtrious Race I am perfectly acquainted with; and can never think you capable of harbouring ſuch bloody Diſpoſitions. But reflect a little, I beſeech you. The Thing has an ill Aſpect, you act as if you thought his Puniſhment inſufficient. If ſo, what is there now to inflict but Death? He is already an Exile; what would you farther? Prevent the Poſſibility of his Return? But that would be exceeding the very Cruelty I charge you with. Will you, while we follow *Cæſar* to his Houſe with Tears and Supplications, while we fall proſtrate before him, relying rather on his known Clemency, than our own Innocence? Will you, I ſay, break in with unbeſeeming Virulence on our Sorrows, to fruſtrate our Petitions, and ſpurn us from the Footſtool of our Deliverer?

IV. While we were privately, and we hope, ſucceſsfully interceding, for the Miſerable, ſhould you rudely interrupt us, and clamorouſly warn *Cæſar* to beware of Mercy, to be cautious how he pardoned, and deaf to our fraternal Supplications, would not the World believe you had thrown off all the Notices of Humanity? How much more ſhocking is this publick Oppoſition! And in ſo general a Calamity, to deprive the Wretched of this only Aſylum from their Miſeries! Let me ſpeak, *Cæſar*, without Reſerve, had not your Lenity, a Virtue you owe ſolely to yourſelf, kept Pace with your Conqueſts (I have Reaſon for what I ſay) a very mournful Victory would this have been to *Rome*. For how many were there amongſt the Victors who had Inclinations to Cruelty, when ſome even of the Vanquiſhed are not aſhamed to avow thoſe Diſpoſitions? How many, who needing no Pardon for themſelves, would have given none to others; when ſome, who owe their very Beings to it, would deny the Bleſſings to their Companions in Misfortune? But could

could we have brought *Cæſar* to believe *Ligarius* had never been in *Afric*; could we in Pity to the Miſerable, have ſlurr'd an honeſt and charitable Fraud upon him? Was it for a Man of Honour in ſuch a Juncture, to detect the Impoſture? Admit it, yet certainly not for him who was engaged in the ſame Cauſe, and obnoxious to the ſame Tribunal. But it is one Thing to prevent *Cæſar*'s Errors, and another to oppoſe his Mercy. You had only then ſaid,——Beware, *Cæſar*, how you credit.——*Ligarius* was in *Afric*;——He there bore Arms againſt you. But the Cry is now,——Beware, *Cæſar*, how you pardon. The Counſel of a Barbarian to his ſavage Monarch: Which, whoever *Cæſar* gives you, will be in more Danger of loſing his own Humanity, than violating your's. *Tubero*, likewiſe, if I miſtake not, on the Entrance to his Charge, promiſed to ſpeak to the Crimes of *Ligarius*. You cannot ſurely but admire, that no other Proſecutions of the ſame Nature ſhould be brought before you, that a Man, ſo deeply concerned himſelf in its Conſequences, ſhould commence this, or that a Charge of ſo uncommon a Nature ſhould ever be begun. You call this a Crime, *Tubero*, but why, I pray you? An Adherence to that Cauſe was never yet branded with ſo odious an Appellation: Some indeed, have ſtiled the unfortunate Eſpouſers of it, erroneous; others needleſly apprehenſive: Thoſe who bore yet harder on them, partial, obſtinate, ambitious or vindictive: Their greateſt Enemies, blind and ungovernable: Criminal, no Man, beſides yourſelf, has had the Confidence to call them. Was I required to give a juſt and proper Name to ſo epidemical an Evil, doubtleſs I ſhould call it a calamitous Fatality that had got Poſſeſſion of our weak, unguarded Minds: An Example to audacious Mortals how eaſily the wiſeſt humane Councils may be defeated by the fixed Determination of divine Providence. It is Crime enough, indeed, to be miſerable; though under ſuch a Victor we cannot be ſo. I now ſpeak of them only who fell in the Contention.——They were ambitious, they were vindictive, they were obſtinate;——but let us not accuſe the fallen *Pompey*, and his ſlaughtered Followers, of Madneſs, Parricide and Impiety. When, *Cæſar*, did we ever hear this Language from you? When was your Sword otherwiſe employed than in driving

driving back the Calumnies caſt upon you, with a juſt Chaſtiſement on the Inventors? Or when did your conquering Troops engage, and not in Defence of their own Rights, and the Dignity of their General? What, when you laboured after Peace, did you offer it to Criminals and Parricides, or to honeſt, tho' miſtaken Citizens? Had the magnificent Favours you heaped upon me, been beſtowed on a Villain and a Profligate, how greatly had they abated of their Value! Could you have deſerved ſo well of your Country, by reſtoring only Traytors and Rebels to its Rights and Liberty? From the firſt, *Cæſar*, you regarded it as the Heat of Party, not the Flames of War; as a civil Diſſention, not an hoſtile Fury. Where all propoſed the Service of their Country, though ſome were led away from its true Intereſt by Prejudice and Affectation. The Quality of each Leader was very near on a Level, that of their Followers was perhaps, not ſo: The Right was then doubtful, for a Man might find ſomething to commend in either Party; but the Side Providence hath declared for, doth in Modeſty and Juſtice demand our Approbation, though it is ſufficient, only to be acquainted with your Clemency, to acknowledge the Juſtice of your Conqueſts; in which no Man met an untimely Fate, but he who tempted it in the Field.

V. But to return from the common Cauſe to what concerns our Particular. And now, *Tubero*, after all, which think you was the eaſier, his Departure out of *Afric*, or your Refuſal to go thither? Ought we, you'll ſay, to oppoſe the Order of the Senate? True indeed, you ought not. But was not *Ligarius* then, who had the ſame Order, under the ſame Obligation? with this Difference only, that he ſubmitted to it, at a Time when the Senate could have extorted Obedience from the Refractory: You, when every one, that was ſo diſpoſed, might condemn it with Safety. Do I blame you therefore? very far from that. A Diſregard of its ſacred Injunctions would have ill become either your Name, your Houſe, your Character, or Education. But this indeed cannot eſcape my Cenſure, that you ſhould condemn that as criminal in others, which you hold laudable in yourſelves. *L. Tubero's* Lot came up in his Abſence, for a Fit of Illneſs at that Time kept him from *Rome*;

ſo

ſo that he had determined to get himſelf excuſed. Our frequent Intercourſes let me into this Secret; for we had been educated under the ſame Roof, and paſſed a Campaign under the ſame Tent, together. An Alliance between the two Families, confirmed our Intimacy for the Remainder of our Lives: and a joint Purſuit of one common Study made the Knot of Friendſhip indiſſoluble. Upon the whole then, I know, *Tubero* was deſirous to ſtay at Home, but ſome among us ſo carried Matters, and ſo perverſely applied the moſt ſacred Name of the Republic to partial and ſiniſter Purpoſes, that had he followed his Inclinations, he had been overborne by the Load of Odium and Clamour they ſtill caſt upon all who diſſented from them. He yielded to that great Man's Authority, or rather obeyed it: He ſhared the Fortune of the Cauſe he had eſpouſed; but not being over expeditious, he found *Afric*, on his Arrival, already taken up. From hence ſprings his Accuſation, or rather his Reſentment againſt *Ligarius*. For can he be leſs faulty in attempting to ſeize a mighty Province, formed by Nature for hoſtile Oppoſition to this City, than another in ſtruggling to maintain his Poſſeſſion of it. But in Truth, this other, was not *Ligarius*. *Varus* gave out, himſelf had the Command; 'tis certain he aſſumed the Enſigns of Authority. But be that as it will: What, *Tubero*, are the Fruits of this Accuſation? You was denied Admittance to the Province. But granting it had been given up; would you have delivered it to *Cæſar*, or held it out againſt him? Behold, *Cæſar*, what Licence, or more properly, what Licentiouſneſs, your Indulgence introduces. Should *Tubero* reply, that his Father, who received *Africa* by Lot, and a Decree of Senate, would have declared for you; I almoſt ſuſpect, notwithſtanding your own Intereſt in ſuch a Practice, you had ſharply reproved him for his Perfidy. For though ſuch a Behaviour might not be diſagreeable, it would certainly be diſapproved. But to wave all theſe Suppoſitions, not ſo much out of Fear of violating your unconquered Patience, as that *Tubero* ſhould be ſuſpected of Deſigns he never once yet entertained a Thought of. This was the Province that ſo long, ſo obſtinately, gave a Check to *Cæſar*'s Conqueſts, where a powerful Monarch, and a rich and numerous People held it

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out to the laſt againſt him. Now give me Leave to aſk you what you could propoſe to do in this Quarter? Though the Queſtion is really needleſs, when we all ſaw what you actually did. You was forbid to ſet Foot upon the Province: And this you ſay with all the Circumſtances of Injuſtice and Contempt. Well, let us ſee how you bore this ill Uſage, to whom did you remonſtrate? To whom, but to him whoſe Authority you followed, and whoſe Cauſe you aſſerted. Had you received the Repulſe in *Cæſar*'s Service, you had retired under his Enſigns; but you ſought Refuge in the Camp of *Pompey*. Is this then the Place to expect Redreſſes? *Ligarius* would not ſuffer you to make War upon *Cæſar*, and you complain to *Cæſar* of the Injury. Will you ſtrain a Point a little, and I have given you a fair Opportunity of magnifying your own Merit; for it is but ſaying, you would have delivered up the Province to him, in Spight of all *Varo*'s Oppoſition, and the Buſineſs is done. Then indeed, who won't condemn *Ligarius* for depriving you of ſo glorious an Occaſion of advancing your Reputation? But behold, *Cæſar*, the Conſtancy, the Inflexibility of my accompliſhed Friend *Tubero*: This, though a Virtue, I ſhall always eſteem as it deſerves, yet ſhould not think it indecent to celebrate, did I not know how ſuperior a Value you always ſet upon it; and could mortal Man ever boaſt a greater? But Conſtancy is a Word too weak to expreſs ſo extraordinary a Behaviour, 'twas Patience, 'twas Longanimity. For who ever heard of any before him, in our civil Diſſenſions, that when rejected by a Party, with all the Provocations of Cruelty, ever returned to it again? What Greatneſs of Mind then, what Contempt of Fortune, what Conſciouſneſs of Innocence muſt he have, whoſe ſteady Purpoſes of Soul no Dangers could ſtagger, no Intereſts draw, no Injuries provoke to forſake the Cauſe his Reaſon muſt yet approve. Had the Contention between *Varus* and *Tubero* been on an equal Foot as to Name, Diſtinction, Character and Abilities, which is certainly was not, the latter had, in this, the Advantage, that he acted under the Sanction of a juſt Authority. When denied Admittance, he went not over to *Cæſar*, leaſt Reſentment ſhould ſeem to have a Share in the Revolt; he returned not to his Family. For that would have expoſed him

to

to the Cenſure of Indolence: He retired not to a Place of Neutrality, for that would be called condemning the Cauſe he had eſpouſed: Towards *Macedon* he ſteered, again joined *Pompey*'s Forces, again thruſt himſelf into that Party from which he had been ſo ignominiouſly repulſed. Well, but ſince nothing you did or ſuffered could ſoften that haughty General, you ſurely then became more remiſs and languid in his Service: We may preſume you only ſought Refuge in his Garriſons; he indeed had your Perſons, but his great Rival, your Affections. Or, to be ſerious, was it not with you as it is with All, inflamed with civil Fury, to be poſſeſſed with the Spirit of Superiority. I was always an Advocate for Peace; but it was then with the lateſt. To interpoſe between two Armies in the Article of Engagement, was the Mediation of a mad Man. We were all, at that Time, taken up with the buſy Thoughts of Death or Victory: You, of all Men, had no Room for others, who choſe a Station in the Place where that deſperate Alternative was juſt deciding: Though I doubt not but, as Affairs now ſtand, you prefer your preſent Safety to all the Advantages of ſuch a Conqueſt. I had not gone thus far, *Tubero*, had I thought it poſſible for you to repent of your Perſeverance, or *Cæſar* of his Clemency. Let me now aſk you, if you proſecute for a public Injury, or a private? If you ſay for a public, what Satisfaction will you give us for your own Delinquencies? If a private, take Care how you provoke *Cæſar* againſt thoſe Acts in an Enemy, which he hath pardoned in yourſelves. But think not, *Cæſar*, I mean this for a Defence, or that I would thereby inſinuate my Client's Innocence. No, whatever I have ſaid, ſhall be all reſolved into this alone, your Humanity, your Clemency, your Mercy. I am now grown old in the Avocations of the Gown; I have oft pleaded here in Conjunction with you, while your own Affairs engaged you to the Forum. But a Language of this Kind I am yet to learn.——Pardon, dread Judges, he hath erred, he is guilty, he was not aware of the Conſequences; but if ever he repeats it.——Thus we ſupplicate a Parent. To a Magiſtrate we ſay——he is clear, he is innocent; the Charge is groundleſs, the Witneſſes are ſuborned. Aſſert then, *Cæſar*, your Right of Judicature; we ſubmit to your

your Authority: Enquire what Places *Ligarius* held out againſt you. I am ſilent; I omit all that might be urged to a Judge in his Defence; of his going Lieutenant in Peace; of his Reſignation before the War; of the Force he was under during its Continuance. This might have been of Uſe before a Magiſtrate. To a common Parent we thus confeſs ourſelves; I was raſh, I was diſobedient, but I repent; my Safety is your Indulgence. To aſk a Favour that has never been beſtowed, would be arrogant and preſumptuous; but of a common Bleſſing let me, O my Father, have a Share.

VI. Hath not then *Ligarius* good Reaſon to hope the beſt, when even I am allowed to be his Advocate? Though he places not his Confidence in this Apology, nor in the more powerful interceſſion of your Adherents. For I well know what you principally regard in Petitions of this Nature: the ſimple Merit of the ſupplicating Enemy, before the pompous Mediation of a preſuming Friend. 'Tis true indeed, ſo magnificent is your Bounty, that a Follower ſometimes appears more happy in the Benefit, than even yourſelf, in the Glory of the Obligation. But I know, as I now ſaid, that Reaſon, and not Clamour, directs your Clemency; that the trueſt Object of Pity claims the largeſt Share of your Humanity. In pardoning *Ligarius* you do a grateful Thing to many of your Followers: But let that beſt Guide, your own Prudence, ſtill direct you. I could propoſe to your Conſideration the illuſtrious Houſe of the *Sabini*, Men, whoſe Virtues and Affection you have thoroughly experienced, with the whole *Sabine* Country, the Ornament of *Italy*, and the Pillar of the Republick. But you are no Stranger to their Pretenſions: Behold their Tears, their Sorrows and Dejection. See the Habit and Behaviour of *J. Brochus* here, and his Son; I know what favourable Sentiments you entertain of them. What ſhall I ſay of his Brothers? 'Tis ſufficient, *Cæſar*, to obſerve, that more than a ſingle Perſon will be affected by your Reſolves; the Fates of the *Ligarii* are now to be determined: This Juncture muſt reſtore all three to their Country, or ever exclude them from it; for while one remains unpardoned, Exile is dearer to the other two than *Rome*, Family, or Houſhold Gods. If this proceeds from Sorrow, Piety and Affection,

Affection, let Sorrow, Piety and Affection plead in their Behalf. That wiſe Maxim which contributed to your Conqueſts, will contribute likewiſe to our Succeſs. For how oft have we heard it ſaid, that *Pompey* treated all as Enemies, who declared not for him; *Cæſar* embraced all as Friends, who fought not againſt him. Regard the Splendor of this Appearance, behold the whole *Brochian* Family; behold here *L. Martius*, *C. Cæſetius*, *L. Corfidius*; behold theſe *Roman* Knights, not only well known to you, but active, and well approved of in your ſervice. Againſt theſe were the Reſentments of our Party chiefly levelled; ſome of them we ſummoned to the Quarrel, others we threatened for refuſing to appear in it. Afford your Friends then the Pleaſure of preſerving theirs: and as you have made good all other Declarations, confirm our Opinion of your Veracity, by an Obſervance of this. Was you perfectly acquainted with the harmonious Concord amongſt the three *Ligarii*, you would conclude they were all equally in your Intereſt. At leaſt I doubt not but you readily believe, that could *Ligarius*, have been in *Italy*, he would have followed the Fortunes of his Brothers. For who did not obſerve their natural, and, I had almoſt ſaid, inſpired Union. All that knew them, did believe any thing might have ſooner happened than their falling into different Parties. They were all intentionally in your Service, though one was borne away by the Torrent of ſiniſter Accidents; and did he ſeem not to reſiſt its Violence, he is but in the Condition of many who have regained your Favour? Did he go to War? It was not only againſt you, but his Brothers alſo: And lo! even they are Interceſſors for him. As I was always fond and ambitious of intereſting myſelf in your Affairs, I can't but call to Mind how much *T. Ligarius*, when City Quæſtor, acted for your Service: But why do I pretend to remind you of it? You, who was never known to forget, (ſo great is your Genius and Diſpoſition,) any Thing beſides your Injuries. This very *Ligarius* then, who as well in all his other Actions, as in that, (without foreſeeing this Occaſion of urging the Merit of it) hath confirmed himſelf in your good Opinion, falls your Suppliant for his Brother's Pardon; which obtained, will be reſtoring the loving, faithful Three, not only

to themſelves, their Friends, and their Clients, but alſo to their expecting Country. As you have ſo lately beſtowed upon the Senate, the noble *M. Marcellus*, give now to the People, whoſe Favourite you have always been, theſe pious, honourable Brothers. Then ſhall this Day be as joyful to *Rome*, as glorious to yourſelf: Then ſhall it be an Introduction only to a long Series of ſucceeding Triumphs; for what ſo truly popular as the Offices of Humanity? Even in that bright Circle of Virtues that illuminate your God-like Soul, there is none more amiable, none more radiant than your Clemency. Nor can any one approach nearer to the Attributes of Heaven, than by conferring Life and Safety on Mankind. Nor is your great Condition capable of more perfect Happineſs than to be able, or your Nature, of higher Excellence than to be willing, to give Liberty and Protection to a whole People. The Occaſion does, perhaps, require a longer Apology, but your benignant Diſpoſition would ſupply a ſhorter. So thinking the whole better left to your own Wiſdom, than purſued farther by me or my Colleague, I will conclude with obſerving only that the good or ill Fates of all here preſent, depend on your Reſolves about the abſent *Ligarius*.

SELECT

SELECT

LETTERS

FROM THE YOUNGER

PLINY.

Principibus placuiſſe viris, non ultima laus eſt,

HOR.

PLINY TO ATRIUS CLEMENS.

Lib. I, E. 10.

IF ever the liberal Sciences might be ſaid to flouriſh in *Rome*, it has certainly the beſt Claim to that Honour at preſent. Of this I could give you ſome illuſtrious Proofs, but ſhall now confine myſelf to ſpeak only of *Euphrates* the Philoſopher. When I was very young in the Army in *Syria*, I firſt got intimately acquainted with him; I made it my Study to ſecure his Affection, and 'twas without Difficulty I attained it. For he is open, generous, and inviting, and full of the Humanity that he teaches. Would I could ſay the Improvements he then conceived me capable of making, are in any Degree proportioned to thoſe he has made in himſelf! At leaſt I now admire him more, becauſe I underſtand him better; though I ſtill confeſs myſelf unable to comprehend his entire Value. For, as you can form no true Judgment of a Picture, a Statue, or a Poem, without ſome previous Knowledge in each reſpective Science, ſo you can have no juſt Ideas of the good Qualities of the Mind, without a reaſonable Share of them in your own Perſon. Yet the Virtues of *Euphrates* are ſo conſpicuous, that one moderately ſkilled in Men and Manners, muſt admire them. His Diſputations are acute, delicate and weighty, very much affecting the Platonic Sublimity and Exuberance: His Style is copious and extenſive, naturally ſweet and gentle, but reſiſtleſs as a Torrent where it meets with Oppoſition; add to this a tall comely Perſonage, with ſoft flowing Hair, and a long ſilver

Beard: Theſe Incidents you may, perhaps, think trifling in ſuch a Character, yet do they wonderfully command Reſpect and veneration. There is nothing ſhocking or ſordid in his Manner; but throughout the whole appears a grateful Severity, which produces Reverence without Fear. He has joined to the moſt exalted Piety, the moſt extenſive Humanity. He chaſtiſes the Vices, and not the Perſons of Men; and is always more delighted to reform Errors, than expoſe the Offenders. His Precepts will engage your moſt ſerious Attention; for he gains your Good-will before he forces your Aſſent. He has now three Children, two of them Sons, on whom he has beſtowed the moſt diſtinguiſhed Education. His Father-in-law, *Pompeius Julianus*, ſo illuſtrious for a long Series of worthy Actions, of which his chuſing this Relation is not the leaſt, though Governor of a Province, preferred him to the moſt conſiderable Alliances in *Rome*; not for his Superiority in Birth or Fortune, but in Wiſdom and Virtue. But why ſhould I dwell upon a Subject that gives me ſo much Diſturbance. In ſhort, I can't enjoy that dear Man's Company as uſual. I am now in a Station, which as it advances me to the higheſt honours, expoſes me to all the Inconveniences of a conſtant Attendance. I preſide in the Judicatory, where my Time is ſpent in trying Cauſes, and paſſing Decrees. I write a great deal, but all dull dry Letters of Buſineſs. Sometimes, indeed, I ſteal ſo much Leiſure as to retire to my *Euphrates*, with Complaints of the Fatigue I undergo. He comforts me, by maintaining, that Philoſophy is never ſo well employed as in the Service of one's Country, nor makes ſo magnificent a Figure as in the Adminiſtration of public Juſtice; but all his Rhetoric can't purſuade me, that I am now happier than when I paſſed whole Days in imbibing the divine Truths of his Philoſophy. So that I would adviſe you, who have Leiſure, to haſte up to Town, that he may new poliſh your Manners, and clear them from the Ruſt that long Eaſe is too apt to contract. For I am none of thoſe who envy others the Advantages they want themſelves: But, on the contrary, am delighted to let my Friends into the Poſſeſſion of the Good, I myſelf am incapable of enjoying.

PLINY

TO

CALESTRIUS TYRO.

E. 12.

II.

A GREAT Misfortune has lately befallen me, if that Word ben't too weak to deſcribe my Sorrows for the Death of a Man ſo dear to me, as was *Corœlius Rufus*. What ſwells them beyond all Bounds, is, that he voluntarily procured it. This is an Exit truly terrible, which Fate and Nature ſeem to have no Hand in. When the Rage of a Diſtemper drives us hence, we comfort ourſelves, however, with the ſuppoſed Impoſſibility of its being otherwiſe; but when our own Hands too aſſiſt its Fury, the Grief is inconſolable. *Corœlius*, indeed, had all the Motives, that wiſe Men ever hold reaſonable, to puſh him upon that Expedient: Though there were no inconſiderable ones to diſſwade him from it; as a conſcious Virtue, an eſtabliſhed Character, and an exalted Condition; a Daughter, a Wife, a Grandſon and Siſters; and amongſt ſo many Pledges of Felicity, not a few real Friends. But ſo violently was he afflicted, that all theſe Bleſſings could not counterbalance the ſingle Miſery of an hereditary Gout! for Diſeaſes, as well as other Acquiſitions, may be conveyed, in Succeſſion, to Poſterity. He had laboured under its Preſſures, as he himſelf told me, for three and thirty Years together. During the Vigour of his Age, his Continency and Temperance had kept it within reaſonable Limits, and now, in the Decline of it, he ſtill braved its Fury by his natural Greatneſs of Temper. In *Domitian*'s Reign I viſited him in the Suburbs, as he lay under its moſt diſgraceful Tortures; for it was not now confined to one Part, as uſual, but it had ſpread itſelf through every Member: On my Entrance his People retired, as was their Cuſtom on theſe Occaſions, and with them, his Wife, though a Woman equal to the greateſt Secrets; when caſting his Eyes around, did you think, ſays he,

he, I thus long protracted a miſerable Being, from the Fear of Death? No, let me but ſurvive the Tyrant a Day, an hour, and 'tis enough. Had I a Body proportioned to my Mind, I ſhould not doubt to effect it. The Gods conſented, he had his Wiſh; and now he dies both free and happy. He overcame, after this, many, though leſs violent Returns of the Diſtemper. But now it gained Ground upon him: He ſtill endeavoured to ſtem it by Abſtinence, but his Conſtancy failing, it poured in upon him like a Deluge. He had now, for four Days together, refuſed all Suſtenance, when his Wife, *Hiſpulla*, ſent our common Friend, *C. Geminius*, to me, with the ſorrowful Meſſage of his fatal Reſolution. That neither their Prayers, nor thoſe of his beloved Daughter, could diſſwade him from his Purpoſe. And that, of all thoſe who had any Intereſt in him, they had only me left to apply to. I ran, I flew, but had ſcarce croſſed the Street, when another Meſſage from *Hiſpulla* met me, with Word, that now even my Interpoſition would be too late; that he was more obſtinately reſolved than ever. When his Phyſician afterwards offered Food to him, he put it back with only, *I have conquered* An Expreſſion that makes me as much admire the Hero, as regret the Friend. I now diſcover the Value of the Man I have loſt. I know he had paſſed the ſixty-ſeventh Year of his Age, a Period the moſt healthy of us might be well contented with. I know he hath eſcaped the Evils of an inveterate Diſtemper. I know he hath left his own Affairs, and the Public, which were ever dearer to him than his own, in a good Condition. All this I know, yet ſuch is the Capriciouſneſs of my Grief, that I can't forbear lamenting him, as I would the untimely Fate of a Youth, or the ſudden Death of one in perfect Health; though I confeſs, to my Diſcredit, my Sorrow is very ſelfiſh at the Bottom. For I have loſt the Guide, the Witneſs, the Director of my Actions. Shall I tell you what in the Overflowings of my Grief, I juſt now ſaid to *Calviſius*, that I was afraid I ſhould live leſs circumſpectly. Afford me, my Friend, what Conſolation you are able: But let it not be in this Strain, *He was old, he was infirm*, and ſo forth; for who knows that better than myſelf? But give me ſomething new, ſomething weighty,

weighty, ſomething, in ſhort, that I never yet heard or read of; for, as much as this comes to, is all now before me, and all too ſlender to encounter ſo violent a Sorrow.

PLINY

TO

JUNIUS MAURICUS.

E. 14.

III.

IN deſiring me to look out an Huſband for your Niece, you could not poſſibly recommend a more grateful Employment to me. For you know how much I love and honour that excellent Man her Father, whoſe Precepts formed my Youth, and whoſe Praiſes were an Earneſt of a future Merit. Could you command me a weightier Taſk, or I obey a more honourable Impoſition, than to chuſe a Youth worthy to bring Grand-children to the Houſe of *Arulenus Ruſticus?* But, in Search of ſuch a one, I ſhould have long remained ſuſpended in my Choice, had not *Munitius Acilianus*, who ſeems deſigned by Providence to this Relation, ſtood ready to determine it: He loves me as his Equal, reveres me as his Senior, and takes the ſame Delight in my Inſtructions, as I formerly did in yours. His Country is *Brixia*, a Part of *Italy* that yet retains very much of the old Frugality, Virtue and Simplicity. *Munitius Macrinus* is his Father, Chief of the Equeſtrian Order, for he was always averſe to higher Dignities. Being ſet out for his Prœturate by the divine *Veſpaſian*, he reſolutely preferred an honourable Retirement to what we call Diſtinction, or, more openly, Ambition. His Grand-mother, on the other Side, is *Serrana Procula*, of *Patavium*. You are no Stranger to the Manners of that Place; and *Serrana* is an exact Pattern of the rigid *Patavinian* Virtue. *P. Acilius* is his Uncle, a Man of ſingular Honour, Prudence and Diſcretion. In ſhort, there is nothing in his Family that you would not wiſh tranſ-

planted into yours. *Acilianus* himſelf is a Man of extraordinary Addreſs and Vigour, and of the greateſt Modeſty. He has paſſed through the ſeveral Offices of Quæſtor, Tribune, and Prætor, with Honour and Reputation; ſo that your Family will be entirely freed from the Trouble of making Intereſt for him. He has an open ingenuous Front, a florid, ſanguine Complexion; his whole Perſon is well turned, and his genteel Air ſpeaks him a Man of Quality; which are Circumſtances, in my Opinion, by no Means to be neglected; as but the reaſonable Reward of a young Lady's Chaſtity. I don't know whether it be neceſſary to add, that his Father has a large Eſtate; for when I conſider the Family for which I am to provide a Son-in-Law, it ſeems mercenary to mention his Poſſeſſions; but when, on the other Hand, I regard our public Laws and Conſtitutions, which make the Party's Fortunes their principal Concern, I ſuſpect it ought not to be altogether overlooked; and, indeed, if we reflect how neceſſary ſuch Proviſions are to the Happineſs of our lateſt Poſterity, we may very well conclude them to be worth a wiſe Man's Notice. Perhaps you may ſuſpect my Affection has out-run my Judgment in this Account; but, upon my Honour, you will find I have rather ſtopped ſhort of the Truth, than exceeded it. I have, indeed, the moſt cordial Value for the young Gentleman, and he well deſerves it: Yet I can't ſhow that better than to forbear loading him with Commendations.

PLINY

TO

EURITIUS.

E. 16.

IV.

I HAD an uncommon Reſpect for *Pompeius Saturninus*; he, our Friend I mean; and a great Opinion of his Genius, before I knew the Eaſineſs, Compaſs and Command of it; but now he poſſeſſes my Soul without a Rival. I have heard

heard him plead with all the Accuracy and Fire, joined to a Manner, the moſt polite and delicate imaginable, whether in extempore or premeditated Orations. The Sentences are frequent and appoſite, the Diſpoſition elegant and ſolemn, and the Style harmonious and pure. When he gives a looſe to the Rage, the Torrent of his Oratory, 'tis all wonderfully charming. Nor are his more cool and ſedate ones without their Beauties. You will be of my Opinion when you read his Performances, where, with Pleaſure, you may trace him through each mighty Ancient, whoſe Writings he has the Ambition to emulate. His hiſtorical Compoſitions will give you yet better Entertainment, whether you regard the Eaſe, the Light, the Splendor, or the Majeſty of the Narration. For the ſame Spirit we ſo much admire in his Orations, animates his Hiſtory, though in this more collected, conciſe and cloſe. He has a Genius too for Poetry, and that not inferior to *Calvus* and *Catullus*. How gay, how joyous, how pointed, how gallant are thoſe Compoſures! ſometimes, indeed, though never but where the Subject will allow, he trifles in little low Humour, with the little affected Harſhneſs or Softneſs of a Diminutive: And in this you have the very Soul of *Calvus* or *Catullus*. He read to me, the other Day, ſome Letters, which he ſaid were his Wife's: And I really thought I had heard *Plautus* or *Terence*, freed from the Reſtraints of Meaſure. Whether they be his Wife's, or his own, the Credit of the Performance will remain with him; either as the immediate Compoſer, or the Inſtructor of a Wife whom he married very young, and has rendered ſo polite and accompliſhed. You may be ſure then his Writings are ſeldom out of my Hands; the ſame are my Pattern, the ſame my Rule, and the ſame my Amuſement in my ſofteſt Hours: But the new and different Beauties I daily diſcover in them, will hardly permit me to call them the ſame. I would have you, my Friend, to make this Uſe of them. Nor can it be any reaſonable Objection, that the Author is ſtill living. Had he been born in ſome former Age, his Works had been, by this Time, not only prized, but even venerated; as it is the whole Poſſeſſion of ſo rich a Jewel creates Satiety, and even abates its real Value. But it is the Effect of a baſe

and

and envious Diſpoſition, not to admire the moſt worthy Objects of Admiration, merely becauſe we ſee him, hear him, embrace him, and can't praiſe without loving him.

PLINY

TO

CATILIUS SEVERUS.

E. 22.

V.

I HAVE been detained now in Town longer than uſual, and, indeed, upon a very melancholy Occaſion. The long malignant Indiſpoſition of *Titus Ariſto*, for whom I have the utmoſt Value and Eſteem, very ſenſibly afflicts me. The Piety, good Senſe, and Erudition of this Gentleman, are ſo diſtinguiſhingly eminent, that it is not the Loſs of one learned Member only that we fear, but of the whole Body of Science itſelf, and all polite Literature in him. How great is his Knowledge of the Laws, and of their private and public Obligations? how well ſkilled in Antiquity, in Men and Things! There is nothing you would eſteem worth your knowing, that he is not capable of teaching you. He is, indeed, my Treaſury that I always have Recourſe to, in an Exigence of this Nature. How ſincere is his Converſe! How authoritative his Delivery! How becoming, how rational his Diffidence! What is there that he is not Maſter of at firſt View? and yet he generally deliberates on the Point; but then his great Fruitfulneſs of Invention is the Cauſe. He traces his Reaſons to their firſt Principles, which he then examines, ſorts and clears up with the moſt ſurpriſing Accuracy and Penetration; add to this, the utmoſt Temperance in Diet and Modeſty in Dreſs. His Perſon, his Bed and Board, are the trueſt Images of Primitive Simplicity and Frugality. His Greatneſs of Mind gives a Grace to his Actions, and diſcovers a virtuous Conſciouſneſs void of Oſtentation; for he places his Reward of well doing,

doing, not in the empty Applauſe of the Populace; but the intrinſic Merit of the Thing. In ſhort, the Pretenders to Wiſdom, by an affected Severity in Mien and Habit, fall far below the Worth of this great Perſon. 'Tis true, he frequents not the public Schools, nor indulges his own Leiſure nor his Auditors, with long entertaining Diſputations, but is a Man of Buſineſs, and well verſed in the Employments of the Crown. He is ſerviceable to many in Perſon, and to more in his Advice; and yet in the private Duties of Continence, Piety, Juſtice and Fortitude, he claims the foremoſt Rank amongſt their moſt eminent Profeſſors. You would be ſurprized, was you here, to ſee how patiently he bears his Illneſs; how heroically his Pains; how unconcernedly his Thirſt, and how reſigned and regular he is amidſt the devouring Fires of a raging Fever. It was but juſt now that he ſent for me, and a few other of his moſt boſom Friends, to deſire us to conſult the Phyſicians on their final Opinion of his Diſtemper; for that if it was unmanagable by their Art, his own Hand ſhould immediately finiſh his Life and Malady together; but if they could entertain any reaſonable Hopes of his Recovery, he had ſo much Regard to the Prayers of his Wife, the Tears of his Daughter, and the Entreaty of us his Friends, as to ſubmit to all Means neceſſary for the Cure. A Behaviour truly gallant, and deſerving of our loudeſt Praiſes. For to run upon Death in a Fluſh of Temper, the Effects of a mere mechanical Impulſe, is the Behaviour of the Many: But to go about the Affair deliberately, to examine every Circumſtance, and to determine of Life and Death as the Weight of Reaſon ſhall preponderate, is the higheſt Indication of an Hero. But the Phyſicians are propitious to our Enquiries, and would Heaven be ſo to our Petitions, I ſhould have no more to aſk; but in Peace and Satisfaction retire to the charming Shades of *Laurentinus*; that is, to the ſtudious Vacation of Reading and Writing; at preſent I have not Leiſure nor Inclination to do either. And thus I have diſcovered to you my Hopes, my Fears, and future Proſpects. Do you, in your Turn, tho' in a leſs melancholy Strain, acquaint me with what you are now doing; what you intend to do, and what you have a

Diſpoſition

Diſpoſition for. It will be no ſmall Solace to my Grief, to find you free from every Occaſion of the like.

PLINY

TO

PRISCUS.

L. 2, E. 13.

VI.

I AM well ſatisfied how ſolicitous you are in ſeeking all Opportunities to oblige me, and I'll aſſure you I don't contract Debts of Gratitude ſo willingly of any Perſon as yourſelf. 'Tis for theſe two Reaſons chiefly, I am induced to make the following Requeſt, and muſt receive no Denial. You command a Royal Army, ſo have abundant Means of exerciſing the Generoſity of your Temper. As this hath been long in your Power, ſo hath it been long in your Friend's Expectation. You may gueſs, by this Time, the Nature of my Petition. I have not many to recommend; though I know the Number would only enhance your Alacrity in their Service; but Modeſty will not permit me to patronize above one or two. Nay, I will confine myſelf to one only, and that ſhall be *Voconius Romanus:* His Father was a very worthy Gentleman of the Equeſtrian Order; his Father-in-Law was ſtill more deſerving, and, indeed, a real Father, whoſe Name and Virtues he has tranſmitted to him. His Mother was of the beſt Family in the Hither *Spain*. You know how conſiderable that Province is, and how productive of great Perſonages. He was lately made Flamen. When we ſtudied together, I contracted a cloſe Friendſhip with him. We were inſeparable both in Town and Country, and Sharers with each other, in our ſerious as well as open Hours; for where could I find a more faithful Friend, or more agreeable Companion. His Converſation is eaſy and engaging, and ſo is his very Aſpect, enlivened by a ſublime and piercing Wit, though ſweet and polite, and admirably

rably well turned and improved for Buſineſs. His Letters would tempt you to think the Muſes ſpoke *Latin*. My Affection for him, can be, equalled by nothing but by his for me. What Service one young Man could do for another, I have already done for him; and lately got him, of our excellent Maſter, the *jus trium liberorum*; which, though a Favour rarely granted, and but to the moſt deſerving, yet was he pleaſed to accompany it with all the Grace of a voluntary Obligation. I can't better preſerve the Merit of theſe Services, than by increaſing them; for they are ſo gratefully underſtood, that the Manner of his receiving the Preſent, intitles him to ſucceeding ones. Thus you ſee the great Value I have for him, and how well he deſerves it. Pray then diſtinguiſh him agreeably to your generous Temper, and high Command. In the firſt Place make him your Friend: For though you give him the beſt Office in your Army, it cannot be more deſerving of him than his Friendſhip is of you; and how capacious it is of the moſt Boſom Intimacies, you may ſee by the ſhort Account I have given you of his Studies, Manners and Way of Life. I ſhould now repeat my Requeſt, did I not know your Averſion to this Way of beſpeaking Favours, and that my whole Letter hath been but a continued Repetition of it: Though that Man's Petition is certainly the beſt founded who gives his reaſons for preferring it.

PLINY

TO

GAVIUS MAXIMUS.

L. 3, E. 2.

VII.

MY Readineſs to ſerve your Friends on any Occaſion, gives me now a Sort of Right to demand your Service for mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the moſt conſiderable Perſon in *Altinum*: But when I ſay that, I don't mean he hath the largeſt

largeſt Eſtate there, though he hath a noble Fortune; but that his Continence, Juſtice, Sobriety and Prudence, place him in the foremoſt Rank of the Deſerving. I depend very much on his Capacity in Buſineſs, as I do on his fine Taſte for Literature. For he abounds in Friendſhip, Fidelity and good Senſe. His Affection for me, to ſay the moſt I can of it, is equal to your own. He is a perfect Stranger to Ambition, ſo hath ſat down contented with the Equeſtrian Order, when he might very eaſily have aſcended to the higheſt. Yet a Friend muſt not ſuffer this Temper to prevail to his Diſadvantage; ſo that I think it incumbent on me to get ſomething for him, undeſired, unlooked, and, perhaps, unwiſhed for: But a Poſt of Honour, and free from the Fatigue of Attendance it muſt be, and beg the firſt that falls: The Favour will be gratefully acknowledged; and, though unthought, will meet with all the generous Returns you might expect from the cloſeſt Attendant on your Levee.

PLINY

TO

JULIUS GENITOR.

E. II.

VIII.

ARTEMIDORUS is of ſo very grateful a Diſpoſition, that he ever ſets an immoderate Value on the Services of his Friends, which makes him blaze thoſe I did for him, in Terms far exceeding that ſlender Obligation. When the *Philoſophers* were baniſhed from the City, I accompanied him in Exile; and the Prætorate, which I then held, made this Teſtimony of my Affection the more dangerous, as it was remarkable. I likewiſe gave him a Sum of Money, (which I took up at Intereſt) to diſcharge ſome Debts, that he had contracted on very honourable Occaſions, while a great Number of his moſt wealthy Friends ſtood by unconcerned at his Neceſſities: And all

all this, at a Time, when ſeven of my beſt Friends were either ſlain or baniſhed. So that I appeared, as it were, ſcorched and confounded by the Thunder, that had laid all about me in Ruins; and might reaſonably preſage he now impending Bolt was aimed at my Deſtruction. But theſe can't deſerve the Praiſes he beſtows upon them. It ſuffices that I kept clear of Ignominy; for I had an affectionate Veneration for his Father-in-Law, *C. Muſonius*, as much as our Difference of Years would allow; and the moſt ſtrict Friendſhip with himſelf, which we had contracted when I was Tribune in *Syria*: Where I firſt gave ſome Promiſe of a tolerable Genius, in the Diſcovery of my Friend's great Wiſdom, or ſomething ſo like Wiſdom, as not to be diſtinguiſhed from it. For in all that Tribe of Men, who now call themſelves *Philoſophers*, you ſhall ſcarce find one indowed with ſo much Truth and Sincerity. Should I tell you of his Patience, amidſt the Inclemencies of Climes and Seaſons, his unintermitted Labours, his abſtemious Temperance, and unſpotted Chaſtity. Virtues that would ſet up an ordinary *Philoſopher*, but in him are only the Appendages to others more illuſtrious, which intituled him to the Honour of *Muſonius*'s Choice in Preference to Competitors of every Order. No Reflection, I confeſs, can be more agreeable, than the Thoughts of finding myſelf recommended to you, by ſo excellent a Perſon. I am only afraid he will obſerve no Mien in his Encomiums, for his grateful Temper, as I ſaid before, hurries him beyond all Limits: On this Head alone, on all others, moſt conſummately prudent, he is biaſſed by an honeſt, though erroneous Motive, to ſay better of his Friends than they deſerve.

PLINY

PLINY

TO

MAXIMUS.

L. 7, E. 26.

IX.

THE Indiſpoſition of a certain Friend has taught me to think, that we are generally beſt behaved while under the Scourge of a Diſtemper. For who, in thoſe Circumſtances ever felt the Pangs of Luſt or Avarice? The Gentleman, I now ſpeak of, is an Enemy to Pleaſure, indifferent to Honours, negligent of Wealth, as a Trifle he is about to leave, and eaſy under the ſmalleſt Alotment of Fortune. The Imbecility of human Nature teaches him to rely more ſteadily on the divine. He envys not this Man, admires not that, nor deſpiſes the other. He liſtens not to the Calumny of the Times, nor delights to hear it. His Mind runs moſtly upon Baths and Fountains. It is the Sum of his Concern and Wiſhes, if he gets over the Difficulty, to paſs the Remainder of his Days in ſoft and gentle Pleaſures, that is, in ſuch only as ſute an innocent and happy Life. Thus can I comprehend in two Words, for your Inſtruction and my own, what the *Philoſophers* in ſo many Volumes have endeavoured to inculcate. That we ought to live juſt ſo in Health, as we ſhould was the Image of Mortality conſtantly before our Eyes.

PLINY

TO

SEPTITIUS.

E. 28.

X.

YOU tell me, I have been arraign'd for launching out, on every Occaſion into immoderate Commendations of my Friends. I acknowledge the Charge, and glory in the Truth of it; for what more commendable Extravagance, than the Overflowings of Humanity? But who are theſe, that pretend to know them ſo much better than myſelf? Are they ſo very penetrating, why then do they envy me the Pleaſure of this tranſporting Error? Are theſe below the Opinion, I have of them, my Miſtake is far more delightful than ſo joyleſs an Information. The good natured Gentlemen may ſpare their Animadverſions for them, and to their Comfort, they are not a few, who place a Merit in the hitting on a Friend's Foible; for I am not to be perſuaded that I think better of mine than they deſerve.

THE FIRST

BOOK

OF

BOETIUS's CONSOLATION

OF

PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

AS I lay muſing on the Wretchedneſs of my Condition, and poetically lamenting, in ſuch Strains as my Sorrows dictated, a Woman of a very reverend Aſpect, methought ſtood over me; her Eyes were bright and ſparkling, and the Sharpneſs of her Ken more than humane, her Complexion florid, her Vigour unexhauſted, but too full of Years to be thought an Offſpring of the preſent Age. Her Stature I could reduce to no certain Standard, for now ſhe was of common Size; but now ſhe ſeemed to raiſe her Head above the Clouds, to penetrate the very Heavens, and deride the dazzled Impotence of gazing Mortals. Her Garments were of the fineſt Thread, and moſt artful Contexture, ſacred and imperiſhable; which, as ſhe afterwards told me, were the Work of her own Fingers. Their Gloſs and Luſtre, as we ſee in faded Hangings, were very much defiled by the Negligence of Time; on the Border was inwove the Letter Π, but near the Breaſt I obſerved a Θ; and between theſe, in a regular Scale, were certain Characters that artfully connected the two Extreams; yet ſhe appeared of late to have been very roughly handled, and on her tattered Habit might be ſeen the Violence of contending Raviſhers, who had each left the Marks of his boiſterous Rage upon it. A Volume graced her right Hand, and an imperial Scepter her left. When ſhe ſaw the Muſes attending round my Couch, and improving

proving my Sorrows into Verſe, ſhe made a ſudden Stop, and who, ſays ſhe, with Eyes ſparkling with Rage, gave theſe glaring Strumpets Acceſs to his diſtemper'd Mind? whoſe poiſonous Applications are ſo far from contributing to his Recovery, that they inflame the Diſtemper. , Theſe are they who deſtroy the hopeful Harveſt of Reaſon, by ſowing over it the Thorns and Thiſtles of the Paſſions; they can only reconcile the Mind to the Diſeaſe, they have not Skill enough to baniſh the Diſeaſe from the Mind. Had your Blandiſhments ſeduced, as uſual, a prophane and vulgar Spirit, I had hardly diſturbed you in your Conqueſts; for my Empire would have ſuffered little by it, but he before us has been nurtured in the Porch, and the Academy. Then be gone, ye *Syrens*, whoſe Muſic leads to as certain Deſtruction, and leave the Care of his Recovery to the divine *Urania*. Stung with theſe Reproaches, the whole Choir appeared dejected, their Modeſty reddened into Bluſhes, and they ſought the Door in Grief and Confuſion. I remained all this while immoveable, Tears had darkened and deformed my Countenance; I could not conceive who this imperious Woman ſhould be, but lay fixed in Contemplation, ſilently attending on the Iſſue; when ſhe now approached and ſat down upon my Couch, and ſeeing my Viſage clouded with Sorrow, and caſt dejectedly on the Ground, ſhe calmed the Diſtraction of my Mind with Meaſures adapted to my Condition.

But it is now Time, ſays ſhe, to apply a Remedy, and leave off lamenting the Diſeaſe; then looking ſteadfaſtly upon me, are you the Man, ſhe cry'd, who once hung upon theſe Breaſts, and was faſhioned by theſe forming Hands? The Man who was once thought ſuperior to the Injuries of Fortune? Was it for this I graced you with the celeſtial Panoply of Philoſophy? Which had you not caſt off like a Coward, would have ſecured you againſt the Wretchedneſs of your Fate. Do you know your Miſtreſs, or have you forgot your Benefactreſs? Why are you ſilent? Does Shame or Inſenſibility reſtrain you? I could wiſh it were the firſt, but can ſee too plainly 'tis the latter. When ſhe ſtill found me mute and dumb to all her Queſtions, ſhe raiſed her Hand gently to my Breaſt, and ſaid, there is no Danger however; 'tis a Lethargy he ſuffers, the common Ma-

lady of deluded Minds. He is a little loſt to himſelf at preſent, but will recover his Underſtanding, with the Knowledge of his Phyſician; and to aſſiſt him in the Diſcovery, let us clear his Sight from the dark Clouds of Mortality that overſpread it. So ſaying, ſhe dried my watery Eyes with a Corner of her Garment.

When this Gloomineſs was diſperſed, the Day broke in upon me, and then I firſt knew the Face of my Deliverer; for on an attentive Survey, I diſcovered in her all the correſpondent Features of my Governeſs Philoſophy, under whoſe Roof I ſpent my Youth-hood. Thou Queen of all Virtues, I thus addreſſed her, what hath induced thee to elude my Guards, and to viſit me in this dreadful Solitude? Or, it may be, a falſe Crimination hath traduced thy Innocence, and made thee too acquainted with the Miſeries of a Priſon. Could I, my dear Pupil, replied the Goddeſs, deſert you at this Juncture, and refuſe to bear a Share of your Burthen? A Burthen that your Relation to me hath made the heavier. Could I ſuffer you to groan under its Oppreſſion, and not lend one helping Hand? Far be it from Philoſophy to forſake the Care of Innocence, when the Storms of adverſe Fortune begin to beat upon it. But pray, where would be the Wonder of an Accuſation againſt me? 'Tis a Prodigy; I ſuſpect not very uncommon. Have you but now diſcovered, that Wiſdom may fall a Sacrifice to Folly and Impiety? Have not I long ſtruggled, long before the Time of my Favourite *Plato*, with the united Madneſs of Vice and Ignorance? And did not he ſee his Maſter *Socrates* triumph, in my Quarrel, over Death and the *Areopagus?* When afterwards the Stoicks, and prophane Herd of *Epicurus*, with all the monſtrous Spawn of miſcreated Science, had rent and tore in Pieces the noble Heritage he left them, they fell foul upon me; each claimed me for his own, and, as it were a Conteſt for Prey and Rapine, laid violent Hands upon my Perſon, and left me, as you find by this violated Garment, the Work of my own Hands, in the ragged Condition in which I now appear before you. But it was pleaſant enough to ſee how each Man who had ſnatched away an handful of it in the Scuffle, retired ſecretly elated with the Victory, and well perſuaded that he had carried me off

off entire. The Vulgar, when they ſaw them thus triumphing in my Spoils, and decked in the ragged Remnants of my Habit, blindly taking them for my Followers, prepoſterouſly ſought to wrack their Hate upon me, in theſe Pretenders to my Favours. But if neither the Flight of *Anaxagoras*, the Poiſon of *Socrates*, nor the Tortures of *Zeno* have reached your Knowledge, yet the nearer Inſtances of the *Canii*, the *Seneca*'s, the *Sorani*, of no long, nor no inglorious Memory, you can be no Stranger to. Theſe were brought into Judgment for no other Crime than adhering to my Precepts, and deviating from the Manners of the Vulgar. It is nothing ſtrange then, if, in this troubled Ocean of Mortality, Men ſuffer by the Violence of Storms and Tempeſts; and that we become moſt expoſed to them who diſdain to veer with every Blaſt. The Party againſt us are as contemptible for their Power, as formidable for their Number. A blind, ungoverned, headleſs Monſter, conducted by Error, and laſhed on by the Furies. If happly formed into a reſiſtleſs Confederacy, your Leader retreats into her Citadel, and all their boaſted Conqueſts, at laſt, end in the Plunder of our forſaken Baggage, the vile Impediments of our Warfare: While we, impregnable to Aſſaults, look down with Deriſion on the vain Impotence of theſe outragious mad Men; ſecure from the Storms of popular Fury, and where 'tis Impiety for the Tread of Folly to approach.

Are you diſpoſed, ſays ſhe, for Conſolation? Will you let it freely operate on your Mind? Or is it with you according to the Proverb of *Aſinus, ad lyram?* Why all theſe Tears? Why theſe ridiculous Complaints?

Why grieves my Son? Thy Anguiſh let me ſhare:
Reveal the Cauſe, and truſt a Parent's Care.

He that expects Aſſiſtance of his Phyſician, muſt lay open his Caſe to him without Reſerve. Then recollecting my Courage, are you yet, replied I, to be told my Condition? Does not this Storm of Fortune beat too fiercely on me to be unperceived? And the frightful Aſpect of this Abode ſufficiently proclaim the Miſery of its Inhabitant? Hath it the leaſt Reſemblance to

the Splendor and Magnificence of my Palace Library, ſo conſtantly illuminated by your ſacred Preſence? Where we ſo oft have revelled on the unexhauſted Stores of divine and humane Knowledge. Was this the Air, this the Habit I appeared in, when we explored together the deepeſt Secrets of Nature? When you pointed out to me the various Courſes of the celeſtial Planets? When you formed my Manners, when you rectified my Reaſon by the great Exemplar of Heaven? Are theſe the Rewards of my Obedience? Did you not affix your Sanction to that Aphoriſm of *Plato*, "That happy would be that Republick "whoſe Magiſtrates were Lovers of Wiſdom, or whoſe Phi-"loſophers were Stateſmen"? From the ſame Mouth you ſhewed us the Neceſſity of appearing at the Helm, leaſt the Sword of Juſtice, when committed to the Hands of a profligate Ruler, ſhould be perverted to the Deſtruction of the Virtuous. In Devotion to you then, I was fond of practiſing in the Adminiſtration what you taught me in Retirement. Be thou and the Almighty, who diſpoſes the Minds of Men for thy Reception, my Witneſs, that nothing but a generous Ambition to promote the common Happineſs engaged me in the Service of the Publick. I ſtill preſerved, amidſt all the Machinations of Courtiers, and meer Stateſmen, a Conſcience void of Offence, and regardleſs of the Frowns of the Mighty; protected diſtreſſed Innocence againſt the Fury of its Oppreſſors. How oft have I oppoſed myſelf to the Rage of *Canigaſtus*, and ſnatched the Prey from the Devourer. How oft have I overthrown the Maſter of the Palace *Triguilla*, when ready to triumph in the Spoils of the Guiltleſs? How oft have I ſcreened the Miſerable, ſurrounded with Dangers, and oppoſed my Authority to the licentious Avarice of their barbarous Oppreſſors? While not the united Powers of Hell and Tyranny could ever force me from the ſteady Center of Juſtice. The Misfortunes of the haraſſed Provinces, laid waſte by private Rapine and publick Oppreſſions, affected me with all the Tenderneſs of a Fellow-Sufferer. When an Order for ingroſſing Proviſions had threatened all *Campania*, then ſinking under oppreſſive Famine, with Deſtruction, I withſtood the Captain of the Guard, in Defence of that devoted Province: The Matter came before the Emperor,

Emperor, and I obtained a Revocation of the Edict. The Courtiers had now marked out *Paulinus*, that well-fed Conſular, for Sacrifice, when I drew the Victim from the very Jaws of thoſe greedy Dogs of *Palatine*. To cover *Albinus*, another Conſular, from the Battery of a wicked Proſecution, I drew upon myſelf the Odium of *Cyprian*, the Informer. It was this Behaviour, you will ſay, that raiſed theſe Enemies againſt me. I grant it; but ought not this then to have endeared me to the Injured? When this alone, ſo great my Love of Juſtice, was all the Stock of Intereſt I had laid in at Court for my Security; but you will hardly gueſs the Character of my Proſecutors; as *Baſilius*, who having loſt his Places at Court, uſed the Pretence of Indigence for turning Informer for his Bread, and *Opilio* and *Gaudentius*; who, when the Emperor had ſentenced them into Baniſhment for their oft repeated Miſdemeanors, had taken Sanctuary at the holy Altar; his Majeſty, provoked at their Diſobedience, decreed, by Proclamation, that unleſs they left *Ravenna* by a Day appointed, they ſhould be ſtigmatized on the Forehead with the publick Brand of common Malefactors. Can I, after this, be capable of greater Miſery? For lo! theſe very Patriots, on that very Day, commence a Proſecution againſt me. How ſhall we reconcile all this to the eternal Rules of Juſt and Right? Muſt my Reputation be attacked becauſe they have none to defend? Or could their Conviction, becauſe the Court had fore-doomed my Fall, qualify them to procure mine? Fortune herſelf might bluſh, if not for the Deſtruction of the Innocent, at leaſt for the Character of the Deſtroyers. But you aſk, without more Words, the Nature of my Accuſation. They charge me with Deſigns of ſerving the Senate. Would you know what they mean by it? I diſcountenanced an Informer, it ſeems, who was preparing a Charge of High Treaſon againſt that venerable Body; and now, my Miſtreſs, give me your Opinion. Shall I deny the Fact, out of Regard to your Honour? No. I avow my Duty to that auguſt Aſſembly, and ſhall ever, ſurely, have the Courage to avow it. Shall I confeſs? But ſo falſe an Accuſation cannot long maintain its Ground. Or ſhall I own it a Crime in wiſhing well to that Order? Their late Treatment of

me would, indeed, almoſt perſuade me to think ſo; but Folly may flatter itſelf to Deſtruction, before it can reconcile its own Partiality to Truth and Juſtice; for *Socrates* was, in my Opinion, never more in the Right than when he pronounced it equally criminal to conceal a Truth and inſinuate a Falſhood: But be that as it will, which I leave to you and your Followers Conſideration; the Matter of Fact, for the Information of Poſterity, I have committed to Writing, with all becoming Candour and Diſprejudice. As to thoſe fictitious Letters, on whoſe Credit I am accuſed of wiſhing for the *Roman* Liberty, I have little need to ſpeak. The Detection of that Impoſture had not been now to make, had I been allowed (the common Right of all under Proſecution) to appeal to the Confeſſions of my Accuſers themſelves: A Plea, on all Occaſions, of the utmoſt Weight and Validity. But what farther Liberty can we hope for? O that we had any reaſonable Expectation of a greater! I would then ſay with *Canius*, who when charged by *C. Cæſar*, the Son of *Germanicus*, for being privy to a Conſpiracy againſt him, thus bravely replied, *Was I really in that Secret, you ſhould be the laſt Man I would make my Confident.* On the whole then, my Misfortunes have not ſo far defaced my former Experience, as to ſink me into weak and womaniſh Complaints, for Innocence attacked by the confederated Hands of Impiety; but that their Outrage ſhould be crowned with Succeſs, is what awakes my ſtrongeſt Admiration. A Proneneſs to Ill is, perhaps, the Infirmity of human Nature; but a Power in the Wicked, to effect it on the Virtuous, and God himſelf a Spectator of the Villainy, draws after it Concluſions of a very monſtrous Aſpect. With the ſame Views, excuſably enough, did one of our Acquaintance aſk this Queſtion; *If there be a God, how got Evil Footing in the World? If there be none, ſhew me the Origin of Good.* Now, granting it, no Wonder that theſe Wretches, who ſeek the Blood of the Senate, and all honeſt Citizens, ſhould labour for my Deſtruction, whom they have always found a faithful Champion for the Safety of both: Yet for that Senate too, that very Senate, to join with them in my Ruin, may ſurely juſtify all I have ſaid, or doubted, on this Occaſion. You, I preſume, remember, for your preſiding

Influence

Influence ſtill dictated to my Thoughts, my Words, my Actions; You, I ſay, remember when the avaritious Monarch, attempting our common Slaughter, would have got the Crime charged on *Albinus*, the Senator, transferred upon the whole Order; how, regardleſs of my own Safety, I defended the Innocence of the Senate againſt his impious Attacks. You know this to be ſtrictly true; and more, that it is doing Violence to my Modeſty to relate it. For the oſtentatious Trifler exchanges the ſolid Pleaſures of a virtuous Conſciouſneſs, for the gilded Bawble of an airy Reputation. But ſee the Rewards my Innocence hath procured me; for the Practice of true Virtue, I receive the Puniſhment of a falſe Crimination. Could even the moſt clear Conviction of the moſt monſtrous Enormities juſtify a Bench of Judges in combining to make no Allowances for the Errors of human Nature, and the Inſtability of a mortal Condition? Had I been accuſed of firing Temples, of butchering their Prieſts at the Altar, and contriving the common Deſtruction of the Good and Virtuous, yet the Laws of Nature allow me a perſonal Defence, and require either Confeſſion or Conviction before Sentence; but ſee me forced, unheard, almoſt five Hundred Miles from *Rome*, friendleſs and defenceleſs, condemned to Death and Confiſcation, and all for my too great Affection for the Senate. May you, the grateful Guardians of the *Roman* Liberties, live ſafe from the like Proſecutions! Nay, they did not ſtop here, but to ſully even my former Honours, which they regarded with an evil Eye; they moſt impudently gave out, I had polluted my Conſcience by Impiety in obtaining them. But your ſacred Influence, the bright Inhabitant of my Boſom, kept out the Luſt of Grandure, and the Appetite for terrene Enjoyments. Under your Auſpice 'twas impoſſible for Impiety to enter. You ſtill fortified it againſt Attempts by that Precept of *Pythagoras*, *Imitate the Almighty*. Nor could I, whom you faſhioned with your Hands, whom you featured by the Image of my Maker, repoſe a Confidence in ſuch vile Securities. My Habitation too was adorned with Innocence, and a fair Society of Illuſtrious Friends; and could not that brighteſt Ornament of it, my pious Father-in Law, *Symmachus*, venerable even as yourſelf, ſecure me from Imputations

tations of this Nature? But, O monſtrous! my Relation to you adds Credit to my Accuſers; for of all my Crimes this is not the leaſt, that I have liſtened to your Precepts, and imitated the Model you ſet before me. Nor is it enough that they uſe me ill on your Account, but yourſelf muſt be calumniated on mine. This too is no light Acceſſion to my Miſeries, that the ſtupid Eſtimate of the Vulgar ſhould be grounded on the Succeſs, and not the Merit of the Cauſe: For with them the only allowed Reward of Prudence are the Smiles of Fortune, and her Frowns the ſureſt Proof of Indiſcretion. And, as the laſt Addition to my Misfortunes, I may remember the idle Stories, the groundleſs Rumours, the contradictory Aſſertions that were bandied amongſt the Populace on my Arraignment. Thus baniſhed from the Solace of my Friends, degraded of my Honours, and blackened in my Character, I met with Puniſhment where I had juſt Reaſon to expect Reward. My Enemies are crowned with Honour, Proſperity, and Succeſs, and ready to repeat their Villainies on a like Occaſion; while my Friends appear confounded at my Fall, and terrified by my Example. The Impious are encouraged, not only by Impunity, but the Proſpect of Rewards, to perpetrate their Wickedneſs, while the Innocent not only loſes the common Security of a good Citizen, but is denied the natural Right of an injured one. Then excuſe me for thus ſoothing my Diſtraction.

Almighty Maker! thy eternal Throne
Stands fix'd ſupreme, unbounded and alone.
Thy great Beheſts, the flaming Orbs obey,
Round the arch'd Azure rolls their rapid Way.
Now riſing *Phœbe* fills her gilded Horns,
And Night in ſoft Serenity adorns;
Proud in her adverſe Brother's potent Ray,
Abſorps the Stars, and ſcatters milder Day:
But when his near Approach diſpels the Shades,
Her ſilver Bow, and borrow'd Luſtre fades.
Cold *Heſper*, at thy bidding, leads the Night,
And gilds the Evening with officious Light:

A fainter

A fainter Orb his languid Beams diſplay
The early Harbinger of opening Day.
In leafleſs Winter, the declining Sun
Contracts his Courſe, a ſhorter Stage to run.
When ſultry *Seirius* burns the Summer's Pride,
The Night and Day in equal Parts divide.
Each varying Seaſon owns thy guiding Hands,
Thy Wiſdom tempers, and thy Word commands.
Now *Boreas* rages with reſiſtleſs Sway,
And bears the Honours of the Grove away.
Soft *Zephyr* follows, on whoſe healing Wings
Sits genial Heat, and chearful Verdure ſprings.
Arcturus ſhines, its Seed the Glebe requires,
And yellow Harveſts bleſs the Dog Star's Fires.
By Laws eternal is the Whole confin'd,
No Force can break them, and no Art unbind.
Each in pleas'd Order, at thy *Fiat* moves;
Man, wretched Man alone excentral roves.
Outcaſt from thee, excluded from thy Cares,
Nor joys thy Guidance, nor thy Bleſſing ſhares.
Or whence do all theſe monſtrous Crimes ariſe?
Why fickle Fortune ſtill confounds the Wiſe?
Would greateſt Evils elſe the Good purſue?
Miſtake a Vengeance to the Wicked due?
While the rais'd Traytor ſits enthron'd on high,
And ſees beneath him proſtrate Juſtice lye:
The labouring Virtues hide their radiant Forms.
Obſcur'd in Vapours, and oppreſs'd with Storms.
Whoe'er thou art that form'd the mighty Whole,
Whoſe Power preſerves it, and whoſe Laws controul,
Let Us, its nobleſt Part, Compaſſion find,
And pity miſerable loſt Mankind.
Betray'd by Fortune, ſave our ſinking State;
And free us from the Tyranny of Fate.
To troubled Minds reſtore their *halcion* Peace;
Rebuke the Storm, and bid the Tempeſt ceaſe.
Grant us the Union of the bleſs'd above,
Religious Fear, and ſympathetick Love.

When

When I had ended theſe tedious Complainings, the Goddeſs, with a benign Air, and perfect Unconcern for all I had uttered, thus made her Reply. 'When I found you overwhelmed with Sorrows, I immediately, as you may well ſuppoſe, knew you to be miſerable, and in Baniſhment; but how far from Home, had you not told me, I confeſs I had been ſtill ignorant of: But you miſtake, you are not an Exile but a Wanderer. Yet if you had rather call it a Force upon you, 'tis a Puniſhment you owe only to yourſelf, for no other had a Right to impoſe it. And if you have not forgot the Place you came from, you muſt know it is not ſubjected, as once was *Athens*, to the Rule of the Populace; but

Where one ſole Monarch does ſupremely ſway,
His are the Laws, and him they all obey. *Pope.*

Who rejoyces in the Entertainment, and not the Expulſion of his Subjects; whoſe greateſt Liberty conſiſts in Freedom from Licentiouſneſs, and Remiſſion from the Rigours of Juſtice. Have you forgot that antient Law of your Republick, which forbids the Baniſhment of that Member who chuſes to continue in it? For whoever contains himſelf within thoſe Bounds, can never be preſumed to deſerve that Puniſhment; but they who have no longer an Ambition to live there, have no longer a Right to its Privileges: So that I am leſs ſurpriſed at this Habitation, than to ſee you the Tenant of it. Nor is it the Ivory pannelled Library, the glaſs Doors, the Statues or the Paintings I ſo much want, as my pleaſing Station in your once peaceful Boſom. A Cabinet not adorned with Books, but with what makes Books only valuable, Wiſdom and Erudition. The Services you did the Publick, you have very truly, but ſparingly mentioned, when compared with the great Number you paſſed over in Silence. You have remarked upon what is well known to every one, of the Truth and Falſhood of your Crimination. With much Diſcretion, have you but lightly touched upon the Crimes and Perjuries of your Accuſers; a Subject better fitted to the Vociferations of the Many. You have vehemently declaimed againſt the Treatment of a cowardly, cringing

ing Senate. You have lamented the Part I bear in it, and wept over the Wounds of my mangled Reputation. At length you broke out into an Accuſation againſt Fortune, arraigned Providence, blamed the unequal Diſtributions of Rewards and Puniſhments, and concluded, in the Fury of a poetical Rapture, with this Petition, that the ſame Peace and Concord viſible in the celeſtial Orders, might regulate theſe ſublunary Abodes. Now, ſince your heightened Paſſions ſtill rage and bluſter, and Grief and Reſentment drive you at their Pleaſure, your unſettled Condition not admitting of more efficacious Medicines, let us uſe Lenitives to ſoften this fermented Tumor, and prepare it for the Edge of the inciſion Knife.

Give me Leave then, in the firſt Place, to interrogate you a little, to inſpect your Wounds, and probe to the Bottom of them, that I may better know what to adminiſter to the Cure. Aſk your Pleaſure, I replied, you ſhall find me all Obedience. Then ſhe ſaid; And do you really think, that the World has no Governor but Chance? Or, that an eternal Mind has ſome Share in the Adminiſtration? 'Twas Madneſs, I told her, to believe that the random Whirl of Fortune could ever produce the Regularity we behold in it. That I knew the Almighty Creator preſided over his Workmanſhip: and that the utmoſt Malice of Fortune ſhould never force me to renounce ſo fundamental a Truth. It is bravely reſolved, replied the Matron, and 'tis true, that though but juſt before you muſically lamented Man, as the out-caſt of Providence, yet the reſt of the Creation you ſtill left to his Guidance. But I am wonderfully ſurpriſed to find, while you are Maſter of ſuch ſound Principles, you could fall ſo low under your Misfortunes. We will ſearch, by and by, more narrowly into this Buſineſs; for ſure there muſt be ſomething wanting to perfect the Foundation. But tell me, ſince you confeſs the World is governed by a Providence, what Sort of Regiment do you ſuppoſe that to be? I ſcarce apprehend, ſaid I, the Nature of your Queſtion, much leſs am I capable of giving you a juſt Anſwer to it. Was I deceived then, replied Philoſophy, when I ſuſpected ſome Flaw in your Mind, through which this rankling Diſeaſe has found its Way? But tell me, are you acquainted with final Cauſes, and

and the Ends that Nature hath in View? I once heard of theſe Things, I told her, but that Misfortunes had blotted out their Remembrance. Do you know then the Origin of Nature? Can you tell me who ſet this great Machine agoing? You have heard me, replied I, acknowledge it the Work of the Almighty. Is it then poſſible that you who know the Principles, ſhould be at a Loſs to diſcover the Tendency of Things? But this is the Nature of unruly Paſſions, they may ſhake, diſorder, and even deſtroy the beautiful Oeconomy of the Mind, but cannot totally annihilate it. Now anſwer me once again: Do you know yourſelf to be a Man? You can hardly think me ignorant of that; but, perhaps, you would have me give you a Definition of him, as whether I know myſelf to be a Mortal, reaſoning Animal. I do; and confeſs, that I am ſubject to all the Infirmities of that Condition. Now ſhe; Do you know no more of yourſelf than this comes to? Not the leaſt. I have diſcovered then, ſays ſhe, another, and more formidable Cauſe of your Diſtemper; a Willingneſs to ſit down contented in your Ignorance, and have now found the Whole of your Malady, and ſo made the firſt Step to your Recovery. From this Ignorance of yourſelf it is, that you bemoan your Exile and Confiſcation. From your Ignorance of final Cauſes, that you look upon the Villain as great, powerful and happy; and from your Ignorance of the Ways of Providence, that you believe human Accidents to be the Off-ſpring of Chance and Fortune, Cauſes ſufficient, not only to produce Diſeaſe, but Deſtruction. Then give Thanks to the great Author of your Recovery, that Reaſon has not quite forſook you. The only ſurviving Spark of Life is your Acknowledgment of Providence, which ſubſtitutes an eternal Mind, in the Place of fortuitous Accidents. Take Courage then, for from this little Seed of Fire, we may revive and blow up the almoſt extinguiſhed Flame.

CLAUDIAN's

CLAUDIAN's
PANEGYRICK
ON THE THIRD
CONSULATE OF HONORIUS.

FROM THE ORIGINAL.

Feliciter audet.

NOW in your third *Trabea* you appear,
And your third *Faſces* glad the opening Year.
Bleſs'd ſhall it be, in luckier Periods roll'd,
Each ſmiling Month in quiet Plenty told.
In looſen'd Folds, the gay *Gabinian* Gown,
Heavy with orient Gems, flows peaceful down;
Embroider'd Purple to rough Arms ſucceed,
And curule Chariots, to the Warrior Steed;
Stern Lictors triumph o'er the tented Field,
And furling Enſigns to their Axes yield.
Hail Prince! who with your eaſtern Brother hold,
With equal Sway, a patrimonial World:
May Heav'n, propitious on thy Honours, ſmile,
Direct thy Rule, and guide thy annual Toil:
Sol on this Æra more ſerenely ſhine,
Bright as his Beams, and as his Courſe benign.
Hail! Wiſh and Promiſe of the longing Earth!
Thy Sire a King, a Palace gave thee Birth;
In conqu'ring Camps, amid triumphant Wars,
And laurell'd Chiefs, he wean'd thy infant Years.
A ſubject State thy Childhood never knew,
But Life and Sov'reignty together grew;
A Monarch thou to early Empire born,
Whoſe ſacred Purple thy young Limbs adorn.

Submiſſive

Submiſſive Eagles court thy riſing Rays,
And bending Launces round thy Cradle blaze.
Untam'd *Germania* trembles at thy Birth,
Rhine, frighted back, o'erflows the bord'ring Earth.
Proud *Caucaſus* aſtoniſh'd, humbly bows,
And ſhakes the ſhaggy Honours of his Brows:
A God rever'd, bends quiver'd *Meroe* low;
Drops the drawn Arrow from th' enervate Bow.
Pleas'd with the Camp, you, yet an Infant, play'd,
Beneath the ſwelling Enſign's dreadful Shade;
Would, in the ſavage Garb of vanquiſh'd Kings, delight,
And ſport in all the recent Spoils of Fight:
Then meet your Sire, fond of the firſt Embrace,
Red from the Field, and reeking from the Chace;
Oft as the Hero's conquering Arms were turn'd
From the ſcourg'd North, that wet with Slaughter mourn'd;
Thy little Hands demand the glorious Prize,
Which now the *Scythian*'s well ſtrung Horn ſupplies;
Now *Suevian* Reins, or Darts by *Dacians* born;
Or barb'rous Zones from proſtrate Gelons torn.
Rais'd on his poliſh'd Shield, we oft beheld
Thee, graceful ſmiling, overlook the Field;
Fearleſs thy Father's figured Mail ſurvey,
And with his beamy Caſque, and nodding Plumage play.
Joy'd with the fav'ring Omen, cloſe he preſs'd
The lovely Wanton to his lab'ring Breaſt.
Then rapt'rous cry'd; "O Monarch of the Sky!
"Thus, from the Fight triumphant bring my Boy:
"Or, when *Hircania* gives him freſh Alarms,
"Or haughty *Syria* tempts his thund'ring Arms.
"Such, and ſo dreadful, let me ſee him come,
"All gay in hoſtile Blood, and panting Home:
"Cover'd with Duſt, the nobleſt Dreſs of War,
"To his old Sire the Spoils of Battle bear.
When firſt thy forward Foot aſpir'd to Man,
Proud of his Charge, the careful King began
To point thy ready Steps, the Road to Fame,
To fire thy Soul, and fan the riſing Flame.

Inglorious

Inglorious Luxury, unactive Eaſe,
And all the Pleaſures of a Court, diſpleaſe.
He baniſh'd from thee, ev'ry ſoft'ning Snare,
And ſtrung thy Nerves to all the Toils of War;
Taught thee to bear the Polar Hails and Wind,
While o'er thy Head the freezing Pleiads ſhin'd;
To plunge the rapid Floods, that broadeſt flow,
And fill thy whiten'd Helm with *Alpine* Snow:
All the bleak Night to watch the hoſtile Field,
Prop'd on thy Spear, or reſting on thy Shield.
Set in a fierce Extream, he now commands
To dare the Summer Suns, and *Africk*'s Sands:
To ſcale the rocky Cliff, to ſcour the Plain,
To leap the Trench, to guide the ruling Rein;
To ſend the Arrow from the twanging Bow,
And from Balearic Slings the kindling Bullet throw.
Then ſets to view the brighteſt Charms of Fame,
Collected in thy Grandſire's mighty Name.
Draws him on Sun-burnt *Lybia*'s barren Shores,
And where, 'gainſt *Thule*, utmoſt Ocean roars.
The ſwift *Numidian* here reveres his Sway,
Here *Picts*, well call'd ſo, tremble and obey:
The *Scot* he follows thro' his tractleſs Woods,
With Keels victorious, ſtems the *Britiſh* Floods.
From Pole to Pole his Arms he ſtretches wide;
In both their Seas his conquering Navies ride.
The princely Pupil firing at the View,
Demands th' illuſtrious Labour to renew.
To leſs Advantage the Sage *Centaur* taught,
And ſlower form'd *Pelides* opening Thought;
When firſt he learn'd the Length of Launce to throw,
To ſtrike the Lyre, each healing Plant to know.
Now civil Flames each factious Boſom warms,
And direful Diſcord ſets the Globe in Arms.
Why ſhower ye, Gods! your blackeſt Storms on *Rome*?
Why heap Diſhonours on the Age to come?
A ſavage Exile waſtes th' *Heſperian* Land;
Her raviſh'd ſceptre owns a ſervile Hand.

But ſoon the vengeful Chief returns from far,
Prepar'd to meet the riſing Rage of War.
A num'rous Hoſt he gathers, as he goes,
From farthest *Ind'* to where *Euphrates* flows;
All that near *Halis'* happy Streams abide;
Or rich *Orontes* bleſſes with his Tide.
For him, the *Arab* quits his ſpicy Woods:
For him, the ready *Medes* their *Caſpian* Floods;
For him the *Parthian*; that *Niphates* laves;
For him, *Armenia*, *Phaſis'* fertiles Waves,
With gen'rous Heat, how did thy Boſom glow,
While the ſhrill Clarion call'd to face the Foe!
Thy Heart inflamed by all fair Glory's Charms,
Beat thick, and vigorous; at the Clang of Arms;
Impatient to enjoy the coming Fight,
And ruſh to Battle in thy Father's Might.
Thus by th' imperial Lioneſs convey'd,
Her unarm'd Off-ſpring ſlumbers in the Shade;
Safe ſhe regales him with unpurchas'd Prey,
And hides him from the Dangers of the Day.
But when his hard'ning Teeth invite a Foe,
His Claws to ſhoot, and Mane begins to flow,
He leaves indignant his inglorious Den,
And roams, with his *Getulian* Sire, the Plain;
Still foremoſt to oppoſe the Hunter's Spear,
Or from a tyrant Bull, the reeking Vitals tear.
But the wiſe Prince thy forward Hopes withſtands,
And truſts the Reins of Empire to thy Hands;
The regal Round does to thy Head apply,
The juſt Reward of ſuch young Piety.
Whoſe ſpreading Fame ſo far thy Years out-run,
That the high Honour ſeems deferr'd too long.
Her Smiles propitious Victory beſtows,
And from a double Claim her Favour flows.
There thou draws down the willing Gods to fight,
And here the Monarch conquers in thy Right.
For thee on *Alpine* Hills his Plumage flows,
For thee o'er its bleak Summits drives thy Foes.

In

In Rocks which Nature meant a ſure Retreat,
Him, vainly ſhunn'd, the cautious Rebels meet:
The Mound he forc'd, in whoſe dark Womb they lay,
Tore the high Barrier, and let in the Day.
For thee the North ſends forth his win'try Stores,
His whole Artill'ry in full Fury roars;
Back on the Foe, in bloody Whirlwinds ride
The feather'd Tempeſts, fruſtrate turn'd aſide:
Reverted Shafts th' aſtoniſh'd Traytor tires,
In Storms of Steel the blaſted Hoſt expires.
Their beſt belov'd, the Heav'n and Nature own;
Thee warring Elements conſpire to crown;
Auxiliary Clouds in Thunders fall,
And Winds confederate hear thy Trumpet's Call.
Alps melted Snows in crimſon Currents glide,
The tinctur'd Stream reeks with the tepid Tide;
That with heap'd Carnage ſtagnating had ſtood,
But rapid Gore renew'd the weaken'd Flood.
At length, the baleful Author of our Woes
Contrives himſelf, to give the World Repoſe:
His faithleſs Breaſt more than one Weapon needs,
By two concurring Swords the Murderer bleeds;
And his own Hand, here uſeful to Mankind,
Aſſiſts the Fate he well deſerv'd to find.

Freedom reſtor'd, waits Nature to remove
The Chief, to all his purchas'd Pow'r above;
Opens the ſtarry Portals of the Sky,
While trembling *Atlas* ſhews his coming nigh.
Yet he defers to claim the bright Abode,
And waves a while his Title to the God,
'Till you return, his longing Eyes to bleſs,
And at his Hands receive the reſcu'd World in Peace.
Sudden you leave behind the *Thracian* Lands,
Forming your vent'rous Way thro' barb'rous Bands.
Glitt'ring in Ice, bleak *Rhodope* appears,
The laſting Habit of inclement Years;
Round *Orpheus* once, the ſtony Audience hung,
And to ſad Pity ſoften'd as he ſung;

Next under *OEte*'s cloudy Height you rode,
Whence *Hercules*, in Flames, commenc'd a God:
Then his green Margin; ſee *Enipius* lave,
In ſmootheſt Courſes, and the mildeſt Wave:
Now, *Pelion* ſacred by the *Nereids* made:
And dark *Dodona*'s venerable Shade:
Inſpir'd by your Approach, *Chaonia*'s Oak
In Praiſe, its long lamented Silence broke:
At laſt *Illyrium*'s ſandy Shores you gain,
And ſee *Timavus* ſweep the diſtant Plain.
Rejoycing *Italy* impatient waits,
The thronging Nations Iſſue at her Gates.
Impetuous *Po* thy ſacred Pow'r adores,
With Waves more gentle gliding to his Shores:
A-round whoſe Barks the Silvan Siſters mourn,
In trickling Tears raſh *Phaeton* o'erthrown;
Aw'd by thy Influence now, reſtrain'd they keep
The liquid Amber, and neglect to weep.
'Midſt Crowds of Boys, the hoary head appears,
Attends thy coming, and forgets his Years:
Her houſehold Cares the Matron lays aſide,
And Veils no longer modeſt Virgins hide.
Here thy fond Father met, and claſp'd thee round,
Thee, pious Prince! in cloſe Embraces bound.
One ſpreading Lawrel ſhading either Car,
As to the Royal Palace you repair.
Who thought he ſaw not then the Morning Ray,
With mingled Beams ſalute the God of Day?
Or thund'ring *Jove* in heav'nly Honours ride,
With roſy *Bacchus* ſmiling by his Side?
Around thy Wheels in burniſh'd Armour blaze
The creſted Soldiers, loudeſt in thy Praiſe.
Reflected Lights offend the dazzled Eye,
That from the Flaſh of gleamy Helmets fly;
While the ſteel Harveſts of the fiery Field,
With double Day the auſpicious Entry gild.
Part ſtretch the yielding Bow-ſtring's ſinewy Length;
Part launch the whirring Dart with artful Strength;

And part ſelect, with brawnier Muſcles throw
The beamy Jav'lin at the diſtant Foe.
Here, to the Sun, ambitious Eagles riſe,
And here, aloft, a painted Dragon flies,
That, ſwell'd by Winds, a living ſerpent grows,
And born in Clouds, full animated flows;
Raiſ'd on his ſpirey Folds, his Scales increaſe,
While whiſtling Wavings counterfeit an Hiſs.
Th' applauding People paſt, at length they come,
To lofty *Palatine*, imperial Dome!
The Crowd withdrawn, the Monarch Silence broke,
And thus his royal Son-in Law beſpoke:
" Brave *Stilicho*, my ſure Defence in Fight,
" In Peace the loyal Guardian of my Right.
" For when to battle my bold Troops I led,
" Thou; ever near me, Thunders at their Head:
" When honour'd by a grateful Senate's Voice,
" Thy zealous Suffrage ſtill prevents their Choice.
" *Hebrus'* ſwoln Streams ran ſanguine to the Shore,
" Which we together, warm'd with *Getick* Gore;
" Weary we both on *Scythian* Ice have lain,
" Both trod triumphant *Iſter's* frozen Plain:
" Charged in confederate Arms *Dalmatian* Hoſts,
" And with united Fires deſpoil'd their Coaſts.
" But now I lay the ruling Sceptre down,
" Between my Boys divide my parted Crown;
" And all, (for ſee me haſte to Realms of Day)
" The mighty Burthen on thy Shoulders lay.
" Safe then, thou dear Companion of my Wars,
" Secure the Purple for my youthful Heirs.
" By that bleſt Night, that to thy longing Arms
" Thy blooming Conſort gave in all her Charms,
" By the chaſte Secrets of the genial Bed,
" Shield them in Tumult, and in Council aid:
" Supply my Place, thy Care a Parent's prove,
" Guide as their Leader; as their Father love.
" Now, now, I feel my mounting Spirit riſe,
" Born on thy Wings, ſhe ſeeks her native Skies.

" Should mad *Typhœus* ſhake the Iſles aſide,
" (Daſh'd o'er the Deep) that the fell Monſter hide;
" Or ſtruggling *Tityus* from his Fetters break,
" And dare the Fury of the Vulture's Beak;
" *Ætna's* red Top *Enceladus* o'erthrow,
" And fiercer vex her tortur'd Fires below,
" Diſarm'd their Rage, their direful Clamours ceaſe,
" While thy rais'd Thunder frights the World to Peace.
He ſaid,—and (as Clouds driv'n o'r ſhaded Plains,
Swift thro' the *Ether* draw their humid Trains)
Paſt to the Moon's pale Orb, then leaves below
The Realms where *Arcas'* ſparkling Splendors glow.
Next balmy *Venus*, that benignant breaths,
In milder Majeſty, the God receives:
From hence his riſing Rode thro' *Phœbus* lies,
And the red Flames that fiercer *Mars* ſupplies:
With cooler Beams now *Jupiter* prevails,
Chill *Saturn* now his chearful Influence feels.
Self-mov'd for him, Heav'ns golden Gates unbar,
For him, *Arctophilax* refits his Car.
Ready *Orion* waits the wiſh'd Command,
His Rule to render to an abler Hand.
The ſpangl'd Galaxie ſubmiſs obey,
Confeſs the God, and kindly court his Stay;
Seek if he deigns his friendly Fires to join,
Or in diſtinguiſh'd Radience ſingly ſhine:
All anxious where he claims his ſtarry Care,
And each ambitious to reſign his Sphere.
O once our Glory! now the Immortal's Pride,
Heſperian Seas thy ſetting Honours hide:
Thy Oceans bathes thee in her ſofteſt Waves,
And wearied, to her kindred Breaſt receives.
O happy Parents! Here your earlieſt Beam
Around *Arcadius'* out-ſtretch'd Empires flames;
When to the Weſt your languid Fires decline,
Over his Brother's wide Domain you ſhine.
Each Region your auſpicious Light ſurveys,
Glad Homage to the royal Partners pays.

Serene

Serene in awful Majeſty they ſit,
While willing Nations to their Yoke ſubmit;
In all the Bleſſings of ſoft Peace they reign,
Pleas'd to begin an Age of Gold again.
Pale Av'rice to her *Stygian* Siſters flies,
Reſigns the Globe, and frees the labouring Skies:
His heapy Hoards Ambition vainly told,
He madly mourns his unavailing Gold:
Corruption's baniſh'd from the watchful Throne,
And Power attendant but on Worth alone.
Hail, happy Brothers! whoſe extended Rule
The Orb's vaſt Round is deſtin'd to controul:
Names by your great Forefathers unexplor'd,
And where your Sire's bold Eagles never ſoar'd.
Kind *Mulciber* his friendly Skill ſhall yield,
In heav'nly Arms to ſet you to the Field.
For each a dreadful *Ægis* he prepares,
Which ſweating *Brontes* ſwells with figur'd Wars.
High on the Helm, ſets *Steropes* the Creſt,
With gilded Horſe-hair formidably grac'd;
Pyracmon artful fills the hollow Mold,
And into Corſlets caſts the running Gold.
With the loud Toil the *Æolians* ſhake around,
And all *Sicilia* labours with the Sound.
The Sea-green Horſes of the watry God,
Bred in the dark Receſſes of the Flood,
Now harneſs'd to the Yoke, obedient ſtand,
And hear the Laſh, and court your ruling Hand:
So ſwift, they would not daſh the ſurging Main,
Nor print the Sand, nor bruiſe the bearded Grain;
In full Career, unhurt would be the Graſs,
And the top Billow ſcarce perceive them paſs.
Already ſee proud *Babylon* o'erthrown,
In real Flights the backward *Parthian* turn.
Now barb'rous *Bactria* bends beneath thy Force,
And frighten'd *Ganges* turns aſide his Courſe.
Sadly he ſhoves along his captive Tide,
While humbled *Perſia* caſts her Gems aſide.

Go mighty Monarchs where rough *Tanais* rolls,
Join in your Conqueſt the divided Poles;
Oppoſe your Arms to the Sun's brighteſt Beams,
And ſeek the hidden Source of *Nile*'s long Streams:
Let not great *Liber*'s Eaſtern Bounds reſtrain,
Nor where *Alcides* marks the ſetting Main.
'Tis yours of Right, to ſubjugate Mankind,
And round the Globe your regal Fetters bind.
For you ſhall give his Pearls the ruddy Sea,
Submiſſive *Ind*' her Ivory Tributes pay;
Arabian Groves their ſacred Sweets afford,
And *Seric* Looms ſupply a Weſtern Lord.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

OR, THE

BATTLE

OF THE

CRANES AND PIGMIES.

From the *Latin* of Mr. ADDISON.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON'S STYLE.

Luſit amabiliter.

I SING the Crane and Pygmy up in Arms,
And brandiſh'd Tucks oppoſe to pointed Beaks.
Raiſe, Muſe, the Fury of the feather'd Foe,
Lead the low Cohorts to the duſty Field,
And Men and Birds in rude Encounter join.
Long hath a Race of vulgar Heroes ſhone

In

In the bright Annals of recording Bards.
Fit theme for Song Heroic only deem'd.
In Pomp of Numbers live the Toils of Fight;
And endleſs *Pæons* ecchoe thro' the Lines.
The Youth of *Greece* fill the wide Mouth of Fame;
Theſeus and ſtern *Achilles* triumph ſtill;
Pious *Æneas* charms the liſtening Age;
And *Boyne* preſerves immortal *William*'s Name;
The *Theban* Brothers, and great *Pompey*'s Fall
Command a mighty Tribute of our Tears.
I firſt turn devious, from the beaten Tract
Averſe on higher Argument intent;
Standards, not yet unfurl'd in Song, diſplay,
And tune a ſhriller Trumpet's mimick Notes:
Draw little Champions vibrating the Spear,
And long-wing'd Warriors ruſhing from the Clouds.
Where the Sun's genial Rays mature the Eaſt,
And *India* glows with the firſt bluſh of Day,
(Surrounded with inhoſpitable Rocks)
In a green Vale, approach'd by few, there ſtood,
While Fate propitious ſmil'd, the growing Empire
Of the *Pygmean* Race. The Plain then throng'd
With thick Inhab'tants, a well-order'd State;
Each ſtudious to promote the Common weal,
And cultivate the little Arts of Life.
If haply now the curious Traveller,
Over the rocky Mound purſues his Way,
A dreary deſart, waſte; and wild he ſees,
Whiten'd with little Bones of Heroes Slain.
Half-ruin'd Palaces, and nodding Towers,
Wide Deſolation! ſtrike the wond'ring Sight.
A Region dolorous; Th' obſcene Abode
Of the exulting Crane; ſecurely now
She weaves her Neſt, and plumes her callow Young.
Not ſo, while the ſmall Progeny poſſeſs'd
The Seat of Empire, which long, long gave Laws
To the remoteſt Corner of the Plain.
Then if the vent'rous Foe with Inroads pierc'd,

On Ravages intent; the little Corps,
Still upon Guard, ruſh vig'rous to the Field,
With hoſtile Blood revenge their Country's Wrongs,
And ſtrew the Ground with ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes:
Returning from the Field, each loaded Chief,
Triumphant drags along the indignant Prey,
Which roaſted, crowns the Victor's genial Board.
Oft was th' unwary Bird in Ambuſh ſlain,
Oft were their Neſts demoliſh'd; on their Young
Was wreak'd the Rage due to the Parent's Crimes.
For when, with wond'rous Toil and Care, they'd rais'd
The artful Structure for the future Fowl;
Sudden the active Infantry alarm'd
Ruſh down upon them in a Storm of War.
Raced are their Works; the fatal Sword cuts ſhort
The ſpringing Life, while yet the half-form'd Foe
Lies hid in the frail Orb's defenceleſs Round.

War, fatal War, for theſe dire Seeds aroſe;
Bands breathing Slaughter, Men and Birds in Arms,
And griſly Deaths in diff'rent Forms confus'd.
Far leſs the bloody Fights, which once engag'd
In mock Sublime, the bold *Mæonian* Bard,
When noiſy War, diſturb'd the Marſhy Realms.
(Dreadful to ſee!) here lay the mangled Trunk
Of an expiring Mouſe, with hoſtile Ruſhes gor'd;
There a maim'd Frog in hoarſer Murmurs croaks,
With one Leg lopp'd, he creeps along the Field,
Diſabled to eſſay the active Leap.

O little Mortals, blind in Fate! alas,
In an ill Hour, ye fought theſe hoſtile Tents.
Now dawns the Day that ye ſhall wiſh untouch'd
The Eggs and Off-ſpring of th' offended Fowl.
For with repeated Wrongs provok'd, the Cranes
Convent a Council, to conſult Revenge.
The fierce Inhabitants of *Strymon*'s Flood,
Of Lakey *Mareotis*, and the Banks
Of diſtant *Caiſter*'s well water'd Meads,
Throng to the gen'ral Diet: With them came,

In

In league offenſive, and defenſive join'd,
The borderers of *Scythia*'s frozen Shores,
And the remoteſt *Iſter*'s mighty Stream.
Slaughters and threaten'd Wounds they meditate;
Sharpen their Tallons, and their Pinions plume;
And whet the fatal Beak for future Fight.
So great their Thirſt of Blood, ſo mighty their Revenge.
The Spring now opens the Campaign; aloft
The brave confederated Nations riſe.
O'er diſtant Tracts of Lands, and Seas disjoin'd,
Born on expanded Wings, they ſteer their Courſe.
And now they penetrate the Clouds; thro' Storms,
And northern Snows now force their deſperate Way.
Air labours with th' unuſual waft of Plumes,
And the loud cackling fills the Concave round.
The Din of War no leſs diſturb'd the Plains.
For there, their Country's Cauſe provokes to Arms
The active Pigmy Troops militia'd out,
In fronted Brigades, marſhal'd to the Charge.
Two flanking Wings ſecure th' imbodied War,
And thick Battalions ſcour the hoſtile Ground.
Impatient for the Charge they ſhake the Dart,
And ſilent meet the horrid Front of Death.
Full in the centre ſtalks their haughty Chief,
Advancing onward; and above the reſt,
In Shape and Geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a Giant;— half a Yard in Heighth.
Moſt gloomy was his Stare: his honeſt Face
Deep Scars of hoſtile Tallons had intrench'd:
Nor leſs his manly Breaſt, wide ſpread, declar'd
True princely Worth, freſh mark'd with cruel Beaks.
For he was born to wage againſt the Crane
Eternal Battles, and immortal Hate.
And dearly he repaid the Wounds they lent.
When, Comet like, his dreadful Blade he wav'd,
Before its Lightning flew the blaſted Foe,
Or in a Moment loſt his Power to fly.
What Heaps of Slaughter has it made! how oft

Has

Has th' unfletch'd Infant fall'n before it's Edge!
Alas; how oft has widow'd *Strymon* mourn'd,
Her Huſband's, and her Sons untimely Fate;
And now ——
From a black Cloud, ſurcharg'd with War and Foes,
Loud Shouts proceed, frightful to mortal Ears,
Which ſtill encreaſe re-echoing from the Field.
'Till near advanc'd, a mighty Hoſt of Birds
Appear, whoſe Front, of hideous Depth and Length,
Vexes the troubled Air from Pole to Pole;
While a diſaſt'rous Darkneſs veils the Camp,
Now numberleſs; but to reviſit ſoon,
In thinner Ranks, and more contracted Bands,
Their native Shores; in an ill Hour forſook.
Thus brav'd, the Pigmy loud requires the Fight,
And with Impatience Eyes the hov'ring Storm.
Long need he not, for ſoon the vengeful Fowl
Ruſh down precipitant, with horrid Shouts
On the firm Troops, collected in their Might.
Wild Uproar rages: dire is the Noiſe
Of Conflict; ſcatter'd Plumes fly all around,
Spent with long Toil, the bold *Strymonians* riſe,
High ſoaring on main Wing; then breath a while,
And with redoubled Rage the Fight renew.
Long Time in equal Scale the Battle hung.
A daring Crane, by the brave Foe transfix'd,
Here furious raves, and whirls in bloody Orbs;
While feebly he attempts the laſt home Puſh,
He falls, he gathers up his Claws, and dies.
There, a ſtabb'd Pigmy welt'ring in his Blood,
With thick and heavy Groans ſighs out his Soul,
Which curſes, as it goes, the fatal Beak:
Thick patters with his little Heels the Ground.
Noiſy Confuſion fills the frighted Field;
Which bluſhes with the Blood of proſtrate Chiefs,
Fingers and Claws, diſmember'd Arms and Wings,
And broken Swords, and Beaks, lye ſcatter'd round the Plain.
Where the thick Battle rag'd, the Pigmy King

Prodigious

Prodigious Pow'r hath ſhewn; around him roſe,
A Rampart of the Bodies of the Slain.
Dauntleſs 'midſt Deaths he ſtood, like Fate, unmov'd,
Nor aught avail'd the united Flap of Wings,
Or ported Beaks; where e'er he turn'd, they fled.
And now the Fortune of the Day is lodg'd
In his right Arm alone: When, ſad to tell!
A formidable Fowl, with out-ſtretch'd Wing,
Sudden from all his Conqueſts, ſnatch'd the Prince,
(So will'd the Gods) and bore amid' the Clouds.
Pendant he hung; glad Clamours fill the Sky,
While his ſad People helpleſs mourn below
Their wrigling captive Monarch doom'd to feaſt
The ſavage Conqueror's inſatiate Maw.
Now its moſt frightful Viſage War puts on.
Th' infernal Crane, ſtill ſoaring in his Flight,
Tears with remorſeleſs Claws the wretched Chief;
Impatient of the Wound, he flings, he raves,
And beats the Air, in dying Pangs convuls'd.
Such was the dreadful Scene, when fell *Briarius*,
Titanian, or Earth-born, raging fierce,
Threw ſhaggy *Pelion* to the Throne of Heav'n;
And ſtruck th' Almighty Thund'rer from his Seat.
Rocks thro' mid Air encounter'd fiery Bolts,
Hurl'd to, and fro, with Jaculation dire.
Wing'd with fork'd Lightning, the hoarſe Thunder flies,
From *Jove*'s red Arm, thick on the Rebel Crew.
'Till overthrown the Giant Carnage lay
Involv'd in Smoak, and hot with ſulph'rous Wounds.
Their mightieſt quell'd, the fainting Battle ſwerves
With many an Inroad torn; o'er-powr'd at length,
Diſorder enters, and foul Rout enſues.
Part fly out right, Part ſuppliant fall before
Th' inſulting Victors, preſſing on the Rear.
The vengeful Bird, alas! No Quarter gives,
Bent on entire Deſtruction of the Race.
Thus the *Pygmean* Empire, that had ſtood
Triumphant, 'midſt innumerable Wars,

So glorious to herſelf, ſo fatal to the Crane,
Now ſaw her towering Structures laid in Duſt,
Her Throne ſubverted, and her Name no more.
For earthly States have all determin'd Periods,
Beyond whoſe Date they're not to be prolong'd.
So ended once proud *Babylon*'s Domaine;
Then *Perſia*, next in Pow'r, ſo next in Fate,
And *Rome* immortal, laſt, and greateſt fell.
Now on *Elyſian* Plains, the happy Shades
Dwell undiſturb'd. Perſpicuous in the Throng,
Riſe the old Heroes more majeſtick Forms.
If Credit we may give to ancient Tale,
Full oft has the belated Peaſant ſeen
The jocund Elves, by ſhady Grove, or Fount,
Or Foreſt Lawn, their Moon-light Revels keep:
While, ſafe from dire Alarm of Cranes, and loſt
To former Toil, on Mirth and Dance intent,
They mark fine Ringlets in diſtinguiſh'd Green;
Now by the Name of Fairies better known.

A

FRAGMENT,

FROM

CLAUDIAN'S First Book againſt RUFINUS, IMITATED.

Adeo tritum thema eſt, atque ab omnibus jactatum, otium, & ſeceſſum præponere vitæ forenſi, & occupatæ, propter ſecuritatem, libertatem, dulcedinem, dignitatem, aut ſaltem ab indignitatibus immunitatem, ut nemo tractet hunc locum quin bene tractet; *ita humanis conceptibus in experiendo, & conſenſibus in approbando conſonat.*
Bacon de Aug. Scient.

OF RUFINUS.

—SLOW daſtard Dulneſs is his native Vice,
But Miſchief quickens, and informs the Maſs.
From Realm to Realm as the Deſtroyer flies,
A following Tract of bloody Ruin lies.
Beneath the Line with fiercer Fires he glows,
And adds new Winter to *Rhipbean* Snows.
An horrid Reſpite Chains and Racks afford,
The cruel Mercies of th' impending Sword:
Worſe than th' impending Sword protracted Breath,
A Life prolong'd to 'wail the Woes of Death.
If any, bolder than the reſt, deny
When call'd, the Tyrant's Coffers to ſupply,
Stung with the dire Diſgrace, he foams with Ire,
And his red Eye-Balls dart deſtructive Fire.
So the ſtruck Savage roves *Getulia*'s Plain,
Tugs the barb'd Jav'lin, and provokes the Pain;
Robb'd of her Young, ſo the mad Tygreſs roars,
Hangs on the Parth, and Thunders to the Shores;

So

So hiſſes fierce, ſo meditates her Foe
The trodden Snake, while her big Columes glow.
But ſtill he thirſts, ſtill pines amidſt his Store,
A Wretch, that's always craving, always poor.
See great *Fabricius*, great in Indigence,
Slight the deluding Tribute of a Prince;
His ſmall paternal Plot *Serranus* plows,
While Sweat bedews the toiling Conſul's Brows.
Thoſe lowly Cots, the *Curian* Names adorn
On Cloud-hid *Palatine* look down with Scorn.
O ſacred State! where Wealth or Want ne'er come;
To ſerve no Motive, to enſlave no *Rome*.
Let Luxury thy o'er-charg'd Nature load,
And with phantaſtick Dainties heap thy Board,
To her full Breaſts, me Mother Earth receives,
Cheaply I'll riot on the Wealth ſhe gives.
There, figur'd Walls betray the *Tyrian* Loom,
Th' imperial *Murix* proudly paints thy Dome.
Here, blooming Meads their fragrant Sweets diſpenſe;
Here, living Pleaſures court the raviſh'd Senſe;
Embroider'd Carpets ev'ry Field adorn,
Blow in the Grove, and open in the Lawn;
The flowry Couch, and gently murm'ring Streams
Lull to ſoft Slumbers, and unbroken Dreams.
There, clam'rous Clients croud long Rooms of State,
And fawning Levees, call the Wretched Great.
Here, in ſmooth Whiſpers, balmy Zephyr blows,
And airy Muſick wakes from calm repoſe.
" A virtuous Poverty's a Good confeſs'd.
" When Nature made us Men, ſhe made us bleſs'd,
" So live the Wiſe, who hear her heav'nly Voice,
" Who know to make, and know to uſe their Choice.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER

FRAGMENT

IMITATED, FROM THE SAME.

OFT have theſe Thoughts my anxious Soul oppreſs'd,
With fluctuating Fury tore my Breaſt,
Whether omniſcient Powers, all Good beſtow
Their Care and bleſſings on Mankind below:
Or doth ſole Arbitreſs, blind Chance, preſide,
And Things at random drive the giddy Guide.
When this harmonious Whole I wondering found
By Laws directed, ſtricteſt Union bound;
How circling Seaſons in their Turns appear,
To pour their Products, and compleat the Year;
How Night and Day in grateful Change move round;
How ſtruggling Deeps, unwilling own a Bound:
The Tumult ceas'd.—Yet tho' repreſs'd my Fears,
My Mind ſtill labours with the leſſening Cares.
As when retiring Storms forſake the Deep,
Pant to the Shore, and o'er the Billows creep,
While Ocean yet, not all his Peace regains,
Nor baffled *Boreas* quits the heaving Plains,
Thick fluttering Blaſts die in a diſtant Roar,
And fainter Murmurs fall along the Shore.
But now a conſcious Guidance I deſcry,
Now ſee a Mind Almighty, thron'd on high:
Who points the Planets their unvaried Way;
Fills the fair Womb of Earth with Off-ſpring gay;
Gives changing *Phœbe* Splendors not her own,
And ſtores with unlent Light the conſtant Sun;
On central Axes hangs the ſteady Ball,
Secure in Air, and gives it Laws to roll.
When lo! again———
My Views no more a certain Proſpect boaſt,
And all the Promiſe of the God is loſt.
Black gathering Clouds my ruffled Mind o'er-ſpread,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life I tread,

See the ſucceſsful Villain ride the State,
The Patriot ſinking in the Storms of Fate.
Sudden Religion's ſtrong Supports Decay,
And all the tow'ring Fabrick falls away:
With mournful Eyes the fleeting Form I view,
And forc'd, unwilling, other Guides purſue.
That thro' the void teach ſlooping Atoms rain'd,
By Chance aſſociate, and by Chance detain'd.
While lucky Jumbles of a thoughtleſs Rout
A World produce, and at an Heat ſtrike out.
Exiſts the whole, ungovern'd, ſelf combin'd.
Nor wants the Stay of an immortal Mind.
But all my Doubts *Rufinus'* Fall remov'd;
Abſolv'd the Gods, and Providence approv'd.
Of tardy Vengeance now no more I rave,
When proſtituted Purple courts the Slave;
Hoiſted aloft, juſt ſhewn, then headlong flung,
To deck the Dunghil whence the Inſect ſprung.

ANOTHER
UPON
FL. MALLIUS THEODORUS.

CECROPIA's Science ſtores your ample Breaſt
With ev'ry Treaſure of the antique Eaſt:
Averſe in novel Doctrines to engage;
The faſhionable Jargon of the Age.
This, a firſt Cauſe on Vital Air beſtows:
While That, holds all from circling Water flows:
Another that the Whole from purer Fire aroſe.
He that impatient *Ætna*'s Womb explor'd,
Diffuſes thro' the Maſs his plaſtick God:
His God with healing Amity array'd,
Reforms the Fury jarring Diſcord made:
Then back recall'd, gives ev'ry Breaſt the ſame,
And ev'ry Soul receives an equal Flame.

This

This ſays the Sight its imag'd Frauds ſupplies
Oppoſes Certainty, and Senſe decries.
That, in a ſwift Rotation, ſaves the Ball,
Arreſts its Ruin, and refrains its Fall:
Wild Syſtems forming, holds the ſolar Ray
Shoots from a Stone to luminate the Day.
A third more daring Wings his forward Flight
Thro' tractleſs Chaos, and the Realms of Night.
One Heaven cannot th' ambitious Wretch reſtrain,
Paſs'd beyond Matter to the vaſt Inane,
Affects all Bounds corporeal to deſpiſe,
While in his narrow Breaſt unnumber'd Worlds ariſe.
One in unconſcious Atoms kindles Life,
Gives Form and Union to diſorder'd Strife.
Another bids his Guardian Gods advance,
And far from Preſcience drives th' Effects of Chance.
New Light, to Arts obſcure, great *Mallius* yields,
The *Grecian* Gloom with *Roman* Radiance gilds:
In artful Dilogue forms unfiniſh'd Minds,
And captiv'd Truth in Ties alternate binds.
Whate'er ſtern *Zeno* and the Porches teach,
Or *Plato*'s more exalted Flights can reach;
Whate'er *Chryſippus* from thy Schools aroſe,
Whate'er thy Logick, and Retreat diſcloſe,
Whate'er *Democritus*'s Mirth provok'd,
Or cloſe *Pythagoras* by Silence ſpoke,
Lodg'd in his Breaſt, and faſhion'd by his Fire,
Receive freſh Luſtre, and freſh Weight acquire.
In *Greece* no more, th' *Athenian* Bays ſhall bloom,
More fam'd Academies ſhall riſe in *Rome*.
See while her Lawrels wither, that ſhe gain'd,
New Science open'd, and the old explain'd:
See in the Weſt, a wiſer Sage indite
The *Summum Bonum*, and the Rules of Right;
How Good and Gainful differ but in Name,
How Happineſs and Honour are the ſame:
Againſt what Vice, what Virtue to provide;
What, when Injuſtice tempts to draw aſide:

What, when a ſlaviſh Fear's to be expell'd,
Or, (mighty Taſk!) when tyrant Love muſt yield:
Or elſe diſpos'd to treat of Nature's Laws,
Of flowing Matter, and its primal Cauſe:
What Fire etherial animates the Spheres;
How roll'd, unvaried, thro' the Length of Years.
Why ſeven orb'd Stars, in brighter Luſtre riſe,
Fly from the Poles, and keep the middle Skies.
Does one ſole Mind this Harmony beſtow,
Or motion'd Matter from two Cauſes flow.
* Is Colour real, and diſtinct from Sight,
Or the gay Phantom of refracted Light.
Why tiding Deeps pale *Phebe*'s Influence own?
Why louder Thunder bellows from a Storm?
What Ballances in Air the gather'd Rains?
What, into harden'd Orbs, condenſing Vapours Chains.
Whence

* I ſhall not wonder, if my Reader be ſurprized to ſee me juſt ſhewing my ſelf in Perſon, at my going off, between the two laſt Pages of the Performance; when I have not addreſſed myſelf to him in the Ceremonial of *explanatory Notes*, nor beſpoke his Favour ſo much as in a *Preface*. I won't concern myſelf to apologize for theſe, or other Diſadvantages, and Neglects obvious enough; but ſhall tell him, without more Ambage, the plain Matter of Fact. That as I went along in theſe Amuſements, the caſual Relaxations from ſeverer Studies, I wrote Obſervations upon them, not of that Kind which makes up the dead Weight of Books among the common Tranſlators and Editors; but ſuch as might contribute to illuſtrate the ſubſtantial Beauties of my Authors, and afford a rational Entertainment to my Readers. And particularly upon this Poem, the fineſt in that Writer, and an entertaining Proof of the Juſtneſs of that trite Obſervation, *That there is nothing ſo abſurd, but what one Philoſopher or other hath maintained.* But I could not prevail with myſelf to beſtow ſo much Time upon them, as was neceſſary to put them in a Condition to appear with the Tranſlations. However, a Note upon this Place lying before me, I thought fit to ſend it with the Poem.

Is Colour real, &c.

Sitne Color proprius rerum, lucis ne repulſus,
Eludant aciem.

As the atomical Phyſiology, of which this Doctrine of Colours is ſo conſiderable a Part, is not only the moſt rational, but likewiſe the moſt ancient of all the Syſtems of Nature; it may be no unacceptable Preſent to my Reader, to give him a ſuccinct Hiſtory of the Riſe, Corruption, and Revival of this venerable Body of Philoſophy. What then is called the atomical

Whence comes the Winter of the fleecy Snow?
Whence round the Sky's red Coruſcations glow?
Or Flaſh terrifick in devouring Rays,
Or fright the Nations with a bearded Blaze?
While thus the Paths of Nature you purſue,
The whole Creation opens to your View;
Thro' ev'ry winding Secret you explore;
To all impervious, and unknown before:
Below you, ſee, involv'd in Guilt and Strife,
The vulgar Herd tug the gall'd Load of Life;
While you on Nature's higheſt Summit ſit,
Unmov'd, regardleſs of the Force of Fate. *Olympus*

atomical Phyſiology, had, as, *Plato* tell us, for its Founder *Protagoras*; *Ariſtotle* ſays, they were *Leucippus* and *Democritus* jointly; according to *Laertius*, it was *Leucippus* only; but others deduce its Original ſtill higher and pretend to ſay, the Inventor of it was *Moſchus* or *Moſes*. It had for its Support the following Principles, that *Body* is διαςατὸν ἀντίτυπον *extended Bulk*, which includes only the Ideas of Magnitude, greater or leſs, Diviſibility into Parts, Figure and Poſition, Reſt and paſſive Motion only; that Viſion muſt be ſolved by corporeal Effluvia, or, according to our more refined modern Atomiſts, by the Medium of Light; and laſtly, that the ſenſible Ideas of Light and Colours, Heat and Cold, Sweet and Bitter, are but mere Fancies and Senſations of the Mind, cauſed by the Repulſe of Light, and not real Qualities in the Objects themſelves, which is certainly a noble Inſtance of the Wiſdom and Sagacity of the Ancients, or would rather tempt one to think, as the moſt ancient Opinions in Phyſiology are the pureſt, that they were derived from other Sources beſides human Reaſon. For it is very remarkable, that this Syſtem, tho, followed by ſeveral profeſs'd Atheiſts, or, as ſome will have it, as you ſee above, founded by them; yet none, when rightly underſtood, corrects this Madneſs better; for from it is naturally deduced the Proof of an immaterial Being, becauſe if nothing belongs to Body (as it affirms) but paſſive Motion, which can never begin itſelf, but muſt receive its Original from ſome exterior Agent, it follows there muſt be ſomething in the World beſides Body, otherwiſe there could have been no Motion in it. But to purſue the Diſcourſe; this Syſtem, doubtleſs the moſt genuine, perfect and compleat of all Antiquity, did not long preſerve its Virginity; it ſoon became miſerably mangled and diſmember'd, ſome laying hold of one Part, and ſome another; ſome admitted it, to the Excluſion of the Doctrine of Immateriality, its inſeparable Conſequence, as *Democritus*, *Leucippus* and *Protagoras*, and ſo commenced Atheiſts. Some again, as *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, took indeed the better Part, the Conſideration of Immateriallity, but ſtripp'd it of its Vehicle, the Body, and ſo run

Olympus thus the Rage of Heav'n derides,
While forky Lightning plays around his Sides;
Eternally ſerene, no Winter ſees,
Nor Storms, nor Tempeſts, interrupt his Eaſe;
Inſults the Wreck, and higher rears his Head,
'Midſt foaming Deluges around him ſpread;
Hears, undiſturb'd, deſcending Torrents flow;
And ſpurns the Thunder as it lags below.

into contrary Errors. The Syſtem ſo evaporated and ſpiritualized in paſſing thro' the Hands of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, triumphed for many Ages, even to theſe latter Times; and then nothing was heard in the Schools but the unintelligible Doctrine of ſubſtantial Forms, *&c.* till of late it was diſcovered, that the atomical Phyſiology moſt rationally ſolved the corporeal Phoenomena; but the Atomiſts and Idealiſts having divided the Truth between them, that modern Reſtorer of Truth, the great *Des Cartes*, took ſo much of the Democratic as related to corporeal Phoenomena; and ſo much of the Ariſtotalic as concerned Incorporeality with its Dependances, and, to his immortal Honour, joined again what had been ſo violently and unnaturally ſeparated, and once more gave Credit to the old Doctrines of ſecondary Qualities; which have been ſince eſpouſed by our no leſs famous Countrymen *Locke* and *Newton*. The remaining Errors of the Ariſtotalic and Democratic Syſtems being thus left naked and defenceleſs, *White* and *Digby* eſpouſed the firſt, and, Mr. *Hobbs*, by a ſingular Piece of Knight Errantry, undertook the Protection of the latter. But here let us do Juſtice to that great Man's Memory, at a Time his Writings ſeem to be entirely neglected, who, with all his Errors, and thoſe of the moſt dangerous Natures, we muſt allow to be one of the firſt Men of his Age for a bright Wit, a deep Penetration, and a cultivated Underſtanding. Several of whoſe uncommon Speculations while they remain'd with him, lay unregarded; but when taken up by others, of whom we deſervedly have a better Opinion, received their due Applauſe and Approbation. The learned Reader ſees I have Mr. *Locke* principally in my Eye, and indeed, that incomparable Man received no ſmall Aſſiſtance from Mr. *Hobbs*'s Notions. I could name ſeveral, upon which Mr. *Locke* values himſelf, as Diſcoveries and Improvements in Knowledge, but which he really borrowed from the other, tho' admirably improved, and carried to a greater Length: For that other haughty Man was conciſe and dogmatical, and breathed the exact Spirit of his Maſter *Lucretius*, but to mention one only, and that Mr. *Locke*'s Aſſertion, *That Liberty belongs not to the Will*; the fineſt, and (as he confeſſes in a Letter to *P. Limborch*) the moſt intricate Diſſertation of any in his Eſſay. This his Predeceſſor had before aſſerted in his *Leviathan*. But I have inſenſibly deviated into a new Subject, which can't be too haſtily broke off.

A CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

ENQUIRY

INTO THE

CAUSES of PRODIGIES and MIRACLES, AS RELATED BY HISTORIANS.

WITH

An ESSAY towards reſtoring a METHOD and PURITY in HISTORY.

IN WHICH,

The *Characters* of the moſt celebrated WRITERS of every *Age*, and of the ſeveral *Stages* and *Species* of *Hiſtory*, are occaſionally criticized and explained.

IN TWO PARTS.

Diſce, ſed Ira cadat Naſo, rugoſaq; Sanna,
Dum veteres Avias tibi de Pulmone revello.

PERS.

FIRST PRINTED in 1727.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT SUTTON,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH;

AND ONE OF HIS

MAJESTY's MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

SIR,

THE wiſe and learned *Bacon* aſſures us, that *the putting a Stop to Dedications*, may be juſtly placed amongſt the *Advancements of Learning*. And, againſt this general Practice, oppoſes the Example of the mighty Ancients, who bravely ſtood their Ground alone, or only choſe a *Second* from amongſt their Friends and Equals. The moſt effectual Atonement to diſhonoured Letters, being, in his Opinion, to wipe out the very Memory of a Compoſition, ſo long defiled by the groſſeſt Adulation. But whatever Advantages of Reputation this Expedient might procure to Learning, its Intereſts, I am afraid, as Things now ſtand, wou'd be injuriouſly affected by it. For the ancient Writers, whoſe Practice is here recommended to us, were in Circumſtances ſo widely different from ours, that we cannot juſtly be accuſed of Preſumption, or Weakneſs, for ſtriking out into a new and commodious Road, which our great Maſters neither ſaw nor wanted. Their Learning flouriſh'd only in Republics; and by Reaſon of the Expence of Manuſcripts, then the only Conveyance of it, was

was engroſſed by the principal Citizens: Dedications therefore, when uſed, muſt run neceſſarily on a Level. At the new Birth of Learning, in our Weſtern World, the Nobility indeed became fond and ambitious of it, as a Novelty and *founding Diſtinction*. But this ill-grounded Ardour abating, they ſoon grew weary of the familiarized Stranger. Whether or no their ordinary Caprice, in Matters of Mode, prevailed here, and when they cou'd not keep it to themſelves, they dropt it, like a ſpread Faſhion; for now the Invention of Printing had made it a Purchace for the Vulgar; or whatever elſe was the Reaſon, Learning was ſoon forced upon her new Acquaintance, *Poverty*; and at length became the lean Inheritance of a diſtreſs'd and ruinous Fraternity; which, like the younger Branches of a noble Stock, wou'd naturally incline towards the Great, as to the Elder Houſe, for Protection and Support.

Their Pretenſions at firſt, as befitted, were modeſt enough; and while they fairly pleaded a literary Deſcent from the ſame common Anceſtors, theſe thought the Honour of the Family ſomewhat concerned in the Fortunes of the unhappy Suppliants. And had the *Genius of Learning* been then ſo watchful o'er its Charge, as to convert their dying Ardour for the Profeſſion of Letters, into a freſh and more laſting Flame, for the Protection of them, perhaps, the World had been no Loſer by the Change.

But,

But, alas! a fatal Depravation of Manners came on apace. The Patron grew aſhamed of Virtue, and ſo, indifferent to Praiſe; and the Client, now hopeleſs of Independence, was eaſily reconciled to Slavery. He forgot the dignity of his Deſcent. He prophaned his Incenſe, ſacred to the Wiſe and Virtuous, by offering it to any upſtart Idol of the Streets: And at length fell ſo low into Miſery and Wretchedneſs, as not to be allowed the Honour of a *Public Proſtitution*, till he had got the previous Indulgence for his Shame *in private*.

For now certain Impoſtors had mixed themſelves amongſt the Learned. Theſe were a kind of *Paraſites*, who, like their Anceſtor in *Terence*, were for refining upon their Profeſſion; and from Nature's Deſignation of *ſimple Buffoons*, had improved themſelves into *Dedicators:* Yet this Coalition was not thought altogether monſtrous. The *Paraſite* having as noble an Original, and ſuffering as baſe a Degeneracy, as the *Dedicator*. For the *Paraſite*, as the *Dedicator*, was, at firſt, a *Name of Honour*. He was, as *Athenæus* informs us, of the Chief of the City. He preſided in the Sacrifices of the *Demi-gods*, and ſung the Praiſes of the *Heroes*. For Lucre too, he proſtituted his Office; and being now deſpiſed and poor, turned Sycophant and Flatterer for a Dinner.

But I forget, that however deformed Panegyric may have grown of late in *Dedications*, yet to find Satire there, will be eſteemed altogether monſtrous.

monſtrous. Beſides Sir, you will eaſily believe that it is not my Deſign to decry their Uſe, but to reſtore their Reputation; which can be only done by joining again, what has been ſo long and unhappily ſeparated; true Virtue and honeſt Praiſe. And though I be ſo rigid to myſelf, as to be content only with a *Character like yours*, yet I would not be thought to condemn in another, the Choice of one, *leſs exact*. Let but it ariſe from the ſolid Foundation of true Greatneſs, and we have no Reaſon to be diſpleaſed at the Frontiſpiece, though embelliſhed with the Luxury of Art and Fancy. But to raiſe an enchanted Palace out of a ſick Brain, or ſtinking Vapour, muſt create our Pity or Deteſtation. For as in optical Amuſements we call the Glaſs that enlarges, a good one, becauſe it helps us to ſurvey the Beauty of the Object *with more Exactneſs:* So in deſcribing the Virtues of a great Mind, and tracing out the benign Influences of a moral Conſtellation, 'tis allowed to diſplay and heighten the bright Side of each glowing Virtue; and ſtrive to reconcile any croſs Appearance of an excentric Motion. But if by a pitiful Flaw in the grinding, this Glaſs pretends to diſcover Stars and Galaxys, in the *unenlightened* Part of Heaven, we laugh at the Artiſt, and throw aſide the lying Intelligence. For Example, the *Roman* that had called *Catiline*'s factious Popularity, public Spirit; or *Anthony*'s beaſtly Luxury, Munificence, had ſinned againſt his Country Virtues; while the candid

and humane *Atticus* had been excuſed, when ſpeaking of *Cæſar*, who had Ambition, without Pride or Vanity; of *Cato*, who had Pride, without Vanity or Ambition; of *Cicero*, who had Vanity, without Ambition or Pride; he had called the *Firſt*'s Ambition, the Love of Glory, becauſe joined with Clemency; the *Second*'s Pride, an honeſt Scorn, becauſe ariſing from the Enmity of Vice; and the *Third*'s Vanity, a conſcious Merit, becauſe never ſpareing in another's Praiſe.

But be not, Sir, apprehenſive, that now I have got theſe *great Names* at this Advantage, that I intend to make the *common Uſe* of them, and raiſe you *needleſs Trophies* upon their Diſhonour. My Devotions are leſs ſuperſtitiouſly directed; and I know you deteſt ſo *blind and barbarous a Sacrifice*. They were brave Citizens, whom all the *Roman* Virtues conſpired to adorn. As to revive the *Old-Engliſh Manners*, is your Glory; of which your ancient and noble Houſe has not only produced great Examples, but, (what is its higheſt Felicity) has conveyed down to you, with undiminiſhed Vigour, the ſame virtuous Spirit that produced them. Nor are the *Britiſh Manners* of ſo ſuſpicious an *Alloy*, as to need any foreign *Standard* to aſcertain their Value. Nor have you ſo faintly or imperfectly tranſcribed them, that there ſhou'd want a Gloſs or Comment to make them underſtood. For genuine Virtue, like pure Light, is ſeen through no Medium, but its own. To deſcribe it to the clear-

clear-ſighted, is needleſs; to weak Eyes, *offenſive*; and to the blind Many, impoſſible,

All that I can do, is recalling your indebted Country to the freſh Memory of your public Services. Where reverenced by your Fellow-Citizens, admired by Foreigners, and beloved by mighty Princes, you purchaſed the moſt glorious of all civil Titles, even that of A TRUE ENGLISHMAN. We ſaw you from afar, by the moſt refined Dexterity, ſubdue the mutual Rage of warring Empires. Then ſhaken *Europe* demanded your Aſſiſtance. You heard, you went, Commerce revived, ſcandalized Religion raiſed her Head, and the Bleſſings of Nations bore you on your Way; but the Enemies of Peace declined the *Congreſs*. They were enough ſenſible that the ſhifting Arts of State craft, and ſeparate Intereſt, were too unequal a Match for the ſteady Councils of a determined Breaſt; where ſo much Love, joined to ſo much Knowledge of Mankind, gave no Hopes of ſubduing or evading. Hence greater Toils await you. Your Country hails the Omen; and will now believe that to your filial Piety is reſerved, a Share in the laſt Effort of Civil Wiſdom, the Union of diſcordant Parties.

But the *merited Honours* of Life, are what you have in common with your *illuſtrious Compatriots*. The perfect, the ſincere Enjoyment of it, is a Felicity in which you have a few Sharers; except thoſe whom you have made your *Friends*. A fine Writer of the lower Empire, celebrates the greateſt

greateſt Character of his Age, a PHILOSOPHIC STATESMAN, for ſtill *wearing the Countenance of a private Perſon*, amidſt the Glories of his public Offices. This, perhaps, was as high as *Rome*, in her laſt Decays, cou'd advance her worthieſt Sons. Had the Poet known *Scipio* or *You*, he had ſaid, that after you had gained, in your *public Offices*, the Love and Reverence of remoteſt Nations, *with the* COUNTENANCES, *you ſtill preſerved the* MINDS *of private Citizens*. This, Sir, is your laſt Effort of Virtue, and becomes its *Reward*. It fits you for the full Enjoyment of paſt Actions, and preſent Honours. It preſerves your Glories ever freſh and ſpringing, and leads you to Pleaſures that are lively, conſtant, and ſincere.

'Tis true, there are ſome, who not pretending to enter into the exalted Sentiments of Heroic Minds, concerning private Life, wou'd aſcribe your Indifference for public Power, to ſomething more intereſted; the Charms of *your illuſtrious Conſort*. They hold it impoſſible, that the Converſation of that moſt *accompliſhed Lady*, ſhou'd ſuffer it ſelf to be diſturbed by the moſt ſplendid Avocations. But if it muſt be owned, that here *Inclination* draws on the Reſults of Reaſon; it muſt likewiſe be allowed that they are the Virtues of the COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND, that draw the Biaſs; nor can ſo divine an Union impede the vigorous Progreſs of the Soul inſpired with Glory. For a *Female Breaſt* of ſo chaſte

and

and brighr a Poliſh, is the trueſt *Mirrour* where-in to dreſs up Heroiſm. There *wild Ambition* is frighted at its own Deformity; and *Cunning* betrays the inſipid Mein of Folly; while *ſober Greatneſs* wears a brighter Splendour; and *reflected Wiſdom* a more powerful Addreſs.

But you begin to frown.——I have, perhaps, too bluntly told you what the World ſays of you. But you muſt merit leſs, if you wou'd not be the public Talk; and be cooler in your Favours, if you expect I ſhou'd not take a Pleaſure in repeating their Diſcourſe. Beſides, Sir, you are ſafe from *the Caprice of thoſe common Accidents*, to which hair-brain'd Dedicators ſo unworthily expoſe their noble Patrons. For when I ſpeak of your Wiſdom, I can never be acceſſary, (a rare Felicity! to a Charge againſt your Conduct; when of your Integrity, to a Recollection of any paſt Corruption; nor will your Candour be conſtrued a Propenſity to cenſure the Actions you had no Share of; or the Love of your Country a blind Adherence to a Party.

In Truth, the Writer, happy in a generous Patron, and unable to diſcharge his Obligations; by publiſhing them to the World, gives a Kind of Security for the *Debt*, at the ſame Time that he makes a Boaſt of his *Credit*.

Tho' now ſhou'd any malicious Reader enquire into my Pretenſions to your Favours, I muſt ingenuouſly own, all I know of the Matter is, that *it is the Character of great Minds rather*

to

to countenance and eſteem thoſe whom they oblige, than thoſe, whom in likelihood, they might be obliged by.

I ſhou'd now, Sir, *according to form*, implore your Protection for the following Sheets, againſt the *Attacks of Criticiſm*. But, alas! thoſe are ill-grounded Expectations; which ſure, by this Time, we might begin to diſtruſt, was it in *Authors* to grow wiſe at ſo cheap a Rate, as by a Brother's Experience.

Your great Name can but lift me up to be the more expoſed; while, like *young Euryalus* in the ſhining Helmet of the *divine Meſſapus*, my bright Defence but makes me the more obnoxious to Danger; ſafe had I been contented in my native Obſcurity. *I am*,

SIR,

Your Moſt Obliged, and

Moſt Faithful Servant.—

A

CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL

ENQUIRY

INTO THE CAUSES OF

PRODIGIES AND MIRACLES,

AS RELATED BY

HISTORIANS.

PART I.

PRODIGIES and PORTENTS have infected the beſt Writings of Antiquity; and have ſo bloted and deformed our modern Annals, that (with greater Juſtice than *Polybius* has obſerv'd it, of the former) they may be rather called TRAGEDIES than HISTORY. How it comes to paſs that, while the *other Sciences* are daily Purging and Refining themſelves from the Pollutions of ſuperſtitious Error, that had been collecting throughout a long Winter of Ignorance and Barbariſm; *Hiſtory*, ſtill the longer it runs, contracts the more Filth, and retains in it the additional Ordure of every Soil through which it paſſes: How this happens, I ſay, is ſomewhat of difficult Diſquiſition. If one may be allowed to gueſs, this ſeems to be the Reaſon: In other Sciences, ſuperſtitious Errors, having only the Patronage of ſingle Philoſophers, or Sects, Men take full Liberty to examine them, and, unreſtrained by any Authority that can claim a Sanction from Nature or Religion, take a Pleaſure in laying open the

Weakneſs and Folly of unreaſonable Opinions. But in *Hiſtory*, theſe things being deliver'd as the Sentiments of whole Nations; or, perhaps, as the Belief of our own brave Anceſtors, whoſe Benefits to Poſterity have advanced them to the Rank of Demi-Gods and Heroes; this ſanctifies Superſtition, keeps us at an awful Diſtance, reſtrains our Enquiries, and gives Error the Elderſhip of Reaſon. The only Cauſe hitherto aſſigned, for this ſtrange Attachment of Hiſtorians to the *Wonderful*, has been SUPERSTITION, and ſo unqueſtioned is this Opinion, that juſt as the Work is more or leſs free from that Contagion, the Author, without more ado, is ſtiled Superſtitious, or otherwiſe.

BUT *Superſtition*, though one may allow it a very extended Influence towards this Effect; and might give up the whole Mob of monkiſh Writers to its Tyranny, won't, I preſume, account for ſo univerſal a Practice in Men of all Religions, Times, and Temperatures. See TITUS LIVIUS: What diſcordant Judgments amongſt the Criticks concerning him! while one Side pronounces him a *Superſtitious*, from his delight in Monſters and Prodigies; the [a] other proves him a *Free thinker* from the Depth and Extent of his Reflections. But while each reckons *Superſtition* the only Source of this *peſtilent Humour*, with what Difficulties are they both beſet! For was he *Superſtitious*, cou'd he write with that Liberty of Nature and Religion? Was he a *Free-thinker*, wou'd he immortalize the Dotages of the Prieſts and Rabble?

NO, we muſt go deeper to reach the Bottom of this Evil; and in exploring the dark Receſſes of the *human Mind*, we ſhall diſcover theſe peculiar WEAKNESSES and KNAVERIES that are of themſelves ſufficient to produce the Effect; and which do, in reality, often ſhare between them this Uſurpation over the reaſonable Faculties.

I. AND firſt of its *Weakneſs*. There is a Flaw, which was certainly in the original Formation of the Mind, that all its Reaſon could never ſolder. But it will ever be an Inlet, and moſt hoſpitable Harbour of *Impoſture*; of which nothing is a more

[a] *See* Toland's *Adeiſidæmon, ſive* T. Livius *à ſuperſtitione vindicatus.*

clear

clear and Melancholly Proof, than our great Facility in deceiving ourſelves, and our Complaiſancy and Conſtancy in the *Cheat*. To this it is, that an often-vanquiſhed *Error* ſo reſolutely keeps its Ground, and even gains Strength by its Defeat. Compare the Tales of the elder *Pliny* with the *Pſeudodoxia Epidemica* of Dr. *Brown*, and you will be ſurprized to find with what Zeal the ſacred Depoſitum of *Error* has been tranſmitted from Age to Age, for Two thouſand Years together, through all the Changes and Subverſions of Religion, Cuſtoms and Civil Government: When *Truth*, both Sacred and Prophane, had ſubmitted to the wide-waſting Ravages of Time, ſtill *Error* maintain'd her Empire in her unchang'd antique Garb and Porte: And if haply, by Length of Time, ſome leſs conſiderable *Errors* have been loſt, yet have their *imperfect Footſteps* ſtill kept up a Kind of Adoration. [a] Survey *the general Hiſtory of Truth and Falſhood*, and ſee if one has not Reaſon to queſtion that boaſted Prerogative of the former, that *ſhe only receives Strength from Age, while Error diſſolves at its Approach*; [b] at leaſt, if we muſt confeſs, with the Mythologiſts, that *Truth is the Daughter of Time*, they can't but agree with us, That TIME IS THE SLAVE OF ERROR. Thus is *Deceit* the Darling of the Mind. For was it but *Falſhood*'s Maſk of Veri-Similitude that we doated after, and

[a] Witneſs that myſterious Title our Quacks often give themſelves of the *Unborn Doctor*; which, I believe, has puzzled many to unriddle. I confeſs, for my own Part, I was very much at a Loſs, till I recollected the extraordinary Birth of *Æſculapius*, the great Patron of Phyſic, who, as Story ſays, was cut from his Mother's Womb. Now, while he was worſhipp'd as a God, and his Providence univerſally acknowledged, it is very natural to ſuppoſe, that the *Empiricks* of Antiquity would claim what Relation to him they could; and what carried greater *Circumſtance* along with it, than proclaiming a *Similitude of Birth*. But when poor *Æſculapius* began to be diſcredited, and his *Inſpiration* denied, the *Craftſmen* came, indeed, to be aſhamed of profeſſed Relation to him; yet this Silver Shrine was worth Money; and a Veneration was accordingly preſerved for it; ſo that tho' now both *Quack* and *Patient* have forgot the *Religion* of it, they ſtill keep up the old Fondneſs, for its *Obſcurity*, and, as I ſaid above, adore the *Footſteps* of the *departed* Tradition.

[b] *Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.* Cicero de Nat. Deor. l. 2.

not ſome way-ward Charms in her proper Perſon, could we poſſibly ſhew ſo much Backwardneſs to an Examination; or treat the officious UNDECEIVER with ſuch Hatred and Outrage?

POSSESSED with this fatal Paſſion, ſee the *Multitude* in Crowds falling down before a [4] *Juggler's Box*; and aſſuredly, did not Modeſty reſtrain them, we ſhould have as open Declarations in Favour of *Church* and *State* Legerdemain; for the Delight we feel when the Artiſt converts his Cork Balls into Apples; and the Admiration, on the Padlock's being inviſibly clapt on the Mouth of the heedleſs Byſtander, [5] will, I dare ſay, be found to be the ſelf-ſame Paſſions, ſtript of their Formalities, that engage us in the Cauſe of *Tranſubſtantiation*, and the divine Right of *Tyranny and Slavery*. This Weakneſs of the Mind, being, as we obſerved, an *original* Flaw, *we may account it the moſt extended Cauſe of this Hiſtoric Timpany*; but the Paſſion (in reality different) yet, by reaſon of its Affinity, ſhould be carefully diſtinguiſhed from *Superſtition*. The *original Weakneſs* I ſpeak of, is the common ground to this Paſſion, and, as Lord *Bacon* well notes, of Superſtition, alſo [6]. But Superſtition is of a later Growth; [7] ſo though Superſtition

[4] Or, if you will, the now faſhionable Hocus Pocus Tricks of the Theatres.

[5] Two uſual Tricks ſhewn to the People.

[6] *De Augm. Scient. l. 2. c. 13.* NATURA RERUM *omnibus viventibus indidit metum & formidinem, vitæ atque eſſentiæ ſuæ conſervatricem, ac mala ingruentia vitantem & depellentem. veruntamen* EADEM NATURA MODUM TENERE NESCIA EST, *ſed timoribus ſalutaribus, ſemper vanos & inanes admiſcet; adeo ut omnia (ſi intus conſpici darentur) Panicis Terroribus pleniſſima ſint; præſertim humana; & maxime omnium, apud vulgum, qui* SUPERSTITIONE, *(quæ vero nihil aliud quam panicus terror eſt) in immenſum laboret & agitatur.* My Reader may obſerve thus much; that this Part of my Hypotheſis, concerning *an original Weakneſs in human Nature*, and how, it is the Cauſe of Superſtition, is here confirmed: To examine the Particulars in which we differ, would keep me longer than my Time will permit.—Here the Note might have ended, had not ſome terrible Remarks on this Paſſage engaged my Attention: For if they be juſt, I am deprived of all the Benefit of the great *Bacon's* Teſtimony. Then ſo it is: He is charged by Lord *Shaftsbury*, and by the

ſtition is never without that, that is oft without Superſtition. Might I have leave to be a little Speculative, I believe I could entertain my Reader, in ſhewing him *how* this *Weakneſs* begets the *Love of Falſhood*; and at the ſame Time inſtruct him more fully in my *Hypotheſis*.

ADMIRA-

the Author of the *Diſcourſe of Free-thinking*, who is but the *Ape* of that ingenious Nobleman, with broaching a bold Impiety in the above Quotation. See the 3d *Vol.* of the *Charact. p.* 69. and *the Diſcourſe, &c. p.* 169. Lord *Shaftsbury* ſpeaks: "This celebrated Author (*viz. Bacon*) "here quoted, by his *Natura rerum* can mean nothing leſs than *the* "*univerſal diſpenſing Nature*, erring, blindly, in the very firſt Deſign, "Contrivance, or original Frame of Things, according to the Opinion "of *Epicurus* himſelf, whom this Author (*viz. Bacon*) immediately af-"terwards cites with Praiſe." To the ſame Purpoſe his *Admirer*: For after ſo glaring an Inſtance of foul-dealing, in a learned, witty and virtuous young Nobleman, it is no wonder that Chriſtianity ſhould receive any Outrage from Men who can imitate him in nothing but in that unhappy Prejudice he had entertained againſt our holy Religion; as of the later *Sophiſts* who affected to be thought followers of *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, ſome of them could arrive at no higher a Conformity than the Imitation of the *Stammering* of the one, and the *round Shoulders* of the other. As, I believe, it has not been yet done; I hope my Reader will excuſe me from endeavouring to vindicate the Great and Religious *Bacon* from the Suſpicion of Impiety, in the Place above quoted. 'Tis to be premiſed then that the Antients, beſides uſing the Words *Natura* and *Natura rerum*, ambiguouſly, and obſcurely, in a Senſe, of which they had no certain, clear, determined Ideas, which commonly happened; they principally underſtood by them theſe two Things: I *Communis hominum parens*; *Deus ipſe*. II. *Quædam vis ingenita*; *vel Cauſa intima, in rebus univerſis inſita*; ſomething like the *Plaſtic nature* of Dr. *Cudworth*. This admits no Doubt. 'Tis plain, then, that *Bacon* was authorized by good *Latin* Writers, to uſe the Words *Natura rerum*, in the latter Senſe. But was this not ſo, yet 'tis allowed to Writers, Philoſophers eſpecially, to uſe a philoſophical Word, in their own peculiar Senſe, ſo they give open Notice of it; and this *Bacon* has done: For being on the Advancement of the ſeveral Branches of Science, when he comes to the Mythologic (which was his favourite Contemplation, and in which he has ſucceeded to Admiration) he explains the Fable of PAN, by NATURE. *Pan*, ſays *Bacon*, is *Nature*. *Pan* was begot by *Mercury*, according to the Fable, & NATURA RERUM (ſays *Bacon*) EX VERBO DIVINO, ORTUM HABET. See now what a Figure Lord *Shaftsbury* makes with his Aſſertion, That *Bacon can mean nothing leſs than the univerſal diſpenſing Nature, erring blindly*, &c. *according to the Opinion of*

ADMIRATION, we experience to be one of the moſt bewitching, enthuſiaſtic Paſſions of the Mind; and every common Moraliſt knows, that it ariſes from NOVELTY and SURPRIZE, the inſeparable Attendants of IMPOSTURE: That *Falſhood* ſhould be the great Store-houſe of *Novelty*, won't appear ſtrange to thoſe who conſider, that all *Lyes* are of equivocal heterogeneous Birth; no one has its Antitype, but each is a kind of chimerical SPECIES, of itſelf alone. As to *Surprize* (the other Concomitant of *Falſhood*) the Monſtruoſity ariſing from thoſe ſtrange capricious Combinations of Ideas, afford ſufficient Matter for it: For *Lyes* having no Antitypes in Nature, but put together at the Pleaſure of the Inventor, muſt needs have all the various Diſcordancy that a crazy Imagination, or a crafty Underſtanding is capable of conceiving. Add to this, the conſequential Quality of a dark, myſterious, impenetrable Obſcurity; and you ſee why this Admiration is as durable as it is violent.

Epicurus. But he cites *Epicurus* with Praiſe it ſeems: Agreed; and for a Sentence very deſerving of it; yet how little favourable he was to his Character in general, we may ſee in this very Diſcourſe concerning *Pan* or Nature, where he ſays, *Non ſolum profanum inſtituere* (Epicurum *ſcilicet*) *ſermonem, ſed etiam deſipere videtur.* I have only this to obſerve; there is a ſtrange Propenſity in Writers, to give the ATHEIST to one another. *Hippocrates* has been accuſed of Atheiſm by ſome Modern, for ſpeaking magnificently of *Nature*; (ſee the Treatiſe, intitled, Hippocrates *Atheiſmi falſo accuſatus contra Gundlingium*) and our *great Countryman* for ſpeaking diſadvantagiouſly of it; perhaps, with equal Juſtice. For the World, as we ſaid, is very flippant of its Accuſations of this Kind: And what, between a narrow Suſpicion of the BIGOT, on the one Hand, and the Cunning and Ambition of the LIBERTINE, to countenance his Impieties by great Names, on the other, 'tis ſeldom that a very conſiderable Writer eſcapes ſcot-free.

† See this Obſervation admirably illuſtrated by *Tacitus*, where he ſpeaks of Prodigies in the declining Reign of *Otho*.——He concludes the Account with *& plura alia* [*prodigia ſcilicet*] *rudibus ſeculis, etiam in pace obſervata, quæ nunc tantum in metu audiuntur*; In the rude Ages of *Rome, the Love of Falſhood begot by Admiration*, drew them to propagate the Belief of Prodigies: But now *Superſtition* was the Cauſe, which aroſe from the Diſtraction of the unſettled State, agreeably to Lord *Bacon*'s Obſervation in the foregoing Remark, who ſays, The Vulgar labour with Superſtition, *Præcipue temporibus duris, & trepidis & adverſis.*

BUT

BUT TRUTH, (even of a new Diſcovery) is of much cooler Contemplation; as paying its Court to the Underſtanding only, by affording a regular View of its ſimple univocal Original, with the univerſal Relation, Dependance and Harmony of its Parts. So calm a Proſpect often raiſes no Emotion, or but that of the loweſt kind, which we call *Approbation*. Thus the *wondering Egyptian*, after having ſurvey'd the pregnant Globe, on this Side cover'd with ſpringing Harveſts, which promiſe Wealth and Plenty to the near and diſtant Continent; and on *That*, diſcloſing a monſtrous Brood of Crocodiles to lay waſte the Fields and Villages; paſſes over the *Bleſſing* with a ſerene Acknowledgment; but follows the *Courſe*, with Tranſport, Worſhip and Adoration.

BUT not to be over-fond of an Hypotheſis, I ſhan't ſcruple to confeſs, that *Truth*, in ſome Caſes, may beget Admiration.

FIRST, *Mathematical Truths*, eſpecially of new invented Theorems, will raiſe it to a very extraordinary Degree. Witneſs, that known Story of the old Mathematician, who hit upon a conſiderable Diſcovery as he was Bathing, and in an Ecſtacy and Tranſport of Mind, ran Home Naked through the publick Streets. But how obſervable is it here, that even in a *Truth*, it is *its ſeeming Conformity to Error*, that produces this Admiration, by the common Way of *Novelty* and *Surprize:* As when we find the *Ratio* between two Things, (whoſe Diſtance makes an exact Compariſon appear impoſſible) by a Medium that ſeem'd beyond the Reach of human Wit to diſcover or apply.

SECONDLY, a clear and comprehenſive View of that amiable Exiſtence, we call VIRTUE, will, for a Time, keep it up to an uncommon Ardour; and here, and in the foregoing Caſe, (becauſe fixed on *Truth*) *Admiration* has, perhaps, its Uſe; the Novice may be hurried by it into the Cauſe of *Virtue*: But if it ſo happens, that this Admiration be called off, or diſturbed; or, that it falls of itſelf, before *Virtue* has thoroughly made her *Acquaintance*, we ſoon ſhift her off, and return back again to our old *Strangeneſs*.

A REMARKABLE Inſtance of the firſt Caſe, we have in the great Hiſtorian *Salluſt*. Why I uſe him here, as well as hereafter, may be ſeen towards the End of this *Diſcourſe*.

THOSE Criticks who have not ſufficiently meaſured the Obliquities of *human Nature*, are much ſcandalized at what they call an outragious Affectation in his Behaviour. That a Man of his diſſolute Character ſhou'd have nothing in his Mouth but *Virtus, Virtus.* 'Tis true, that both before and after his thus eſpouſing the Cauſe of Virtue in his Hiſtories, he ran into violent Exceſſes, yet was his Conduct at that Juncture very natural.

CONSIDER *Salluſt* juſt expell'd the Senate, and ſettled in his firſt Retreat: He had before his Eyes that inexorable Magiſtracy, which while it remained Supreme, could not relax its Juſtice in favour of his groſs Enormities: This gave him no Proſpect of ever returning with Honour to a public Employment; what could he do, but caſt about to make the beſt Uſe of his Diſgrace. He flatter'd himſelf to have emerged out of a general Corruption; and having now got firm footing in his Receſs; and leiſure to breathe and ſurvey the ſurrounding Dangers; his long neglected Philoſophy comes to his Aſſiſtance, and diſcovers to him the Deformity of *Vice.*

Apparent diræ facies inimicaq; Trojæ.[8]

AND, aſſiſted by the Livelineſs of his Genius, employs his *Admiration* on the lovely View of *Virtue.* What Wonder, then, to hear him ſpeak with Paſſion and Tranſport of what he was juſtbecome enamoured of, and with Harſhneſs and Obloquy of *Vice,* which had ſo fatally traverſed his Pretenſions to the Poſſeſſion of its Rival. But now conſider *Salluſt* invited by the fortunate [9] *Uſurper,* to ſhare with him in his Robberies.

——*Rurſus labefacta cadebat*
Virtus ——

No ſooner did the warm Aſpect of good Fortune ſhine out again, but all thoſe exalted Ideas of *Virtue* and *Honour,* raiſed, like a beautiful kind of *Froſt-work,* in the *cold Seaſon* of Adverſity, diſſolved and diſappeared.

BUT, Secondly, *this Admiration* ſoon drops itſelf, and if *Virtue* has not in the mean time ſecured her Game, ſhe will be quite thrown out: Yet obſerve, ſo unhappy is the Condition

[8] *Virgil.* [9] *Cæſar.*

of

of *Humanity*, that we oft find when the *Heat of Admiration* has thoroughly warmed the Fancy, the Impreſſions remain a long Time after; and though Virtue and we have been long *Strangers*, yet is the diſorder'd Imagination perpetually repreſenting what it felt while that Heat was at the higheſt; like the Men of *Abdera*, *Lucian* ſpeaks of [*] who, on ſeeing the *Andromeda* of *Archelaus*, repreſented in a hot Day, in full Theatre, contracted a feveriſh Frenzy, with ſo odd a Criſis, that every one ſet up for the Deliverer of the diſtreſſed *Damoſel*, and nothing was ſeen or heard all Summer long, but buſkin'd Hero's roaring out their Jambics from one End of the Town to the other. *This* could not be a more pleaſant Sight, than to ſee one of our *moral Lunaticks* in his *hot Fit*. He cries out upon the Prevalence of *Vice*; invokes Reputation, Honour, Religion to aſſert his Cauſe, and mourn with him the Evils he ſuffers from a baſe, degenerate World: He thunders on his brave Breaſt, as much as to tell you, that there frighted *Virtue*, there poor *Aſtræa*, juſt on the Wing for Heaven, has taken up her laſt Stage; and if he dies of Grief, do but open his noble Heart, and you may there trace the freſh Marks of her departing Footſteps.

THUS we ſee the untenable precarious Poſt of *Virtue*, when ſhe enters by *Admiration*; which would almoſt perſuade one that this is not the natural Way of getting into our Acquaintance: And I am confirmed in this Opinion, by obſerving the different Reception ſhe met with in *Greece* and *Rome*, where ſhe came differently recommended. The latter brave People were long Strangers to all the Refinements of Fancy; and by their Genius and Circumſtances, averſe to all Theoretic Speculations. *Simple Nature* was their *Goddeſs*, and *unſophiſticated Reaſon*, their *Religion*. Here *Virtue* enter'd by the *Underſtanding*; and mighty was her Progreſs amongſt her rude unletter'd *Pupils*. They embraced her as part of their *Eſſence*, not as a gay *Ornament*, to be wore for Oſtentation: So that her ſtill Voice was ſilently obey'd; and no more Notice taken of her Operations, than of the natural Functions of the Mind

[*] *De ſcribenda Hiſtoria.*

or

or Body; But in the Words of their great Hiſtorian, *Salluſt*, "*Optimus quiſque facere quam dicere malebat.*" Now in *Greece* things went on at a different rate; in *Greece*, where *Plato* himſelf confeſſes [2] that Philoſophy (the Word by which they would expreſs the Science of *Virtue*) actually owed its Birth to *Admiration*. The Underſtanding wander'd in Search of ideal Excellence, through all the Windings of metaphyſical Speculations; and Virtue entering (as *Plato* confeſſed) by *Admiration*, became but the fondling Toy of Fancy: Their reverend Teachers made a Science of it; they methodized it; they were always talking of it, and yet, amidſt all this Oſtentation of Concern for its Intereſts, they ſuffer'd it to evaporate under their very BEARDS in Noiſe and Smoke. In a Word, the *Greeks* could never riſe higher than *juſta facere*, the Fruits of Virtue unnaturally forc'd by the Warmth of *Admiration*; while the *Romans* arrived to the full Perfection of *juſtum eſſe*, the mature Product of Virtue concocted in the Underſtanding.

To conclude, it was, no doubt, from the Diſcovery of theſe Evils ariſing from exceſſive *Admiration*, that made the more cautious of the *Greek* Philoſophers reſtrain their Pupils in the too forward Uſe of it; and the wiſeſt of all the *Romans* totally forbid it in theſe oracular Lines;

Nil ADMIRARI, *prope res eſt*, una, *Numici*,
Solaque *quæ poſſit facere, & ſervare beatum.* [3]

AND now to come about again.

II. A *ſecond Cauſe* of this Deluge of Prodigies, in hiſtoric Compoſitions, is another *Weakneſs* too natural likewiſe to the human Mind; which one may call a *national Pride*: Through this we appear conſiderable enough to Challenge the Regard of Providence in the moſt frequent Interpoſitions; whether theſe be in our Favour, or for our Puniſhment, this national Paſſion is equally gratified: *And here we ſee what it was that moſt ſtrongly drew the* Roman *Writers to tranſgreſs in the Prodigious*; and amongſt the reſt LIVY himſelf; who, though a Maſter [4] in every Part of *Nature*, yet engaging in the Con-

[2] *In his* Theetetus. [3] Hor. *Ep.* 6. *l.* 1. [4] *Vid.* Seneca *fil. Ep.* 100.

templation

templation of that ſurprizing Series of good Fortune, that advanced *Rome* to the Dominion of Mankind, and unable to explore the Cauſes that lay hid in the *Penetralia* of Providence; *inflam'd with the Love of his Country, that* Roman *Virtue*; he could not chuſe but revere her as the firſt Favourite of Heaven; and ſo gave into every thing that might advance the Credit of her Divinity. Thus is the *Dilemma*, in the beginning of this Diſcourſe, eaſily evaded. *Livy* is a Believer of Prodigies, yet no Superſtitious; a Philoſopher, and here no Free-thinker. But if you would ſee this *Roman Spirit* at its full Height, conſult what remains of *Julius Obſequens de* [5] *Prodigiis*; in which Work he was at the Pains to collect all the Prodigies recorded by his Countrymen, *ab U. C. ad An.* 742. Puniſhments or Favours, 'twas all a Caſe; all was for the Honour of *Old Rome*; [6] but have we not as zealous Partiſans for the Honour of *Old England*, who, not contented to glory in the Scourges ſhe has formerly received from Heaven, are ſo great Aſſerters of impending Judgments for old national Crimes, that you would believe the Credit of the Kingdom depended on the Truth of their Predictions. Judgments on the Poſterity of principal Agents, are another thing: But to think national Puniſhments due, after national Satisfaction made, and national Reformation eſtabliſhed, ſo as the Repetition of the

[5] This Work appears to have been wrote in Defence of expiring *Paganiſm*, and ſo has met with the common Fate of all Books of the ſame Times and Character: But its mutilated Parts have been looked upon with ſuch Compaſſion and Charity by that *honeſt German, Conrade Lycoſthenes*, that he has given a Supplement to the zealous and devout Performance.

[6] Even *Tacitus*, as affectedly Sceptical as he is, ſpeaking of the Misfortunes of the Empire in his firſt Book of Hiſtories, cannot diſguiſe the ROMAN; and when Affairs had ſo wry a Look, that Men of cooler Complexions, or leſs *Lovers of their Country*, would have ſeen, or thought they ſaw, all the Marks of the total Neglect and Reprobation of Heaven; this *national Pride* ſtill buoys him up, and if he muſt acknowledge *that the Gods had no longer any Care for their Safeties*, it could not be denied that *they were ſtill moſt rigorous Avengers of their Injuries.* "*Nec enim* "*unquam atrocioribus populi Rom. cladibus, magiſve juſtis judiciis appro-* "*batum eſt, non eſſe curæ deis ſecuritatem noſtram, eſſe ultionem*" And *obſerve*, he had juſt before been ſpeaking of the ſeveral Prodigies that happened at that Time.

Crime

Crime is become impoſſible; muſt proceed only from that odd Kind of *Pride* we ſpeak of. *Horace*, indeed, a much better Divine in this *Caſe*, ſpeaking of the ſame Thing; argues upon right Grounds.

Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane, DONEC *Templa refeceris*
Aedeſque labentes Deorum, et
Foeda nigro ſimulacra fumo. [7]

Now as *Superſtition* is ſometimes found mixed with the former Weakneſs, *viz. the Love of Falſhood*; ſo *Enthuſiaſm*, we ſee, has frequently its Share in *this*: But it muſt be confeſſed, that *here* the *Evil* has the nobleſt Cauſe in the World, the Love of one's Country.

Great is its Fault, but glorious is its Flame. [8]

AND I do not know whether we ſhould not be Loſers by it, if in ſucceeding to root it out of Minds ſo enthuſiaſtically borne away, we ſhould diminiſh the leaſt Spark of that *Cæleſtial Fire*.

BUT there is a Sect of Anti Moraliſts, who have *our Hobbes*, and the *French Duke de la Rochfoucault* for their Leaders, that, give it but Encouragement, would ſoon rid our Hands of this Inconvenience, and moſt effectually prevent all Return from that Quarter: For whereas it was the Buſineſs of ancient Philoſophy, to give us a due Veneration for the Dignity of *human Nature*; they deſcribed it as it really was, beneficent, brave, and *a Lover of its Species*; a Principle, become Sacred ſince our divine Maſter made it the Foundation of his Religion: Theſe Men, for what Ends we ſhall ſee preſently, endeavouring to create a Contempt and Horror for it, have *painted* it baſe, cowardly, envious, and *a Lover of its ſelf*. A *View* ſo ſenſeleſs and ſhocking to the common Notices of Humanity, that I affirm him no honeſt Man, and incapable of diſcharging the Offices of a Son, a Subject, or a Father, that in the ſudden, and even involuntary Workings of the Affections, does not perceive the *Fucus*. Now between the ancient Doctrine of the Dignity of human Nature and public Liberty, there is ſo ſtrict and natural an Union, that it is impoſſible to ſeparate them,

[7] *Carm. l.* 6. *Od.* 3. [8] Waller.

without

without deſtroying both: So that whatever Zeal this new Sect may pretend for public Good, they muſt be, in ſpight of all their Pretences, the moſt fatal Enemies to that, which only can procure it, public Liberty. Publick Liberty, which is the Balm of human Miſery, the Quinteſſence of human Felicity, and the beſt Recompence for the Loſs of a Terreſtrial Paradiſe.

FOR while the *Love of the Species* is thought to be implanted in the Mind by Nature; Inſtinct is aſſiſted by a Senſe of Duty, to ſeek the Happineſs of *it*; and our Enquiry, at length, diſcovers that nothing can produce this Happineſs, but *public Liberty:* Then to procure *this*, being the Means of gratifying the nobleſt of its innate Paſſions, we ſee what it was that drew heroic Minds, through all Ages, from MOSES to WILLIAM THE THIRD, to declare themſelves ſuch unwearied Advocates for the common Rights of Mankind.

BUT when once we can be brought to perſuade ourſelves, that this *Love of the Species* is Chimerical; that the Notion was invented by crafty *Knaves*, to make *Dupes* of the Young, the Vain, and the Ambitious; that Nature has confined us to the narrow *Sphere of Self-love*, and that our moſt pompous Boaſts of a generous Diſintereſtedneſs, are but the artful Diſguiſes of that Paſſion; we become, like *Ixion*, aſhamed of our Fondneſs for a *miſtaken Juno*, and leave the *gaudy Exhalation* to be diſpers'd by the *Storms of popular Tumults*, or *the Sunſhine of Court-flattery:* Or if, haply, the Memory of it yet remains, the *little People* employ it to countenance Licentiouſneſs, and the *Great*, to monopolize Oppreſſion.

THESE are unavoidable Conſequences. And indeed, the jolly Philoſopher of *Malmeſbury*, in a drunken Fit, ſpoke out: For intoxicated with his new brew'd *Hypotheſis* of *human Baſeneſs*, he fell dotingly fond of an *abſolute Maſter:* And, *O rem ridiculam* CATO, *& jocoſam!* to diſcredit *public Liberty*, tranſlated *Thucydides*. 'Tis true, he never meddled with *Antiquity*, but to abuſe it; witneſs again, his Tranſlation of *Homer:* But the Cauſe of his Spight was no Myſtery; for the far beſt Part of it contains little elſe than Precepts or Examples of this *innate Honeſty of the Mind*: Yet to proſecute *it* with more Decency, Antiquity was to be all *proſcribed* for the Sake of his

Levia-

Leviathan; and 'tis certain *he* was equally concerned; for how cou'd thoſe *Twin-Brothers*, *human Baſeneſs* and *public Slavery* keep their Credit, while there remained in Being, ſo many unexceptionable Teſtimonies of their Shame and Confuſion?

But we muſt not forget the *French* Nobleman, who, to accommodate his Work to the Taſte and Capacity of the Courtiers, propagated, at the ſame Time with *Hobbes*, the ſame Doctrine in looſe, independent *Maxims*. Thoſe of his own Quality may be free with him. Lord *Shaftſbury* calls him "a "petty Retailer of Wit, who has run Changes and Diviſions "without End, on this *Article* of *Self-love*." [9] His *Fancies* ſpread wonderfully among the *Nobleſſe*; and I am very much of Opinion, that to *that* as much as any one Cauſe, we may aſcribe the Triumphs of the two *Cardinals* in the Minority of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, over the then remaining Liberties of the State; for neither is the Connection nor Congruity between *Baſeneſs* and *Slavery* to be queſtioned. What Thoughts, then, muſt we entertain of a late Writer, who, in a *Country of perfect Liberty*, has undertaken to revive this expiring Doctrine? For the *Fable of the Bees* is but the *Tap-droppings* of *Hobbes* and *Rochfoucault*'s unnatural *Beverage*.

But *human Nature* and *Civil Government* deſerve, it ſeems, no longer to be treated with Decency, their weak Side is now diſcover'd, and their Authority openly attacked. The Aſſault has been carried on at all Quarters, and Philoſophy and Buffoonry equally in their Turns, employed in relieving one another. But *Scaramouch* is to have the Honour of the Day, and now marches to the Engagement on the Shoulders of the Philoſopher. A thorough Banter upon theſe two Topics, is become the modiſh *Jeu d'Eſprit* of our generous and hopeful *Youth*, who ſure, if ever, are now in the Way of being *Merry and Wiſe*. The rare Felicity of the Age, that can afford to carry on ſuch important Works with ſo much good Humour! But thou, Reader, who haſt unhappily imbibed too largely of the *ſour Spirit* of Antiquity, muſt pretend to no Share in the Honour. Thy Pride, perhaps, won't ſuffer thee *to degrade thy*

[9] *Charact.* Vol. I. p. 10.

Species;

Species; nor thy Partiality to thy Country, *to abuſe thy Governors*. Your Maſters, *the Ancients*, ſaid it, and you, alas! believed it, that Mankind was more free from Malignity than Weakneſs; and leſs able, than diſpos'd to mend: But hearken to better Inſtructors, and learn to efface thoſe ſilly Prejudices.

THE *religious Author of the Tale of a Tub* will tell you, *Religion* is but a Reſervoir of Fools and Madmen; and *the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver* will anſwer for the *State*, that it is a Den of Savages and Cut-throats. What think you, Reader; is not the Syſtem round and great? And now the Fig-leaf is ſo cleanly plucked off, what remains, but bravely to ſtrike away the rotten Staff, that yet keeps our old doting Parents on their laſt Legs?

SERIOUSLY let it be as they ſay, that Ridicule and Satire are the Supplement of public Laws; ſhould not then, the Ends of both be the ſame; the Benefit of Mankind! But where is the Senſe of a general Satire, if the whole Species be degenerated? And where is the Juſtice of it, if it be not? The Puniſhment of Lunaticks is as wiſe as the one; and a general Execution as honeſt as the other. In ſhort, a general Satire, the Work only of ill Men or little Genius's, was proſcribed of Old, both by the *Critic* and the *Magiſtrate*, as an Offence equally againſt Juſtice and common Senſe.

THE Immortal *Socrates* employed his Wit to better Purpoſe. His Vein was rich, but frugal. He thought the Laugh too dear, when bought at the Expence of Probity: And therefore laid it all out in the Improvement and Reform of Manners. But not to be partial to Antiquity, it muſt be owned, that even then, for one *Socrates* to Reform, it had a *Democritus* to Sneer, a *Diogenes* to Snarl, nay, even an *Heraclitus* to Weep at human Obliquity. So much eaſier has it always been, to invent a falſe Philoſophy on the Credit of a prevailing Paſſion, than to uſe even the firſt Principles of Reaſon, to curb and reſtrain it. And here 'tis well worth obſerving, that he, of all theſe, whom the World treated moſt ſeverely, was the *Reformer*: As he who moſt groſly abuſed his Reaſon, even to the arguing againſt geometrical Demonſtrations, was the *Scoffer*. The firſt Part of the Remark, theſe gameſome Gentlemen, by their *preſent Conduct*,

duct, ſeem to have been no Strangers to; and the latter they would do well to reflect on for the Regulation of the *future*. Again, at the Revival of Letters, *a ſecond Socrates* aroſe in *Eraſmus*, a *Democritus* in *Rablais*; and a *Diogenes* in *Peter Aretin*: And again, the well directed Railery of the *great Reformer*, drew down againſt its Author more Enemies, than did all the Filth, Scurrility, and Impieties of the *Buffoon* and *Cynick*.

'Tis our Glory, and I wiſh it may prove our Happineſs, to give the Enemies of Religion and Liberty, the moſt uninterrupted Freedom in carrying on their Attacks. But as we juſtly pride ourſelves in imitating the free Manners, and elegant Humanity of *Greece* and *Rome*; rather than the barbarous Inquiſitorial Spirit of a *Spaniſh* or *Italic Hierarchy*; it would be ſhameful in us to be ignorant of, or not to imitate the nice and equitable Bounds, thoſe wiſe Republics put to a perfect Toleration. Theſe, if I miſtake not, are exactly marked out, in the famed Caſe of the Philoſopher *Protagoras*. And I muſt aſk Pardon of the Learned, for thinking that the *Areopagitæ* regarded his Behaviour in a different Light from what *Tully*, who mentions the Story, ſeems to ſay they did. *Protagoras* publiſhed a Treatiſe, with theſe ſtrange Words in the beginning of it, *Whether there be Gods, or whether there be none, I ſhan't trouble myſelf about the Matter*, [1] for which he was baniſhed, and his Book publicly burnt; certainly not from the *Athenians* Impatience, in ſuffering that Matter to be made a Problem of; but for the extravagant Way of treating ſo momentous a Queſtion, an Air of Levity and vicious Indifference, unbecoming a Philoſopher or an honeſt Man. *'Tis a ſmall Matter that Truth requires Sobriety, and a State, Decency and good Manners, to qualify you for the Noble Employment of thinking freely, and thinking juſtly. In vain you tell us, that Men, by Right of Nature, claim full Liberty of Philoſophiſing. The Buffoon and Sneerer are ſtill on the wrong Side the Charter.* Thus we may preſume, did thoſe diſcerning Judges argue. Their Indulgence to *Epicurus* very much countenances our Conjecture; for that

[1] *De Diis neque ut ſint, eque ut non ſint, habeo dicere*, apud Cic. de Nat. Deor. l. 1.

Philo-

Philoſopher even adventured to determine on the Queſtion, and founded his whole Doctrine upon the Deſtruction of Providence and Religion; yet his Retirement, his Temperance, his Juſtice, his Friendſhip, all bore Teſtimony of Error only in the Judgment And the Solitude of the *Garden* was undiſturbed, while Modeſty and Sobriety reſided there.

BUT it is now high Time to aſk my Reader's Pardon in Form, for my Digreſſion on *Virtue* in the foregoing Head, and for this of *Public Liberty* juſt ended.——If they are to be adjudged Digreſſions. For the *Knight Errant* in his Way to Court, to break a Lance for Fame and Reputation, while he ſteps aſide to redreſs an *injured Virgin*, the proper Office of his *Order*, may be ſaid to be more truly in his Way, than before he left the Road.

III. Now as *Folly* begets *Knavery*, by the moſt natural Generation; *The Free-thinking Hiſtorian*, though above the Reach of theſe two *Weakneſſes*, ſo largely deſcanted on, in the preceding Heads, yet experiencing how ſubject the Mind is to be tainted by them, is prompted by a ſtrong *Deſire of Popularity*, to take Advantage of this prevailing Propenſity for *lying Wonders*; and to fit his Treat to the Palate of his Readers. See here the Source of one of thoſe *Knaveries of the Writer*, which, in the beginning of this *Diſcourſe*, I aſſigned as *a Cauſe of portentous Relations. Of this, the* Greek *Hiſtorians, were firſt and principally guilty*; and the great Father of Falſhood, *Herodotus*, above Meaſure: For all thoſe *monſtrous Stories*, to ſome of which he throws in a Salvo for his own Credit, were but Traps, laid at an Olympic Entertainment, for the Applauſe of a proud and lazy People: For what a Sacred Writer delivers of the *Athenians* in his Days, was always true of the *Greeks* in general; *that they ſpent their Time in nothing elſe*; *but either to* TELL *or* HEAR *ſome* NEW THING. [2]

BUT theſe Hiſtorians have not ſtopped here, they have found their Acccount in giving in to every Branch of this popular Deluſion: So that not only the Prodigious and Supernatural, but likewiſe mere *human Actions* are dreſs'd up by them, in ſtrange fancied Ornaments of Affright and Terror; and thus

[2] Acts xvii. 21.

delivered over to the *ſecular Arm*, as it were, in a SAN-BENIT. See here a remarkable Inſtance. *Salluſt* in his *Bel. Catil.* having given us the Conſpirators in Council, with the Reſult of their Debates, goes on in this Manner, "*Fuere ea* "*tempeſtate, qui dicerent*, Catilinam, *oratione habita, cum ad* "*jusjurandum populares ſceleris ſui adigeret, humani corporis* "*ſanguinem vino permixtum in pateris circumtuliſſe*, &c. —— "*Non nulli ficta & hæc, & multa præterea exiſtimabant ab iis,* "*qui Ciceronis invidiam, quæ poſtea orta eſt, leniri credebant,* "*atrocitate ſceleris eorum, qui pœnas dederant. Nobis ea res* "*pro magnitudine patum comperta eſt.*" Now that this Story was falſe, we need not doubt: For had it been otherwiſe, could *Fulvia* be ignorant of it, who had ſo entire an Aſcendant over the moſt diſſolute of the Gang, that was under no more Reſtraints of Modeſty, than he was of Policy, to hinder his indulging a Woman's Curioſity in the minuteſt Particulars? Would not ſuch a Circumſtance have fixed the greateſt Impreſſions of Horror in that Sex? and would not thoſe Impreſſions have been uppermoſt, while ſhe was making her voluntary Diſcovery to *Cicero*? Could *Cicero* have been ſilent on this Head; that *Cicero*, I ſay, who, in his Invectives againſt the Conſpirators, loads them with all the Guilt they were but imagined capable of committing? and to ſtrengthen all this, *Salluſt* confeſſes, after the moſt exact Enquiry, he could find little to countenance the Rumour; and ſo acquieſces in that very probable Account of its Original; that it was broached *afterwards*, to allay the Odium again *Tully*'s Adminiſtration. But all this fair Dealing and Circumſpection could not reſtrain the *Greek Writers* that copy'd after him, from deſerting *Truth* to ſerve themſelves of the Weakneſſes above-mentioned. *Plutarch* [3] and *Dio Caſſius* [4] have both wrote of the *Catiline Conſpiracy*, and given the Tale of this horrid Sanction, not only as a moſt unqueſtioned Fact, but have heightened it with all the Improvements of a *true Grecian Spirit*: For whereas *Salluſt* ſays, it was reported that the Conſpirators drank human Blood mixed with Wine; theſe Compilers affirm it was the Blood of a Man or Boy (for in that Particular only, they differ) whoſe

[3] *In vita Cic.* [4] *Lib. Hiſt.* 36.

Throat

Throat they cut for the very Purpoſe. This round Way of doing Things, by our two *Greeks*, I muſt confeſs, appear'd to me at firſt Sight, unaccountable. To ſee theſe *Copyiſts* of After-times ſo carefully gather up an old ſapleſs Story, to Engraff upon, that had been long ago rooted up, and thrown aſide by a great *Original Writer* of the very Age in which it firſt ſprung up. But our Way of conſidering it, clears all; and lays them ſo very open, that we ſee their Drift as clearly as if they had cried out in the very Words of the old *Roman* Mob-drivers, *Appellamus ad Populum.*

BUT though this at firſt, was no more in the *Greek* Writers, than *winking* at their Reader's *blind Side*; yet by a long Habit of keeping their *Eyes* ſhut, like *Geta* in *Appian* [5] they become at laſt, *ſtark blind.* In this Condition was the *groſs Body* of them in the Time of *Juvenal*; and agreeably to it muſt we underſtand his

——*Quidquid* Græcia mendax
AUDET *in Hiſtoria.*—— [6]

For intellectual Blindneſs gives the greateſt *Relievo* to the Spirits, as the ſeel'd Pigeon has the moſt adventurous Flights.

IT would be endleſs to recount the ſeveral Engines, Hiſtorians of all Ages have invented to catch the Applauſe of the People, though at the Expence of Truth, and juſt Compoſition. But, for the Honour of the *Moderns*, I ſhall examine one lately fitted up by the *French* Hiſtorians, and ſet a going with uncommon Succeſs. It is an entirely new Species of hiſtoric Writing, that meddles only with the *Revolutions of a Country*, to which the ingenious *Abbot de Vertot* has given the higheſt Reputation; [7] But never, ſure, was any Attempt in Hiſtory, productive of more or greater Evils: The preſent Fondneſs for this *Cheat*, and its yet unſuſpected *Impoſture*, will excuſe my Pains, in proving how irregular, falſe and imperfect the Compoſition is in itſelf. Secondly, how injurious it is to the Country it ſo diſmembers; and, Thirdly, how deſtructive to all juſt Hiſtory.

[5] *Hiſt. Rom. de bell. civil.* [6] *Sat.* 10.
[7] By his *Hiſtoire des Revolutions dans la Rep. Romaine.*

THAT this *Form* ſhould wonderfully allure common Readers, is no way ſtrange. The buſy, active Cataſtrophe of *Revolutions* gives a tumultuous Kind of Pleaſure to thoſe vulgar Minds, that remain unaffected with the calm Scenes, that the ſtill and ſteady Advances of a well ballanced State, to ſecure its Peace, Power and Durability, preſent before them: [8] Add to this, that the *Revolution* Part, is the great Repoſitory of all the Stores for *Admiration*, whoſe Power and Faſcination on the Fancy, we have at large examined: Whereas the *ſteady* Part affords Entertainment only for the Underſtanding, by its ſober Leſſons on public Utility This Advantage then, let theſe *French Charlatans* make their beſt of; but let them at the ſame Time confeſs, that Truth, and juſt Compoſition is another Thing: This is to be meaſured by the Nature and End of Civil Hiſtory; its very Name, and the Practice of all Antiquity teaches us to define it *a Relation of public Actions, in a continued chronological Series between any two propoſed Periods:* Not a capricious Jumping from one diſtant Fact to another, as Fancy, or a fair Mark, directs their Courſe. The End of it is general Utility; by drawing Uſes from Examples; let us ſee, then, which contributes moſt to this End, the turbid, or the calm Seaſon. The Hiſtory of the Revolutions and Subverſions of Government can never afford Examples of great Uſe: The Rareneſs of the Phœnomenon, and the dark and confuſed *Faces* of it, afford only *new* Evidence to the *old* Truth of *the Inſtability of human Things*; or at beſt is Phyſick to a People going to run mad of the ſame Diſtemper; beſides, on ſeeing nothing but Battles and Devaſtations, Revolts of Towns and Provinces, the Struggles of Factions, and the Violation of Faith and Treaties, we are apt to be diſguſted at Society; to think irre-

[8] Perhaps my learned Reader may urge me with the Authority of Lord *Bacon*, who, in the Dedication of his Hiſtory of *Hen* VII ſeems to countenance the *Revolution Writers* in that famous Paſſage where he ſays, that peaceable Times are the beſt to live in; but unſettled Times the beſt to write of: The *Latin* is, *Quorum alterum genus temporum viventibus commodius, alterum, ſcribentibus* gratius. Now he apparently uſes the Word *gratius*, from the Experience he had as an Hiſtorian, how much that Part of Hiſtory allured the Generality of Readers, which to a Writer fond of Applauſe, would always carry the Recommendation of *gratius* along with it.

verently

verently of it, and in Time to drop all Concern for its Intereſts: But the Hiſtory of the Arts of Peace and Commerce, in which we find the Amendments of Laws, the Refinements of Manners, the Advancement of Knowledge, the Improvements of public Conveniences, and the Eſtabliſhment of Liberty and Power; this is the Work of Uſe, and conſtant and univerſal Concernment: And what Man in his Senſes won't think that the Hiſtory of GEORGE THE FIRST, will be eſteemed, to the lateſt Poſterity, as infinitely more ſubſervient to all the Purpoſes of wiſe Policy and civil Prudence, than thoſe of an *Alexander*, a *Tamerlain*, or a *Lewis?*

SECONDLY; The Injury to the State ſo handled, is intolerable: Let us conſider only how *Rome*, the immortal City, is treated in the *Hiſtoire des Rev. dans la Rep. Romaine*; in which the Writer profeſſes but to deſcribe its Imperfections. A noble Taſk: Near a kin to his, who firſt gave a Map of the Spots of the Sun. To ſucceed in this, was no great Difficulty; but, perhaps, the Hiſtorian might have been as much puzzled as the Aſtronomer, had he been obliged to have delineated the dazzling Glories of it. *But this kind of Hiſtory beſt diſcovers the Nature and Genius of a People, and teaches to form the trueſt Judgment of a Conſtitution.* Ridiculous! As if one ſhould meaſure the Benefits of the *Trent*, the *Severn*, or the *Thames*, by the caſual Overflowing of a Summer Inundation: But Men are apt to run into haſty Concluſions. I have met, amongſt my ingenious Friends, with ſome, who would not give themſelves the Pains to learn the *Roman* Conſtitution from its own Writers; or perhaps might think, according to the Proverb, that it would be ſeeking *Rome in Rome*; but took their Notions of it from this famed Hiſtory, which I underſtood were ſo frightful, as to make them conceive, that *Rome*, amidſt her Conqueſts, differed no more from *Rome*, the *Aſylum* of Cut-throats and Ruffians, than as her Power furniſhed her with Arms and Paſſions to be more univerſally deſtructive to Mankind. [9] But our own hard Caſe in this Regard, will ſhew

 us,

[9] The Partiſans of this *French* Writer have another Quarrel with the *Roman* Republic. What, ſay they, can give us a more contemptible Idea of a large State, than to find it moſtly govern'd by *Cuſtom*, to have few *written*

us, Theirs: For while, by the Unhappineſs of an Ill-ballanced Conſtitution, we were frequently neceſſitated in behalf of Liberty

written Laws, and not ſo much as *Magna Charta* to mark and aſcertain the Boundaries of *Juriſdiction* between *Senate* and *People*? This, indeed, was the Caſe. *Cuſtom*, or the traditional Obſervance of the Practice of their Fore-fathers, was what directed them in their public as well as private Determinations. This was appealed to in pronouncing Sentence againſt a Criminal, where Part of the *Formulary* was MORE MAJORUM. So *Salluſt*, ſpeaking of the Expulſion of *Tarquin*, ſays, *Mutato* MORE, inſtead of LEGE *mutata*; and *Virgil*, *Paciſque imponere* MOREM. But that this was a Defect in civil Policy, will not be ſo eaſily made out. Let us compare *Cuſtom* and *written Laws* together in a few Inſtances. But as the getting the Ancients of one's Side, is accounted Half a Victory, it won't be amiſs, firſt to fortify ourſelves with a noble Obſervation of *Dio Chryſoſtom*'s. *That the Enſlaved are the fitteſt to be governed by Laws, and free Men by Cuſtom.* This Paradox, ill underſtood by *M. Caſaubon*, in whom I found it quoted, I ſhall endeavour to defend. *Dio*'s Politicks were here directed principally upon *Rome* and her Provinces. That at leaſt it was a Republic, and Conqueſts made by it, he had his Eye upon, is evident from hence; Conquered Countries under a Monarchy, could, with no Propriety, be ſaid to be governed by Laws; for the Will of the Monarch, by the Mouth of the Lieutenant or Baſhaw, in the Terms of Obedience; but in a free State, the regular debated Decrees of the Legiſlature, afford them the Benefit of fixed and eſtabliſhed Laws. So much for the Fact. The Reaſon on which *Dio* founds his Obſervation, may be gather'd from hence.———*Cuſtom* being of the Nature of paternal Injunctions, traditionally delivered from Father to Son, the Obſervance of it by a State, muſt needs be a Mark of Freedom; and coming originally from the reverenced Founders of their Liberty, will be an Encouragement and Aſſiſtance to them in Defence of that Bleſſing, as being the Prerogative intailed upon it: But a conquered People muſt pretend to none of this Diſtinction: Having, by their Degeneracy, loſt all Right to their brave Fore-fathers free Inſtitutions, their Maſters will, in Policy, take the Forfeiture; and the fixing a Conqueſt, muſt be done by giving Laws, that every Moment put them in Mind of the Power of the Victor; nothing being more dangerous than to truſt a late ſubdued People with *old Cuſtoms*, that perpetually upbraid their Baſeneſs, and provoke them to revolt.

But now to the Point. The Wiſdom of the *Roman* Republic, in their Veneration for Cuſtom, and Backwardneſs to introduce *new written Laws*, may be ſeen by the following Compariſon.

1. The Benefits of *new written Laws* are merely confined to the Conſequences of their Obſervance: *Cuſtomary Laws* keeping up, as we obſerved above, a Veneration for the Founders, engage Men in the Imitation of

Liberty to take the Field, or implore the Aid of a generous Protector; we know who they are amongſt our Neigbours, that for theſe old Diſeaſes of State long ſince remedied, continue to this Day, to traduce the beſt-natured People upon

of their *Virtues* as well as *Policy*. To this was owing the religious Regard, the *Romans* paid to their Fore-fathers Memory; and, conſequently, their adhering for ſo many Ages to the Practice of the ſame Virtues which nothing contributed more to deface, than the Introduction of a voluminous Body of new Laws over the Neck of venerable *Cuſtom*. And this their factious and ambitious *Demagogues* always made their firſt Care to promote.

2. The Simplicity, Conciſeneſs and Antiquity of *Cuſtom*, give an Air of Majeſty and Immutability, that inſpires Awe and Veneration: But *new Laws* are too apt to be *Voluminous*, and ſo perplexed and mutable; from whence proceeds Neglect, Contempt and Ignorance.

3. As every Thing of human Inſtitution is ſubject to groſs Imperfections; thoſe, in *new Laws*, which have ſuch, are eaſily diſcovered; and ſo for the Weakneſs of one Part, all the other Parts, though ſound, are brought into Contempt: But ſuch Weakneſſes in a *Cuſtom*, for very obvious Reaſons, evade an Examination; beſides, a friendly Prejudice, as we ſhall ſee by what follows, always ſtands up in their Defence.

4. But in Caſe a *new Law* be perfectly equitable and neceſſary, yet if the Procurers of it have betrayed a Conduct that confeſſes, By-Ends and private Motives, the Diſguſt to the Circumſtances diſpoſe us, unreaſonably indeed, to an Irreverence of the Law itſelf. But we are indulgently blind to the moſt viſible Imperfections of an *old Cuſtom*. If we can't ſatisfy a malicious Objector in the *Cui bono*, we can perſuade ourſelves, that our wiſe Fore-fathers had good Reaſons for what they enjoined; and if they be now loſt, the Benefit will ſtill go along with the Obſervance, though we don't know how. 'Tis in this Manner the *Roman* Lawyers ſpeak in the *Digeſts*, Tit. *De ratione legis non inquirenda.*

" *Non omnium quæ a* MAJORIBUS *conſtituta ſunt*, RATIO *reddi poteſt*; & " *ideo rationes eorum, quæ conſtituuntur, inquiri non oportet: alioquin mul-* " *ta ex his quæ certa ſunt ſubvertuntur.*" L. 1. Tit. 3. L. 20 & 21.

5. Thoſe Laws that keep up for themſelves the greateſt Love and Obſervance, muſt needs be beſt; but it is the moſt notorious Truth, for which above you ſee the Reaſons, that the People have ever had a ſtrong Attachment to *old Cuſtom*, and an equal Neglect of *new written Laws*.

All that I would conclude from hence, is this; That the *Romans* might have found enough to reply to the Enemies of their Conſtitution; and we, enough to explain an ill-underſtood Obſervation, That *numerous Laws are a Sign of a degenerate Community*; which is generally thought to mean, That numerous Laws are the Conſequence of debauched Manners, when in Truth, *They are very often the Cauſe*.

Earth, with the Title of Savage, reſtleſs, turbulent *Revolution-iſts*. But I won't anſwer for the Abbot that he was not paying his Devotions, while he thus ſacrificed the moſt divine State that ever was. This is a ſtale Trick [6]; if not here plaid over again; why ſuch frequent and tragical Exclamations againſt the Diviſions between Senate and People? A much better *Connoiſſeur* in theſe Matters, even the great *Machiavel* aſſures us, that theſe very Diviſions were the Foundation and Security of their Greatneſs.

——*Genus unde Latinum,*
Albaniq; patres, atq; altæ Mœnia Romæ.

As I truſt only to my Memory, that I have read ſuch an Obſervation in the Beginning of *Machiavel's Diſcorſi ſopra T. Livio*, I have forgot whether he gives his Reaſons for it: But there was no need; for thoſe that are the leaſt acquainted with Civil Hiſtory, muſt know, that the Equilibrium of Power, ſo eſſential to a free State, was kept ſteady by theſe Diviſions: And when ambitious Men had once found the Art of ending them, by cajoling the People, and forming Parties within the Walls of the Senate, Liberty was no more.

THIRDLY, The Danger to true Hiſtory from this falſe Species, is very imminent. We have obſerved above, that this kind of Compoſition has a great *Eclat*, and by the Buſtle and Activity of the Scenes, muſt become the darling Entertainment of the People. This then, adorned with all the Art that the beſt modern Hiſtorians, for ſuch I eſteem the *French*, are Maſters of, muſt needs take off the Regard to *general Hiſtory* of the *genuine Compoſition*; and ſo hinder the Production of thoſe we want, and cauſe the Loſs of thoſe we have: For a great Genius will ſcarce employ his Time on an out-of faſhioned Labour; and that Neglect brings on Deſtruction, we are ſufficiently informed, by the irreparable Damage *Antiquity* has ſuſtained by that inſipid, ſenſeleſs Compoſition called *Abridgement*. What then muſt we expect from this *ſpirituous Impoſture*; which perſuades the credulous Reader that the *Soul of Hiſtory* is here diſingaged from the unweildy, lumpiſh *Carcaſſes* of *Chronicle*

[6] See what I ſay of *Hobbes* above.

and

and *Annal*; where it informs a more convenient *Body*, and better adapted to the Briſkneſs of its Operations?

IV. A SECOND *knaviſh* Trick to get off this *falſe Ware* (and the laſt of the four general Cauſes which I aſſign for the Hiſtorians Attachment to Prodigies, *&c.*) is, when the Writer happens not to be enough acquainted with *human Nature*, or not ſufficiently inſtructed in his Story: When he wants either Dexterity or Information to unravel the Perplexity of concurrent Cauſes, and to diſcern the Clew that is to guide him through all the oblique and dark Receſſes of the Mind. Then, when a ſtruggling *State* receives, like *Antæus*, freſh Vigour from every Overthrow; or a ſwift *Revolution* ſtrikes the aſtoniſhed *Nations* as a Fire from Heaven; then, I ſay, has he recourſe to *Prodigies* and *Portents*; divine Declarations, that the Eſtabliſhment or Ruin of a *Polity* was fatally accelerated or retarded. Thus, with the Licenſe of the ancient Poets, when a Difficulty becomes inexplicable, he brings in his *God* to conclude gracefully, and ſolve Appearances.

Now here, the Cauſe being Ignorance of *human Nature*, and in the Subject Story, *the Moderns are properly concerned*; how they come to be ſo ſcandalouſly defective as they are, in theſe two fundamental Qualities of a Writer, would be enquired into. It is remarkable, that anciently, the Science of Hiſtory was confined to Republics; while the vaſt deſpotic Monarchies, contemporary with thoſe free States, were ſo barren of all Writers of this Kind, that at this Day the very Names of ſeveral of them had been unknown to us, had not the Republican Hiſtorians let us into ſo much of their Affairs as concerned themſelves: And indeed, this latter ſeems to be the juſt and natural Abode of Civil Hiſtory: A Tyranny, not allowing ſufficient Materials for the Compoſition; or affording only the moſt Vile and Adulterate; while it keeps the Springs of Action, which only can give Life and Vigour to the Relation, concealed in the *Cabinet*. But in free States, every principal Citizen has the Truſt of the *Secret*. *Tacitus* confeſſes ſomething like this [7] and the Rabble of *Auguſtan Writers* confirm it. [8]

[7] In the beginning of his firſt Book of Hiſtories, where, obſerving that their Hiſtorians had degenerated ſince their Loſs of Liberty, he gives

BUT now the Fortune of Hiſtory is quite reverſed; She has changed her Stork, like Nature, and the beſt modern Performers are all HISTORIOGRAPHERS ROYAL: The Inconveniencies conſequent on this Change, are evidently ſeen in the *French* Writers, though the moſt *adroit* of all their Rivals; for being aſhamed to have recourſe to a *ſupernatural Lift* every time they *ſtick faſt*; they do all they can to procure a real Supply of Strength. From hence it is, that that Nation ſo much abounds in *Anecdotes* and *private Memoirs*; where, frequently, to unveil one ſingle Secret, a Man muſt hunt through a whole Treatiſe.

THE other great Defect of the modern Hiſtorians, is their Ignorance of *human Nature*.——— 'Tis incredible to conceive what Pains the Ancients took to make themſelves Maſters of this Knowledge, when once they had formed the grand Deſign of writing Civil Hiſtory. They underwent a Series of more than *Herculean* Labour. The making themſelves Maſters of Languages, Logic, Rhetoric, Morals, Law, and Philoſophy, were but the firſt Stage of theſe ancient Adventures; and when Years had thoroughly matured the Judgment, and Experience, gained by Travel, had diſengaged and enlarged the Mind, they then applied themſelves to the Study of the beſt Models in the *Art*; till by conſtant Reading and Meditation, they had formed a ſolid and ſober Syſtem of Civil Policy: And thus qualified, they began the arduous Task.

BUT the World is grown wiſer, and our brave Countrymen more expeditious. We have *Writers for Eternity*, that have never learnt their *Elements*: Whoſe noble Preparations of Eloquence and Policy are a *modern News-Paper*, and all their Materials of Information, an *old Chronicle*. To ſuch Accompliſhments no Labour can be untried: And whether it be a *laſt Year's Annal*; a *general Hiſtory of* England; or the *preſent State of*

gives this as one Reaſon for it.—*Primum inſcitia Reip. ut alienæ.* I believe he was ſo very ſenſible of this Want of ſufficient Information, even in himſelf, that I take that flaunting Dreſs of refined political Speculation, which he was the Inventor of, to be only a pompous Cover of real Indigence.

[a] *Spartianus Capitolinus*, &c.

all

all Mankind; it is undertaken with equal Confidence, and finiſh'd with equal Succeſs. But the *Salluſts* and the *Livys* were not the *Spawn* of ſuch compendious Studies.

Non his Juventus orta Parentibus
Infecit *Æquor ſanguine Punico*;
Pyrrhumque & ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Hannibalemque dirum.

NEITHER did a *Raleigh* or a *Hyde* grow thus cheaply up to Immortality; the only two, our Nation has yet produced of a *true hiſtoric Genius*. The firſt excelling in Grandeur and Majeſty of Thought, equal to the Subject he undertook [9] and the latter, for his comprehenſive Knowledge of Mankind, will for ever bear the unrivall'd Title of the *Chancellor of human Nature* [1]. Almoſt all the reſt of our Hiſtories want Life, Soul, Shape,

[9] Obſerve his great Manner of ending the *firſt Part of the Hiſtory of the World*. "By this which we have already ſet down, is ſeen the Begin-"ning and End of the Three firſt Monarchies of the World; whereof "the Founders and Erectors thought that they could never have ended: "That of *Rome*, which made the Fourth, was alſo at this Time almoſt "at the higheſt. We have left it flouriſhing in the middle of the Field; "having rooted up, or cut down, all that kept it from the Eyes and "Admiration of the World; but after ſome Continuance, it ſhall "begin to loſe the Beauty it had; the Storms of Ambition ſhall beat "her great Boughs and Branches one againſt another; her Leaves ſhall "fall off, her Limbs wither, and a Rabble of barbarous Nations enter "the Field, and cut her down." What Strength of Colouring! What Grace, what Nobleneſs of Expreſſion! With what a Majeſty does he cloſe his immortal Labour! It puts one in Mind of the ſo much admired Exit of the late famed *Italian* Singer.

[1] IF I ſhould affirm our own Country Writers have made further Advances in the Study of human Nature than any other People, it would be, perhaps, at the worſt, but a partial Truth. And yet our Philoſophers, tho' in their proper Province, can by no Means diſpute the Poſt of Pre-eminence with *the Hiſtorian of the Grand Rebellion*. *Herbert* and *Hobbes*, two great Names in the Beginning and Middle of the laſt Century; both applied themſelves with vaſt Labour to *this Study*. But the firſt with all his Strength, Dexterity, and enterprizing Genius, cou'd never get clear of the ſpiney Deſarts of Scholaſtic Philoſophy. The other, indeed, at once, broke through the entangling Darkneſs, but dazled with the ſudden Effuſion of too much Light, in a little Time became ſtark blind. *Locke* went more cautiouſly to work; but his Time was chiefly

Shape, and Body: A mere Hodge-podge of abortive Embryos, and rotten Carcaſſes, kept in an unnatural Ferment, (which the Vulgar miſtake for real Life) by the Rank *Leven* of *Prodigies and Portents.* Which can't but afford good Diverſion to the Critic, while he obſerves how naturally one of their own Fables is here mythologized and explained, *Of a Church yard Carcaſs raiſed and ſet a ſtrutting by the Inflation of ſome helliſh Succubus within.*

And now I am upon the State of *Engliſh* Hiſtory, I can't forbear obſerving another Inſtance of the Groſſneſs of our Taſte, and the depreſſed Condition of our Genius, diſcoverable in an unnatural Fondneſs for any abortive Manuſcript, that pretends but to relate to *Engliſh* Affairs; it is bought up at a great Expence, and reprinted with greater. *Stow*, and *Holinſhed*, the Jeſt and Contempt of their learned and witty Contemporaries, for their long dull Stories of *Shews* and *Sheriffs*, are become the ſerious Amuſement of our preſent Virtuoſi. Any uninformed ſenſeleſs Heap of Rubbiſh, under the Name of a Hiſtory of a Town, Society, College or Province, [a] have long ſince taken

chiefly taken up in opening and clearing the *Portal to this Study*; but in that ſo nobly adorned *Structure*, he has raiſed himſelf a *Triumphal Arch* of eternal Duration. Mr. *Addiſon* and Lord *Shaftsbury* now give Laws to Politeneſs, and their Decrees are the Standard of a fine Taſte. The former in *theſe Reſearches* is ſometimes ſuperficial, but always beautiful and ſober; the latter is more profound, but frequently whimſical and monſtrous. But it is the great *Hyde*, and he alone, that in the Knowledge of Mankind is always clear, deep, eaſy and perfect.—— I make no Scruple to confeſs that in the *Hiſtory of the Grand Rebellion* there are more Offences againſt the Truth of Compoſition than in all the *beſt Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtorians put together: And think it no Difficulty to prove, that in that ſingle Work there are more and far greater Excellencies, than in the whole Body of antient Hiſtory——It is, indeed, the only one of *Engliſh Hiſtory* we can glory in. While the *French* boaſt a great Number of conſiderable Writers of their own Hiſtory: But to them we may anſwer as the Lioneſs in the Fable did to an ignoble Beaſt, who ſet an unreaſonable Value on the Fruitfulneſs of her Womb: *'Tis true, I bear but one, and that one is a Lion*

[a] I would recommend the Gentlemen of this Taſte to the *Edict of Apollo*, given us by *Boccalini*, in his *Ragguagli di Parnaſo. Cent. pr Raggu.* 54 the moſt ingenious, and juſteſt Piece of Critic on the Manner of writing Hiſtory

taken from us the very Idea of a genuine Compoſition. Every Monkiſh Tale, and Lye, and Miracle, and Ballad, are reſcued from their Duſt and Worms, to proclaim the Poverty of our Forefathers; whoſe Nakedneſs, it ſeems, their pious Poſterity take great Pleaſure to pry into: For of all thoſe Writings given us by the *Learned Oxford Antiquary*, there is not one that is not a Diſgrace to Letters; moſt of them are ſo to common Senſe, and ſome even to human Nature. Yet how ſet out! how trick'd! how adorned! how extolled!

——*Non levior cippus nunc imprimit oſſa?*
Laudant convivæ. Nunc non a manibus illis,
Nunc non è tumulo, fortunataq; favilla,
Naſcentur violæ?

PERHAPS, my Reader, in his Turn, takes up the Satiriſt, and going on where I left off,

—— *Rides*, ait, *& nimis uncis*
Naribus indulges.

BUT who can forbear, when he is told, that *theſe Labours* now come from the Printing Houſe erected with the Profits of CLARENDON's Hiſtory, under the Care of the ſame Editor who has given us a very valuable Edition of LIVY's? Wonder not, Reader, at the View of theſe Extravagancies. The hiſtoric *Muſe*, after much vain longing for a *vigorous Adorer*, is now fallen under that *Indiſpoſition* of her *Sex*, ſo well known by a deprav'd Appetite for *Traſh* and *Cinders*.

THUS you ſee the conſtant Need the *Moderns* have of the Aid and Support of Prodigies. 'Tis a *Crouch* they can't ſtir one Step without. The *Ancients* indeed *limped* with it, out of *Wantonneſs*, *Conceit*, or an *Ill-habit*; and ſometimes, like our lazy Beggars, to *get an Alms*. But theſe real Objects of Compaſſion want *Nerves* and *native Vigour*, as being, in Truth, *Cripples* from the very Womb.

Hiſtory that ever was wrote. Amongſt other Things *Apollo* expreſly forbids thoſe ridiculous Hiſtories of obſcure Towns, with their Mayors and Burgomaſters. *Di più ſotto la pena della perpetua infamia, eſpreſſamente prohibiamo il poterſi per l'auvenire ſcrivere hiſtorie particolari di città alcuna, ſe ella non ſarà metropoli d' Imperio, di Regno, ò di Provincia grande.*

I HAVE

I HAVE now ended the firſt Part of this Treatiſe, which ſhews the ſeveral Ends and Motives Hiſtorians of all Ages and Nations have had for their Attachment to *falſe* Miracles and Wonders.

BUT tho' I have taken ſo little Notice of that commonly aſſigned Cauſe, *Superſtition*, I wou'd not have my Reader conclude that I diſcard it from any conſiderable Share in the Movement of this *Machine*. On the contrary, I know too well its Capacity for univerſal Sway, throughout the *large Waſtes* of Hiſtory. It runs thro' every Order of Hiſtorians, from the viſionary Midnight *Monk*, to the ſharp-ſighted, exalted *Stateſman*, long *hackneyed in the Ways of Men*.

A CRITICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE *Cauſes of* PRODIGIES *and* MIRACLES, *as related by Hiſtorians.*

PART II.

HITHERTO we have been employed in tracing out the Cauſes of *an Evil*, whoſe Malignity was not perceived while *thoſe* lay undiſcovered: But ſhou'd we ſtop here, and, amidſt ſo many Examples of Unſoundneſs and a ſick Fancy, not produce one perfect Pattern of a right and healthful Judgment, our Work wou'd be defective. We have ſhewn the great Propenſity of Hiſtorians of every Age to forſake the bright and lightſome

lightſome Paths of Nature, for the Pleaſure of wandering through the gloomy Regions of Prodigies and Portents.

" *Ibant obſcuri ſola ſub nocte per umbram,*
" *Perq; domos Ditis vacuas, & inania regna.*"

THE firſt that broke this Enchantment, and diſperſed the ſhadowy Terrors, was the great Hiſtorian *Salluſtius Criſpus*; whoſe Merit will appear the more extraordinary, if we take a View of the State of Hiſtory in *Rome* at the Time he began to adorn it with his Compoſitions; nor can I ſuſpect that a ſhort Account of the Riſe and Progreſs of it, in that City, will be unacceptable to a Reader, who loves the Hiſtory of the Arts.

HISTORY, of all the Writings of Humanity, made the ſloweſt Advances in its Progreſs from *Greece* to *Italy*; and the moſt haſty Return back again to the Boſom of her antient Maſters [3]. *Rome* had given a *Plautus* and a *Terence*, a *Craſſus* and *Antonius*, long before *Hiſtory* had made the Promiſe of a Viſit; and had glorioufly oppoſed prevailing Barbarity in a *Claudian* and *Boetius*, long after *her* very Memory had been loſt amongſt them. And yet notwithſtanding the backward Growth of this *Art*, it wanted neither *Genius* nor *Materials* to quicken its Maturity: For we are informed that *Scipio Africanus* employed his leiſure Hours upon *Xenophon*; and *Marcus Brutus*, even amidſt the buſy Thoughts of Death and Victory, gave Attention to his Favourite *Polybius* [4]. But thoſe haughty Maſters of Mankind ſtudied the *Grecian* Writings, not to learn the *Hiſtorian*'s Art, but the *Hero*'s; and valued only how a Battle

[3] The beſt Accounts we have of the later Emperors, are from the *Greek* Writers.

[4] *Viz.* The Night before the Battle of *Pharſalia*; every Body knows he epitomized that Hiſtorian. *If. Caſaubon* took the Abridgment of all thoſe Books of *Polybius* between the 5th and the 18th in his Edition, for that very Epitome which *Brutus* left unfiniſh'd. This he ſpeaks with Confidence, in his Dedication to *Hen.* IV. of *France*. His Reaſons for ſo extraordinary a Conjecture he reſerves, he ſays, for another Place; meaning, without doubt, the famous Commentary upon this Writer; which we find by his Letters he had long laboured in, and had brought to great Forwardneſs. It had raiſed mighty Expectations in the Republic of Letters; but why it never appear'd, is well known to the Learned.

was

was *won*, not how it was *deſcribed*. So *L. Lucullus*, who had paſs'd his Youth in the peaceful Employments of the Gown, by conſtant Application to thoſe great *Originals*, had ſo well qualified himſelf in all the Functions of a great General [5], that when ſent by the *Senate* againſt *Mithridates* and *Tigranes*, the Two moſt formidable Monarchs of the Earth, he managed the long War with ſuch Conduct and Succeſs, as effectually to break their Power, and give them up an eaſy Conqueſt to his Succeſſor in Command. While the Care of recording their immortal Actions was left to the *Pontifex Maximus*, part of whoſe Office it was to do this Juſtice to them [6]. For from the moſt early Times of the Republic, it had been the Cuſtom of that holy Magiſtrate to make a *yearly Regiſter* of the Civil Tranſactions. A ſimple unanimated Narrative, without Ornament or Connexion: for Truth alone was ſuppoſed to give the utmoſt Perfection to hiſtorical Compoſitions. Theſe, from their Manner, were called *Annals*. And ſo great was the Veneration for them, that when ſome of the more forward Genius's began to enrich their Country with Labours of this kind, the Form and Name was ſtill preſerved; though they ſaw attend it all the Inconveniences of an exceſſive Length. To this, the beſt Remedy they applied, was a curt conciſe Expreſſion. And ſo, *Brevity*, the moſt attractive Grace of *Hiſtory*, was caſually added to it; not as itſelf a *Beauty*, but only as the decent Cover of a *Deformity*. Thus far was *Hiſtory* brought on its Way by [7] *Pictor*, *Cato* and *Piſo* [8]. The next of Conſequence that took it up, was [9] *Cælius Antipater*, [1] and he adorned the naked Thoughts, with Ornaments of Sublimity and Majeſty; but wanting the Arts of Politeneſs, he cou'd only deſign Nobly, and left the Delicacies of Colouring to more advanced Maſters. On this Account the Ancients eſteemed him the Fore-runner of SALLUST, as *Cato* was of *Tully*, and *Ennius* of *Virgil*. But his greateſt Honour ariſes from the Pains the divine *Brutus* beſtowed in abridging him [2]. And now *Hiſtory*, bating the

[5] *Plutarch in Lucul.* [6] *Tully libro ſecundo de Oratore.*
[7] *U. C* 480, to 550. [8] *Idem in Bruto.* [9] 620.
[1] *Idem primo de legibus; ſecundo de Oratore; & in Bruto.*
[2] *Idem ad Attic. lib.* 13. *Ep.* 8.

Rubs

Rubs it met with in [3] *Clodius* and *Aſellio*, [4] who inſtead of riſing on the laſt noble Plan, fell back again into the inſipid Languor of their Nerveleſs Forefathers; excepting theſe, I ſay, *Hiſtory* made conſtant Advances. And ſoon after [5] *Q. Catullus*, [6] who was Collegue to *Marius* in his fourth Conſulate, added ſomewhat of Purity and Politeneſs to what *Antipater* had only given Strength and Vigour. Then *Hortenſius*, *Atticus*, and *Varro*, the Three great Luminaries of the Seventh Age, all tried their Talents this Way; and yet left Hiſtory ſo far ſhort of Perfection, that their common Friend *Cicero* ingenuouſly confeſſes, *Abeſt* Hiſtoria *litteris noſtris—Quanquam alius, alio, plus habet virium, tamen quid tam exile quam iſti omnes.* [7] In this Condition was the *Roman* Annal, when SALLUST aroſe to give it the laſt Finiſhings of Art and Genius. And tho' *Tully*, *Cæſar*, and *Luccejus*, his Contemporaries, were perhaps all able to contend the Glory with him; yet are they now diſqualified to come into Competition. Of the two Firſt, the one did no more than give good Rules; and the other only furniſhed Materials, (excellent as they are) for Hiſtory: And of the Third, the Ravages of Time and Ignorance have left us nothing but the Name: So that in every Senſe it may be ſaid,

"Criſpus *Romana primus in Hiſtoria.*"

He was in full Vigour at his firſt ſetting out; and like another *Hercules* ſubdued *Monſters* (*i. e.* Prodigies) in his Cradle; [8] as

I

[3] 630. [4] *Idem primo de legibus.* [5] *Idem in Bruto.*
[6] 650. [7] *De legibus, lib.* 1.

[8] That this Hiſtory was his firſt Eſſay in the kind, I think, may be pretty clearly proved. *Salluſt* was born *U. C.* 668.—Expelled the Senate, 703.—Reſtored by *Cæſar*, 706.——Second Retirement on *Cæſar's* Death, 709. — Died 716.——So that he was 33 Years of Age when expelled.—His firſt Retreat was of 3 Years.—His ſecond of 7, and he died at 48. Now he tells us, his Retirement put him firſt upon writing Hiſtory. And nothing is more certain than that the *Catiline* and *Jugurthine* Wars were the Product of his firſt Retreat; the whole Tenour of thoſe two Hiſtories won't permit us to doubt it. All that can be made a Queſtion is, which of theſe two was wrote firſt? I conceive the *Catiline*, for the following Reaſons. 1. The Lateneſs of the Attempt, and the Simplicity of the Subject, made it the fitteſt for an Author's firſt Eſſay.

as the Story of the *Catiline Conſpiracy* may teſtify. And a nobler Proof of conſummate Skill was never given.

HERE

Eſſay. 2. He ſeems here to write as *Tacitus* ſays, *Recentibus odiis*, his Choler is not yet ſubſided; 'tis like *Claudian*'s Sea, *impacata quies*. 3. In his Introduction to the *Catiline War*, he declares he was but juſt entered into this new Way of Life, and after what Manner he intended to proceed in writing of the *Roman* Affairs; and in the Introduction to the *Jugurthine*, he ſpeaks like one thoroughly engaged in a Courſe of Life; and complains of Detractors that ſet light by his Labours. 4. Nothing but a traditional Belief of what I contend for, cou'd have produced ſuch an Agreement in the Manuſcripts, and printed Books of this Author, to place the *Bell. Cat.* always firſt, when the *Bell. Jugur.* was ended 4 Years before the other broke out.

From theſe Proofs may be deduced a Corollary or Two worth obſerving.

The firſt is a Vindication of the Proem to the *Catiline* War, from the Cenſure of the whole Tribe of Critics, from *Quintilian* to his laſt Editor. It is condemned, firſt for having no Relation to the Hiſtory, and ſecondly, for being, out of all Proportion, too long for it.

As to the firſt, if this Hiſtory was, as I think it can't be denied, the firſt Fruits of his Retirement, nothing cou'd be more natural, nor even neceſſary, than an Apology for his Conduct, and new eſpouſed Reſolution; and as ſuch this Introduction muſt be allowed to be a compleat one. As for the Length, we are to conſider *Salluſt*'s Manner of writing Hiſtory; and this was, he tells us,—*Res geſtas Populi Romani CARPTIM, ut quæq; memoriæ digna videbantur perſcribere*. To cull out the nobleſt Portions of the *Roman* Story, as the *Catiline*, the *Jugurthine*, the *Cimbrian* War, and ſet theſe Jewels in a Coronet to adorn the *Genius* of immortal *Rome*. So that this Proem is to be eſteemed an Introduction to the whole Collection, rather than to the ſingle Hiſtory of the *Catiline Conſpiracy*. And in this extended View, we ſee it admirably correſpond to the Dignity and Compaſs of his Undertaking.

The other Corollary is a Detection of a vulgar Error, hitherto unqueſtioned. We hinted in the former Part of this Diſcourſe, that it was the Cuſtom for the ancient Hiſtorians to travel for thorough Information. So *Polybius* croſſed the *Alps* to view the Rout of *Hannibal* in his famous March to *Rome*. From ſuch Stories as theſe, I ſuppoſe, roſe the Report that *Salluſt* took a Voyage into *Africa*, the better to deſcribe the Marches, Counter-marches, and Encampments of *Marius* and *Jugurtha*. I confeſs, I always ſuſpected this fine Tale, for Reaſons by-and-by; and tracing up the Author, I found it to be the famous *Petrarch*, a Writer but of the 14th Century, who produces no Authority for it. The later Critics take his Word for it, and ſpeak of it without the leaſt Heſitation. This per-

HERE was a Criſis of ſuch Importance as allowed full Scope for *Miracle* and *Prodigy*. Here, a *Roman* might have been well excus'd for believing all Heaven ſhou'd ſympathize with falling *Rome*; even though the *Sacred College*, the *Senate-Houſe*, and the *Forum*, had not concurred, as they did, to cheriſh the Diſpoſition.

Now, what a fine Opportunity was here of introducing his Story, in all the Blaze and Terror of anxious and diſordered Nature? With what a Sublime might that Flaſh of Lightning have been brought in, to grace the approaching Ruin, which, in the Conſulate of *Cotta* and *Torquatus* ſtruck off the Spires of the *Capitol*, overthrew the Images of the Gods and Heroes, melted down the brazen Tablets of the Laws, and the gilded Statue of the Founder of their City; eſpecially when the whole College of the *Haruſpices* had agreed, that it ſhould ſignify the Ravages of Fire and Sword in a Civil and Domeſtic War? Then after the Conſpiracy broke out, Did not the Gods partake, as it were, in the Aſtoniſhment? Illuminations were ſeen every Night in the Weſt; the Earth trembled, and Heaven appeared on Fire.

perfectly confirmed my Suſpicion which I had entertained for the following Reaſon: By what has been ſaid above it appears that the two Hiſtories now remaining were the Product of his firſt Retirement of 3 Years. I aſk then, Whether it can be ſuppoſed, that when you have ſubſtracted the neceſſary Time for compoſing his Mind after his Expulſion, and that for collecting his Materials, the Remainder be ſufficient for Two ſuch Hiſtories, and a Voyage into *Africa*? If *Petrarch* in reality had this Story from any older Author, the Miſtake (for ſuch I don't doubt it was) might have been occaſioned by *Salluſt*'s being afterwards in *Africa* in a Public Employment under *Cæſar* the Uſurper. But I rather believe it to be an *Italian* Invention: For thoſe Writers, who, indeed, affect a greater Knowledge of Antiquity than the *Tramontanes*, don't ſtick at ſuch Trifles. What, for Example, ſo common as that Story of *John Chryſoſtom*'s delighting in the Study of *Ariſtophanes*; and yet Mr. *Menage* in the Preface to the ſecond Part of his *Obſervations ſur la Langue Francois*, tells us, That the moſt ancient Author of it is *Aldus Manucius*, in his Dedication of the *Greek Comique* to *Daniel Clarius*. Indeed, the Improbability of the Thing made Mr. *Le Fevre* ſuſpect it before.

THUS has *Tully* deſcribed this Scene of Wonders, in all the Pomp of Vanity and Eloquence [9].

BUT ſee our Author: Inſtead of taking Advantage of all this Havock in the *Capitol*, he introduces his Story with a cool Philoſophical Lecture on the Dignity of Human Nature. The *Interpretation of the Haruſpices* is only taken Notice of as it was Evidence againſt *Lentulus*; and all the reſt is phlegmatickly paſſed over with a " *Simul, id quod in tali re ſolet, alii portenta* " *atq; prodigia nuntiabant*; " as only the Mormos and Bugbears of a frighted Rabble.

No, he needed none of theſe Expedients; he cou'd do his Work without them: For having ſo exquiſitely painted the Degeneracy of *Virtuous Rome*, in a luxurious and oppreſſive *Nobleſs*; in a poor and debauched People; in a *Catiline* and his lewd Companions, encouraged by a *Lethargic Senate*, the far Abſence of the *Arms* of the State, and the inviting Example of late ſucceſsful Attempts againſt it; we ſee the ſurprizing Story reconciled at once to Faith and Probability.

BUT this is no more than we might expect from our Author's Character and Accompliſhments; he had a Nobleneſs of Mind that made him incapable of impoſing on his Reader; and an extent of Judgment that wou'd not ſuffer a Cheat to paſs upon itſelf. Thus was he, by the Happineſs of a natural Genius, ſecure from the Irregularities mentioned in the Three firſt general Cauſes, I above aſſigned of *this Evil*. That his profound *Skill in his Profeſſion* ſet him above the Reach of the Fourth and Laſt, I ſhall now endeavour to prove at large; My Reader may, perhaps, remember that this fourth Cauſe was *Ignorance of human Nature*, and *of human Actions*, in which the Hiſtorian is both the *Bubble*, and the *Cheat*; in the firſt Caſe he is apt to deceive himſelf; in the ſecond, his Reader; and in both, to have Recourſe to one common Expedient; for be aſſured, you hear an Oracle in the following Sentence, PLACET, HUMANITATIS EXPERTES, HABERE DIVINITATIS AUCTORES [1].

I. THE *Inſtance* I am about to give of *Salluſt*'s *Knowledge of human Nature*, is no inconſiderable one; you will find in it

[9] *Orat. ter. in Catilinam.—& de Divin. lib.* 1. [1] *Tully de Divin. l.* 2.

ſomething

ſomething ſuperior to the niceſt Diſſection of complicated Paſſions, [2] or even the more comprehenſive Skill of analyzing the Conſtitution of a collective Body or People. So that if we trace Notions and Opinions thro' the largeſt Periods of Time, we may, I hope, after this Notice be well excuſed.

THE *Viciſſitudes* of humane Grandeur, the *Tranſlations and Revolutions* of States and Empires, the *perpetual Fluctuations* of Powers and Dignities, are a *Phenomenon* that caught the earlieſt Obſervation of Mankind. Experience of what paſſed under their own Eyes, in a Life moderately extended, without regarding *general Hiſtory*, which is nothing but a ceaſeleſs Round of Advancement and Abaſement, was ſufficient to perſuade them of ſome ſtrange *Affection* in the Univerſe, that ſeem'd to oppoſe Stability, and human Prudence. Theſe Surmiſes, favouring our natural Diſpoſition, for the *Wonderful* ſoon grew up into an eſtabliſhed Opinion, that all this Confuſion and Turmoil was cauſed by a certain *Deity*, who envied the Proſperity of Mankind; who, for his Paſtime, ſcatter'd Empires, over-turned Thrones, and kick'd Crowns and Scepters from one Side of the Globe to the other; while Conſtancy, Duration, and a pure unmixed Felicity, were the hated Objects of his Reſentment. To this *Deity* they gave the ſeveral Names of *Nemeſis*, *Fortune*, the Evil Genius, or *Demon*. *Herodotus*, who is always at Hand to ſupply us with Examples of an induſtriouſly propagated Error [3], is the firſt and moſt expreſs Reporter of this ſtrange Opinion, [4] in a Letter from *Amaſis* King of *Egypt*, to *Polycrates* Tyrant of *Samos*, inſerted in his Hiſtory, this latter is congratulated with, on his good Fortune; but withal told, that his unmixed Proſperity made him very obnoxious to the Reſentment of the *envious Deity*; and therefore to avoid a total Deſtruction, he was adviſed to ſubmit to ſome voluntary Misfortune. But *Herodotus* went ſo far into this impious Opinion, as to inſinuate, in Three or Four ſeveral Places, that *all* the Gods were of an envious Nature; for which *Plutarch*, juſtly accuſes him of Malignity [5]. *Plutarch*, who, not-

[2] See the latter Part of this Head.
[3] See the third Head of the foregoing Chapter
[4] *Lib.* 3. *Hiſtor.* [5] Περὶ τῆς Ἡροδότου κακοηθείας.

withſtanding, has twice [6] avowed the Notion of an *envious Demon*. To this we muſt impute the Concern which *Iſidore*, an ancient *Father*, tells us, was obſerved in the Behaviour of the famous *Epaminondas*, after a long Train of high and uninterrupted Succeſſes; as likewiſe the fantaſtic Annual *Mumping* of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, when Maſter of the World [7]. A Subject ſo fruitful of tragical Exclamations, cou'd not eſcape the Poets: Accordingly you may ſee it touched upon by *Virgil* in the following Lines:

Vos quoque Pergameæ jam fas eſt parcere genti,
Dique Deæq; omnes quibus OBSTITIT *Ilium, & ingens*
GLORIA *Dardaniæ.* [8]

Nay what is indeed ſurpriſing, even the Atomiſt *Lucretius*, whoſe cold Philoſophy had formally excluded all Intendency of a *ſuperior Mind*, ſtruck with the perpetual ſhifting Proſpect of human Dignities, betrays his Cauſe, and breaks out into this unexpected Confeſſion,

Uſque adeo res humanas VIS ABDITA QUÆDAM
OBTERIT, *& pulchros Faſceis ſævaſque ſecuris.* [9]

But to go through with Quotations of this Kind, wou'd be to tranſcribe from every Writer of Antiquity; in all of which you may diſcover frequent Traces of this Opinion. This only let me obſerve in general, that where you find a Writer contemplating on his own Felicity, and immediately correcting himſelf with a *venia ſit dicto*, an *impune dixiſſe liceat*, or ſome ſuch Humiliation, there the Terrors of this *malicious Deity*, you may believe, gave his Conſcience a cruel Twitch.

THUS deeply rooted was the *Opinion*, when *Philoſophy* ſuffer'd that grand Revolution [1] under the Chriſtian Syſtem. On

[6] *In vita Æmilij.* [7] *Suetonius in vita Aug. Cæſaris.*
[8] *Æn. l.* 6. [9] *Lib.* 5.

[1] Amongſt the Changes in Manners, conſequent on this Revolution, there is one that more forcibly attracts the Moraliſts Obſervation; which, becauſe its unaccountable Appearances receive Light only from the preſent Subject, we ſhall adventure here to mention. *Ariſtotle*, in that Part of his *Rhetorics*, where he treats of *Characters*, remarks that the Men he calls εὐτυχεῖς or *the Fortunate*, amidſt ſeveral bad Qualities, had one that made amends for all, they being generally φιλόθεοι, *lovers of*

On the Introduction of which ſo great Acceſſions were made, to the Empire of Truth. Of which, this was not the leaſt Part, that *this Opinion* loſt all its Credit; for acquiring juſt Ideas of the Deity that monſtrous Error preſently vaniſhed.

of God. And that Misfortunes made all the Atheiſts, even amongſt the Philoſophers, in the Pagan World, will be allowed by the Knowing in Antiquity: witneſs the Extravagance of the famous *Diagoras*: Now nothing is more certain than that the Caſe, generally ſpeaking, is the direct Reverſe in *Chriſtendom*. An undiſturbed Affluence is at preſent the rankeſt Soil of Impiety; and Affliction the hopefulleſt Seaſon for caſting in the Seeds of Religion. This Riddle can only be explained by what is obſerved above of the prevailing Notion of an envious Deity, and the Overthrow of it by Chriſtianity. While that Opinion was held orthodox, who ſo apt to cheriſh it, as the Man in Adverſity? The *ill Principle* was ſoon believed *the prevailing one*. And the Tranſition from a *bad Deity*, to none at all, was very eaſy; eſpecially with Men ſo apt to call the Adminiſtration of Providence to account, on every croſs Look in the Moral World. A Pick-pocket cou'd not eſcape by a reſolute Denial, but the Sufferer was preſently at his

——— *Audis*
Juppiter hæc, nec labra moves, cum mittere vocem
Debueras, vel marmoreus, vel æneus? aut cur
In Carbone tuo charta pia tura ſoluta
Ponimus.———

But the Man at eaſe in his Condition, with a Temper ſmooth and unruffled, wou'd naturally be on the excuſing Side. He wou'd ſtill be inventing ſomething, like *Eliphaz*, the *Temanite* in *Job*, right or wrong to ſoften untoward Appearances, and ſtrive to perſuade himſelf that every Thing in the main was right, and pretty much as it ſhould be: Beſides, his Intereſt was concerned that Things ſhou'd go on as they had done; his Price was flatter'd in believing they had proceeded with the utmoſt Wiſdom, and his Gratitude engaged to love and venerate his Benefactor; but now we are altogether in another Management. Chriſtianity, as we ſay above, has given us juſter Notions of the *Deity*; and aſſured us, that Misfortunes are the kind and tender Corrections of a Father, to wean us from Paſſions inconſiſtent with our Profeſſion, and to exerciſe us in the Practice of the moſt heroic Virtues. Again, our Religion enjoins a Behaviour to Men in Proſperity, ſo oppoſite to their carnal Appetites and Paſſions, that it is no Wonder that the Thoughtleſs and Corrupt amongſt the Rich ſhou'd ſtruggle to withdraw themſelves from thoſe Obligations, which, in their debauch'd Senſe of Things, wou'd debarr them of Pleaſures which both Wealth and Nature deſigned for them. This, I preſume, may tolerably account for theſe different Characters of the World in theſe two diſtant Periods.

BUT the Defeat of a falſe *Hypotheſis*, was but a ſmall Part of our Advantages; we were greatly aſſiſted in erecting the true, by unfolding that grand Myſtery of the Corruption of our Nature; which, if ſoberly attended to, would have led to the Diſcovery, that *Humanity is the only Cauſe of human Viciſſitudes*.

LET us ſee then what Advances ſome Chriſtian Philoſophers have made under this *holy Diſcipline*. Why, *true to that Love of Falſhood*, ſo particularly explained in the firſt Part of this Diſcourſe, inſtead of embracing Truth that now came open and unveiled to meet them, they fell back into a more enormous Error, than that they had been forced to forſake.

THEY picked up, out of the Dotages of Aſtrology, an Opinion that all ſublunary Affairs were at the Mercy of the various Conjunctions and Revolutions of the Stars and Planets; and according to their benign or malignant Aſpects, States and civil Dignities, Religions and general Opinions, were propagated or overthrown. This Notion ſpread greatly at the *Reſtoration* of Learning in the *Weſt*, and was much befriended by the ableſt Philoſophers and Phyſicians of that Time; but ſince, it has been very much on the Decline, and has itſelf felt the Rage of ſome of thoſe adverſe Conſtellations. The laſt Man of Conſequence beſotted with it was Mr. *Bayle*, if we credit the Author *De la vie & les ſentimens de Lucilio Vanini* [2]. Thus we ſee it was a DEMON that poſſeſſed Men on this Subject, before Chriſtianity; but diſappearing at the Dawn of that new Light, and the Mind *new ſwept and garniſhed*, like the Man's in the Parable, ſoon admitted *ſeven other Spirits* [3] *more wicked than the former, and its laſt State was worſe than the firſt* [4].

BUT to return to the Age of *Salluſt*, in which the demoniac Hypotheſis was generally received and acknowledged. This did not ſatisfy our Hiſtorian; he ſuſpected they made a Myſtery where there was none; that they rambled abroad for what was only to be found within: And therefore he refuſed to acquieſce in the general Determination; but would examine the Cauſe anew. And ſurely the good Hiſtorian is the fitteſt for an En-

[2] *Pag.* 174. [3] The Seven Planets. [4] *Mat.* xii. 43.

quiry

quiry of this Kind. The *Philoſopher* and he both profeſs to inveſtigate human Nature, but which uſes the moſt probable Means of Succeſs, may be eaſily underſtood by reflecting on their different Attachments. The Hiſtorian, having no eſpouſed Hypotheſis, or Party Opinions to biaſs him, forms his Judgment of Nature only from the ſimple Contemplation of her Actions; follows where-ever ſhe leads; and is bounded only within the Limits of her Operations: While the Philoſopher buſies himſelf in accommodating all her Appearances to the Principles of a School of which he was ſworn himſelf a *Sectator*; and can conſider her in no other, nor different Capacity, than what his Maſter has aſſigned to her. In ſhort, the Hiſtorian has here the very ſame Advantages over the moral Philoſopher, that the *Experimental Naturaliſt* has over the *Ariſtotelian*, in *Phyſic*. And our Author's Succeſs fully proves it; for he ſoon found the current Philoſophy on this Head, groundleſs, and far beſide the Mark; which the Ignorance of our Domeſtick State ſet a Rambling after Foreign Cauſes, while both the Evil and the Remedy were in our own Hands: So that he ſcruples not to affirm. "That in this fantaſtic "Farce of Life, in which the Scene is ever changing and in-"conſtant, the whole Machinery is of *human* Direction; and "the *Mind* the only *Choragus* of the Entertainment; that the "Abuſe of the rational Faculty leads up this Confuſion more "irremediable than *Bays*'s *Dance*; and that a Reform in it, "to a conſtant regular Tenour, wou'd reduce every Thing "again into a ſteady Poſture of Harmony and Order. That to "ſay the Mind is the Slave of Chance or Deſtiny is falſe; that "ſhe herſelf is the ſole Director and Diſpoſer of human Affairs; "and that to draw in a ſuperior Agent to bear the Blame, is "only a Cover for our Levities, our Vices, or our Ignorance. "That *Virtue* in public Concerns, is omnipotent, and that "*Vice* is the *evil Genius*, or *Demon*, that throws the World "off the Hinges [5]." This is one of thoſe Diſcoveries (taking along

[5] *Quod ſi regum atque imperatorum* animi virtus *in pace ita ut in bello valeret, æquabilius atque conſtantius ſeſe* res humanæ *haberent Neque aliud alio ferri, neque mutari ac miſceri omnia cerneres.——Ita imperium ſemper*

along with it the Circumſtances of Time and Prejudice when our Author made it) that none but the moſt conſummate Genius cou'd hit upon; and yet when divulged, every Man thinks himſelf equal to; but I choſe this Inſtance of our Author's *Knowledge of Nature*, not ſo much for its Greatneſs, as for its Appoſiteneſs to our Subject. For my judicious Reader will obſerve, that this Opinion of an *Envious Deity* was an inexhauſtible Reſervoir of Prodigies and Portents. Was an unweildy Empire tottering into Ruins! the *evil Genius* lay hard upon it. Did a debauch'd People ſell their Liberty for a Song? The *Envious Deity* made the Bargain. Was an inſolent over-grown *Miniſter* kicked back to his original Dunghill? O the malicious Demon! and all this, by an Opinion, that not only pleaſed the Mob, but ſatisfied the Philoſopher,

AFTER this, and ſuch other Inſtances of our Author's profound Knowledge of our Nature, that might be given, one wou'd wonder to ſee a Writer of ſo great Reputation, as is Mr. *de St. Evremond*, ſearching for ſomething extraordinary in this Way, in that celebrated Stricture in the Character of *Catiline, alieni appetens, ſui profuſus.* "Here, (ſays that Critic) "is diſcovered a Contrariety in human Nature, that eſcapes "the ordinary Rank of Hiſtorians. Had *Plutarch* deſcribed "*Catiline*, he had either drawn him covetous or profuſe; "that *alieni appetens, ſui profuſus*, was above his Reach; he "could never have reconciled thoſe Contrarieties which *Salluſt* has ſo well explained [6]." But after all where's the Uncommonneſs or ſeeming Contradiction in this Character, that it

ſemper ad optimum quemq; a minus bono transfertur. Introd. in bell. Cat. *Falſo queritur de* natura ſua, *genus humanum, quod imbecilla*——Forte *potius quam* virtute *regatur. Dux atq; imperator vitæ mortalium* animus *eſt: qui ubi ad gloriam virtutis via graſſatur abunde pollens potenſque*—*neque* fortuna *eget*—*ubi per ſocordiam vires, tempus, ingenium defluxere, naturæ infirmitas accuſatur. Quod ſi hominibus bonarum rerum tanta cura eſſet quanto ſtudio aliena, ac nihil profutura, multumque etiam periculoſa petunt; neq; regerentur magis quam regerent* caſus—animus—*rector humani generis, agit atque habet cuncta, neque ipſe habetur.* Intr. in. Bell. Jug.

[6] *Vid. Oeuvres melées. Tom. 2. Judgment ſur Seneque, Plutarque & Pétrone.*

ſhould

ſhould eſcape the Notice of all but refined Thinkers, or be reſerved for their Explanation? A plain Moraliſt wou'd tell you the Thing could ſcarce be otherwiſe. A laſting *Prodigality* muſt have proportion'd Supplies. To keep in Motion the *Machine of Luxury*, the Wheels that work *inward* muſt have as conſtant and ſtrong a Courſe, as thoſe, whoſe Turn and Efficacy are *outwardly* directed. Which may be well enough compared to one of thoſe horrid *Eruptions* in the Northern Seas, which Voyagers tell us is perpetually diſgorging its Entrails, and is always attended at a ſmall Diſtance, by a fatal *Vortex* that with equal Celerity ſwallows down every thing within its Reach, But *Salluſt*, conſummate Maſter, underſtood the Paſſions at another Rate. He is ſo far from thinking this a Rarity of Temper, that required an uncommon Reach to explain, that a few Paragraphs after, he makes it the general Character of the whole *Roman Nobility*, *Sua parvi pendere, aliena cupere.* Indeed had the Character been inverted to that of *Galba*'s in *Tacitus*, [7] *Pecuniæ aliæ NON appetens, ſuæ parcus*, *St. Evremond* wou'd have had Reaſon. And we might have admired in it an Uncommoneſs, not a little ſurpriſing.

But this *Frenchman*'s Manner of criticiſing, puts me in Mind of a very juſt Remark of one of his Countrymen [8], as I found it in *Baillet*'s firſt Vol. of the *Jugemens de Scavans*, which I here tranſlate. "The Critics on other Men's Wri-"tings may be divided into two different Claſſes: The one "apply themſelves to Things only, the other to the Manner; "and ſo are both ſubject to contrary Defects. The firſt at-"tain a thorough Knowledge of Things, but have a very "groſs Taſte of the Manner; the other indeed judge with "Refinement and Delicacy of the Manner, but have a very "ſuperficial Diſcernment of Things. The former Defect is "common to Writers in Retirement, and the latter to thoſe "who live in the World, as being more concerned to pleaſe "than inſtruct." My intelligent Reader will eaſily ſee to which Claſs St. *Evremond* belongs.

[7] *Lib.* 1. *Hiſtor.*

[8] *M. Nicole, de l' Education du Prince, prim. par.*

But

But to proceed——

II. We come now to the Inſtance I promiſed to give of our Author's *Knowledge of Facts*; the other grand Security againſt ſupernatural Relations. In this is ſeen the Perfection of *Hiſtoric Art*; which conſiſts as well in the *Method of telling*, as in the Knowledge of what is fit and neceſſary to be told. The true Secret of this Skill *Salluſt* diſcovers in the following Paſſage of his Introduction to the *Catiline Conſpiracy* [9]. *Imprimis Arduum videtur res geſtas ſcribere: primum, quod factis dicta ſunt exæquanda: dehinc, quia plerique, quæ delicta reprehenderis malevolentia & invidia dicta putant: ubi de magna virtute atque gloria bonorum memores, quæ ſibi quiſque facilia factu putat, æquo animo accipit: ſupra ea, veluti ficta pro falſis ducit.* Here he gives two Reaſons for the Difficulty of writing Hiſtory; the firſt relates to the *Manner of telling*, and is not immediately to our Subject: But as it is a fine Inſtance of our Author's Skill, and contains a Precept not well underſtood, I ſhall adventure in a few Words to explain it.

We are to underſtand then by the *Diction*'s *equalling the Story*, not only that in general, Hiſtory requires a peculiar Majeſty and Gravity of Stile, ſuitable to the Relation of public Tranſactions; but likewiſe that to each different Part of Hiſtory there is a proportioned Language adapted. So the Riſe and firſt Progreſs of an Infant State ſhou'd be deſcribed in Language as ſimple and unadorned, as are its Manners; while the large Acceſſions of Arts and Empire muſt be painted in all the Elegance and Sublimity that accompanies thoſe flouriſhing Periods. Again, the Conſultations of the Cabinet, the Amendment of Laws, the Security of Traffick would be explained with the utmoſt Weight and Gravity; while in the Motions of Armies, the Inſurrections of Provinces, and the Torrent of

[9] I take it to be a Matter of the greateſt Difficulty to write Hiſtory. Firſt, becauſe the Stile is to equal the Subject; and ſecondly becauſe it happens for the moſt Part, that when you condemn criminal Actions, you are ſuſpected of Malevolence and Ill-will; and when you celebrate a great and virtuous Character, ſo much of it as your Reader thinks within his own Sphere, may paſs, but down goes all the reſt for Hyperbole and Fable.

Invaſions,

Invaſions, the *Stile* muſt be *reverſed*, and the ſharper End applied to provoke and animate the Narration with all the Pomp, Vivacity, and Fire, neceſſary to bring up the ſwelling Scene before the Eyes of the Reader. But amidſt all this Variety of Stile, there is an Unity ſtill to be preſerved. The hiſtoric Stile for all that, has its proper Genius and peculiar Character; and when a Critic can eaſily diſcover this, in the Ground-work, through all the various and diſtinct Species, which we above mentioned, then it is that the Stile has attained Perfection. For inſtance we have obſerved that Hiſtory, as the Subject differs, requires a Stile more or leſs Figurative; this makes the *Variety*; but then there is in general a certain appropriated Temperature in the Figures, which muſt always reign throughout the Hiſtoric Diction, and this makes its Note or Character of Unity. So much by the Bye, in Explanation of the firſt Reaſon.

THE ſecond Reaſon concerns *the Matter of the Story*, and conſequently is the Subject of our Enquiry, concerning our Author's *true Knowledge of Facts*. But, unhappily for the Critics, it is not eaſy to get at the true Senſe of it. You ſhall hear what *A. Gellius*, the moſt renowned of the ancient Grammarians, who has wrote a profeſſed Critic on it, thinks of the Matter. And the rather, becauſe the Diſſertation is, for ought I know, the Sum of every thing yet advanced in Explanation and Defence of it. *Noctes Atticæ*, l. 4. c. 15. "Elegantia orationis Salluſtii verborumque facundia & novandi ſtudium cum multa prorſus invidia fuit: multique non mediocri ingenio viri conati ſunt reprehendere pleraque & obtrectare. In quibus plura inſcitè aut malignè vellicant: nonnulla tamen videri poſſunt non indigna reprehenſione. Quale illud in Catilinæ hiſtoria repertum eſt; quod habeat eam ſpeciem, quaſi parum attentè dictum. Verba Saluſtii hæc ſunt." *Ac mihi quidem, tametſi haudquaquam par gloria ſequatur ſcriptorem & auctorem rerum, tamen, imprimis ARDUUM videtur res geſtas ſcribere. Primum, quod facta dictis exæquanda ſunt: dein, quòd plerique, quæ delicta reprehenderis malivolentia & invidia dicta putant. Ubi de magna virtute atque gloria bonorum memores; quæ ſibi quiſque facilia factu putat,*

putat, æquò animo accipit: suprà veluti ficta pro falsis ducit.
" Proposuit, inquiunt, dictorum causas, quamobrem videa-
" tur esse ARDUUM res gestas scribere: atque ibi non primum
" *causam*, sed *querelas* dicit. Non enim *causa* videri debet,
" cur historiæ opus Arduum sit, quod ii, qui legunt, aut
" iniquè interpretantur quæ scripta sunt, aut vera esse non
" credunt. Obnoxiam quippe & objectam falsis existimati-
" onibus eam rem dicendam magis aiunt quam Arduam.
" Quia, quod ARDUUM est, sui operis difficultate, est AR-
" DUUM, non opinionis alienæ erroribus. Hæc illi malivoli
" reprehensores dicunt. Sed, Arduum, Sallustius non pro
" *difficili* tantum; sed pro eo quoque ponit, quod Græci
" ΔΥΣΧΕΡΕΣ aut ΧΑΛΕΠΟΝ appellant: quod est tum
" difficile, tum molestum quoque & incommodum & intrec-
" tabile. Quorum verborum significatio a sententia Sallustii
" supra scripta non abhorret." Hear him in *English*.——" In
" this Place, (say the Censurers) *Sallust* proposes to speak
" of the *Causes* that make writing History difficult. And in-
" stead of a *Cause*, he puts us off with a *Complaint*. For how
" can that be a *Cause*, that the writing History is difficult,
" that those who read it pass a perverse Judgment on it?
" Surely (say they) *Sallust* should rather have said, that His-
" tory, when wrote, was obnoxious to the Censure of unequal
" Judges, than that there was a Difficulty in writing it. For
" the Difficulty of writing proceeds from the Nature of the
" Work itself, not from the false Taste of its Readers. Thus
" do these malevolous Cavillers object to the Accuracy of the
" second Part of this Period; but, by their leave, *Sallust*
" does not use the Word *Arduum* in the mere Sense of *Diffi-*
" *cult*, but wou'd have it signify what the *Greeks* understand
" by their δυσχερὲς or χαλεπὸν, which do not so properly
" signify *difficult*, as *troublesome*, *vexatious*, &c. which is to
" the Purpose." This is the Sum of the Accuser's Charge, and *A. Gellius*'s Defence. You see, he hopes to set all right, without going out of his own Way, by the mere Force of a *Greek* Word. But his Solution is by no means satisfactory.

1. IT is contrary to all the Rules of Logic, and good writing, where a single Proposition, is supported by two Reasons, for

for the Attribute of that Propoſition, to bear one Senſe when joined to the firſt Reaſon, and another, when joined to the ſecond. And yet this is what *A. Gellius* wou'd have. For 'tis agreed on all Hands, that the Attribute *Arduum* when taken along with the firſt Reaſon, *quod factis dicta ſunt exæquanda*, ſignifies difficult to be performed; and yet wou'd he have the ſame Attribute when applied to the other Reaſon, *debinc quia, &c.* ſignify *ſomething that gives Uneaſineſs in the Performance.*

2. It is contrary to the true Uſe, and Genius of Language, for the ſame Word in the ſame Sentence to bear above one preciſe Signification. Indeed it became neceſſary for the avoiding an inconvenient multiplying of Words, frequently to aſſign to one Term two or more Sets of Ideas; but then it never was to bear above one of thoſe Combinations at a Time, as occaſional Uſe required; and the *Tour* of the Period, for the moſt Part, eaſily led to the Signification; tho' ſometimes even with all the Circumſpection that the Regard to this Rule exacts, the Inconveniencies of Ambiguity cannot be avoided. What then cou'd be the Conſequences, if a ſingle Word was allowed to bear above one Signification in the ſame Sentence?

3. But the Word *Arduus* in the beſt *Latin* Writers is, I think, always uſed to expreſs the Idea of *ſomething hard to be performed*, [*difficilis*]; and not *of what gives Pain and Vexation to the Performer*, [moleſtus incommodus] as *A. Gellius* wou'd have it *Salluſt*'s ſecond Reaſon to ſignify; tho' 'tis true δυσχερὴς and χαλεπὸς are commonly uſed in both Senſes. But admitting that *Arduus* may be found by chance in a Claſſic Writer to bear the latter Signification, yet it certainly being extremely rare, *Salluſt*, we may be confident, wou'd never admit that Uſe of the Word; 1ſt, Becauſe, by the Confeſſion of *A. Gellius* himſelf, he was *Proprietatum in verbis retinentiſſimus*; [1] and therefore had he intended *A. Gellius* his Senſe, he wou'd have explained himſelf by *importunus*, the proper Word that marks that Idea; as where he ſays, *Vi quidem regere patriam ——importunum eſt* [2]. 2dly, Becauſe none knew better than

[1] *Noct. Att. l.* 10. *c.* 20. [2] *Bell. Jugur. in introd.*

he,

he, that the hiſtoric Stile requires (as the younger *Pliny* expreſſes it) *Vox ex medio petita* [3]. By which is not to be underſtood, as *Pliny*'s Commentators imagine, *the Language of the Mob*; but only *Words of the moſt determinate Signification*, as thoſe in common Uſe generally are. For Hiſtory being, of all Writings, of the moſt univerſal Concernment, ſhou'd, moſt of all, labour at Perſpicuity. So that, beſides its Clearneſs, it had nothing in common with the vulgar Stile. This the polite *Pliny* well knew; for complimenting a Friend who had undertaken to write of the *Dacic War*, he has almoſt tranſcribed from *Salluſt* the firſt Part of this famous Paſſage,——" Una ſed maxima difficultas, quod hæc [*geſta*] æquare dicendo Arduum." [4].

HITHERTO we ſee theſe *malevolous* Critics keep their Ground, and notwithſtanding the Attacks of our Grammarian, poor *Salluſt* ſtill lies at their Mercy. The Truth is, his Caſe is beyond the Remedy of Etymologies and Lexicons. We muſt have Recourſe to the Funds of good Senſe to diſembaraſs our Hiſtorian [5]. And the Accuſation againſt him is not trivial: For if where he profeſſes (as he does here) to give two Cauſes of the Difficulty of writing Hiſtory, he gives but one, and, for the other, ſlurs us off with a bare Complaint, this is certainly being guilty, in a very high Degree, of Inaccuracy and Impropriety; but ſure on a nearer Inſpection we ſhall find our Author above Faults of ſo common an Alloy. We ſee him then complaining of the Difficulty of compoſing a juſt Hiſtory, and aſſigning the two chief Reaſons of it. But what has made his ſecond Reaſon appear none, and has given ſo much Trouble and Perplexity to the Critics, I humbly preſume is this; *Salluſt*, by a very uſual Way of writing, has put the Effect for

[3] *Lib.* 5. *Ep.* 8. [4] *Idem l.* 8. *Ep.* 4.

[5] Reaſoning was not *A. Gellius*'s Fort. This is not the only Place where he attempts Things beyond his Reach. Witneſs the Defence of *Epicurus* againſt *Plutarch*; from which it appears he did not underſtand the State of the Queſtion. See *Noct. Att. l.* 2. *c.* 6. and *Muretus*'s *Var. Lect. l.* 11. *c.* 16. Beſides how unreaſonably fond he is, of forced and ſtrained Interpretations of Words, (as here) we have an Inſtance in his Defence of *Virgil*, *l.* 2. *c.* 6.

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the *Cauſe*. Give me leave to explain myſelf.——If we enquire into the *Cauſe* of the People's wrong Judgment, or Miſinterpretation of the Writer, here complained of, we ſhall find it to ariſe from the Imperfection of the Writing. For it is evident from the Turn of our Author's Obſervation on their running into the two different Extremes, by accuſing of Malevolence or Flattery, that their Judgment was *erroneous* merely, and not perverſe. We ſhall find it, I ſay, to ariſe from the Defects of the Compoſition. Either when the Hiſtorian knows not how to give a juſt Form to the Narration; to connect concurrent Circumſtances; to ſhew the Dependance of the Parts on each other, and in what Order they ought to ſtand: Or when being ignorant of the Character of the Paſſions, he cannot penetrate into the true Character of the Actors; when he wants the Dexterity to unravel the caſual Entanglements of perplexed Intereſts; and ſees not how contrary Tempers operate on each other, and what Conſequences they produce. Theſe are the *Indices* that direct us in our Way, meet our Enquiries, and make our Travels in Hiſtory pleaſant and expeditious. But theſe being wanting or miſplaced, we are preſently involved in Error, we grope our Way in the Dark, we quarrel with our *Guide*, and at length terminate our Ramblings in a Bog.

To the Purpoſe. When I read in *Suetonius* the monſtrous Debaucheries of *Tiberius*, the infernal Cruelty of *Nero*, and the brutiſh Supineneſs of *Claudius*, ranged under the diſtinct Heads of Chapter and common Place, without Order of Time, Probability of Circumſtance, or the appoſite Marks of growing Degeneracy; nothing appears more averſe to our natural Conceptions, to Truth or Likelihood. And yet theſe very miſcreated Paſſions, when diſſected by the ſkilful Hand of *Tacitus*, and the various Humours and Sources of the purulent Matter traced out and deſcribed, ſtand free of all Suſpicion, and eaſily reconcile themſelves to our Belief.

Our Author's Reaſoning then when diſinveloped, and drawn out into Syllogiſm, diſcovers all the Juſtneſs of Proportion, and ſtands thus.

1. WHERE the Readers make a wrong Judgment, the Hiſtorian miſſes his End. (Which is Information).

BUT they will make a wrong Judgment (as we have proved above) where the Story is not wrote up in the Manner we deſcribed.

THEREFORE where it is not ſo wrote up, the Hiſtorian miſſes his End.

2. To miſs his End argues the groſſeſt Imperfection.

BUT (in the above Inſtance) this End is miſſed.

THEREFORE ſuch a Work is groſly imperfect.

3. IT is neceſſary for a Writer to remove groſs Imperfections.

BUT this is a groſs Imperfection.

THEREFORE it is neceſſary to remove this.

4. To remove it is very difficult, (as we ſufficiently prove where we deſcribe above, the Mannner of forming the Narration.)

But it is neceſſary to remove it.

THEREFORE to write as Hiſtory neceſſarily requires without this Imperfection (from whence ariſes the Readers perverſe Judgment) is difficult.———The Thing to be proved.

HERE you ſee the Argument in full Force; but our Author's profeſſed Brevity wou'd not permit him to ſtay and unfold it. He contents himſelf with aſſerting the Propoſition, juſt touches upon the Minor of the firſt Syllogiſm, and leaves it to his Readers to find out his intermediate Proofs, and ſupply his imperfect Ratiocination. If this proves a true Solution of the Difficulty, I ſhan't be much diſturbed at the Charge of Pedantry, in the Concluſion. On the whole then theſe Two Things may be obſerved. *Firſt*, that *Salluſt* has not only really and truly given *Two* Reaſons for the Difficulty of writing Hiſtory, but has been ſo exact and methodical as to chuſe the two principal general ones, of *Stile* and *Matter*, under which all the other Difficulties, like Species under their Genus, are compriſed. An Inſtance of our Author's correct Judgement hitherto unobſerved. *Secondly*, that a Writer who ſaw ſo well the Neceſſity of an artful Diſpoſition of his Work, who knew ſo well how to perform it, who was above ſtealing the Applauſe of his Reader, and therefore uſed all his Endeavours fairly to obtain

obtain it, wou'd never run into the beggarly Relief of *ſupernatural Relations*; which was the Thing I promiſed to demonſtrate.

But the Obſcurity of this Paſſage, which has coſt us ſo much Time to break through, was occaſioned, as we ſaid, by his affected Brevity; which will ſometimes unavoidably occaſion it; though for the moſt Part it muſt be owned his Brevity is attended with the greateſt Perſpicuity. Where, by-the-bye, we may obſerve the injudicious Choice *Tacitus* made in imitating the *Salluſtian* Brevity. *Salluſt* indeed being ſententious, and reſolving every Thing into the Effects of natural Temper and Diſpoſition, as copying from the ancient *Greek* Philoſophers, eſpecially *Iſocrates*, Brevity admirably becomes him; but *Tacitus* is of a very different Genius, ſpeculative and abſtracted, and for refining upon every Thing, and conſequently that Brevity, which in the firſt is natural and eaſy, in him muſt be obſcure and unintelligible. And yet we have *here* an Inſtance of this Fault in *Salluſt* himſelf. Another remarkable one, is worthy our Notice, and the rather becauſe the Commentators, as uſual in a Caſe of real Difficulty, paſs it over in moſt profound Silence. In deſcribing the corrupted State of *Rome*, [a] he ſays, *Igitur primo pecuniæ, dein imperii cupido crevit*; and yet not above half a dozen Lines after we read, *Sed primo magis ambitio, quam avaritia, animos hominum exercebat*. Was there ever a more expreſs Contradiction? Is it not ſo in Terms? But on the other Hand, can we believe any Thing ſo groſs cou'd have eſcaped *Salluſt*? This wou'd require Examination. I have conſidered it, and perhaps have not been unhappy in my Endeavours to reconcile it. *Salluſt*, in the firſt Sentence, muſt be underſtood as ſpeaking of the Vices of *Avarice* and *Ambition* in ſingle Perſons, independant of national Manners or Corruptions; and in the latter Sentence, of theſe Vices in the collective Body of the State. What I am going to obſerve, will both confirm and explain this Interpretation. In *Rome* we find there was no Attempt made at a Power inconſiſtent with the Freedom of the State, till immenſe Wealth, in the Hands of private Perſons, made the Way to it.

[a] *Introd. in Bell. Catil.*

BUT the *Aſian* Riches ſoon corrupted their Allegiance. Witneſs *Craſſus*, one of the firſt Triumvirate. But conſider *Rome* collectively, and we ſhall find, in the Nature of Things, *Ambition* muſt have the Start. For that Vice having ſomething brave, and not unlike Virtue in its Compoſition, a ſingle Example wou'd make it faſhionable; while *Avarice*, bearing its own Ignominy in Front, cou'd not in a ſmall Time become infectious. She cou'd but ſerve in the Rear of Ambition, and provide for the other's Expences; as we ſee in *Sylla* and *Catiline*.

BUT though in this laſt Inſtance we have ſhewn that Brevity has cauſed Obſcurity in our Author, I muſt be ſo ingenuous to confeſs, that is not the only Cauſe of it in the above Paſſage, *concerning the People's Judgment*. There is another, and it is this. *Salluſt* very ſtudiouſly followed the *Greek* Writers, as we obſerved above, even to the tranſlating their moral Sentences, and political Maxims. The Reflections here *on the People's Judgment*, are literally tranſcribed from *Thucydides*[2]. But the two Hiſtorians being upon very different Subjects, that Thought, which in the *Greek* was natural and intelligible, is forced and obſcure in the *Roman*, who has taken it into a very foreign Combination. This we know is one of the moſt general Cauſes of Obſcurity in Writers, and happens more frequently than we are aware of. 'Tis certain our Author, with all his great Ability, is ſometimes not the moſt happy in managing theſe Materials; which I cou'd ſhew at large, wou'd it not call me too far away from my main Purpoſe. However, I can't finiſh my Diſſertation on this Paſſage, without conſidering one Part of it in a different View from what we have yet done. *Qua delicta reprehenderis malevolentia & invidia dicta putant*, ſays *Salluſt* of the People. But on the ſame Occaſion *Tacitus* obſerves the direct contrary, *Obtrectatio & livor proni auribus accipiuntur*[3]. Whence aroſe this Change of Judgment? whence, but from the Change of civil Policy? The firſt wrote under the Conſular, and the other under the Monarchic State. In the Conſular Times, the moſt unbounded Liberty of Speech againſt Particulars, was indulged and encouraged: it was eſteemed a

[2] *In fun. orat. Periclis, l.* 2. [3] *Lib.* 1. *Hiſt. init.*

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good Barrier againſt the Incroachments of the Great; and ſo inſeparable from a free People, that *Tacitus* makes the Recovery of this Right under *Trajan* the Proof of their Felicity [4]. Now, where Indulgence of Speech was ſo liberally allowed, a malign Diſpoſition wou'd be enough encouraged; and when an Hiſtorian was ſeen to make the utmoſt Uſe of his Power, no wonder if the *People* were inclined to put it to the Score of a baſe and envious Inſult. But when with Extinction of Liberty, Freedom of Speech, the brighteſt of its Emanations, was no more; to dare then to aſſert the old Republican Privilege, and bring great Offenders back to the Judgment of the People, looked brave and gallant, and carried in it, as *Tacitus* admirably expreſſes it, *Falſa ſpecies Libertatis*; which in Times that cou'd neither bear a thorough Slavery, nor perfect Liberty, wonderfully recommended to Acceptance and Eſteem.

* But by this Time, I know my Reader will grow impatient to queſtion me on the whole, and bring me back again to the Point, by ſuch like Demands,

I. *Are we then to condemn, as fabulous and chimerical, all we meet with in prophane Hiſtory of Prodigies and Miracles?* By no Means. The interpoſition of *Providence* in human Affairs has all the Marks of Truth, that ſuch a Thing is capable of. As, 1ſt, *Univerſal Conſent* in Teſtimony, and Opinion; and however ſceptical and idle Wits may have laboured to render doubtful *general atteſted Facts*, by I know not what ſophiſtical Diſtinctions and Dilemmas; and to perplex the plain and eaſy Proof of *univerſal Conſent* by ſpeculative Niceties: I am perſuaded all ſober Enquirers after Truth, and unprejudiced Thinkers, will ſtand firm upon this old beaten Ground of Certainty. 2dly, We may collect from Reaſon another Proof of this momentous Truth. The ordinary Diſpenſations of Providence are dark and perplexing, and have ever wore a double Face; from which, with equal Force, may be drawn contrary Concluſions, according to the Humour or Intereſt of the Contemplator. For if on the one Hand the *Sanguine* ſees in it the ſmiling Promiſes of a future Recompence, by an exact Adjuſtment of a long unbal-

[4] *Ibid.*

lanced Account; to the *Timorous* appears nothing but the repeated Frowns of a total Neglect and Diſregard. Now a miraculous Interpoſition in Favour of the common Principles of Morality and Religion, (and on no leſs Account ought we to preſume of that Favour; this, I ſay,) fixes the *Features*, and leaves no Room for an ambiguous Meaning. This is one of the great moral Inſtructions held out to us in the Book of *Job*. After the buſy Wit of Man had ſpent all its Stock, in raiſing Objections, and removing them, in accuſing and abſolving, and was now become deeper and deeper intangled in inextricable Difficulties; at length the Voice of God was heard in the *Whirlwind*, which immediately ſet all to rights. But how? Exactly to this Reaſoning. He vindicates his Providence, by the ſole Diſplay of his Power; the proper Work of Miracles. But ſome, who have not the utmoſt Reverence for Religion, have given Miracles the derogating Definition of *an Arreſt and Diſturbance to the Laws of Nature*. According to theſe Men there is Harmony, Concord and Proportion in the Ordinary Diſpenſation of Providence; and nothing but Irregularity and Confuſion in the Extraordinary. Whereas, in Truth, this latter is the giving new Laws to thoſe Portions of Matter within the Sphere of the Miracle, which carry with them the equal Marks of ſtupendous Wiſdom and Power. But 3dly, from the Miracles related in ſacred Story, we may draw a more certain Inference than from either of the two former Heads: and when joined to them, the three add Strength to one another. For *this* laſt confirms a Believer in the two preceding; and *thoſe* will help to remove an Infidel's Prejudices againſt the latter.

II. Are *then true Miracles to have no Place in Civil Hiſtory?* Surely the moſt honourable: But here the Hiſtorian will have Occaſion for all his Art. Firſt to ſeparate Truth from Falſhood, and then to diſtinguiſh between one Kind of Truth and another; unleſs he has this diſcerning Spirit, his Conduct here will be weak and extravagant. Firſt he is to take Care the Miracles he relates be true ones; where he is to begin his Diſquiſition, by conſidering the *End* for which a Miracle is reported to be wrote. If, on Examination, he finds nothing but a private Intereſt,

Intereſt, a religious Sect, or civil Party concerned in its Truth; he may here drop his Enquiry, and reſt ſatisfied, that it is only the Game of Craft or Bigottry. But if he finds the End to be the Defence of the common Principles of Morality and Religion, let him go on; he has ſufficient Reaſon to purſue his Enquiry, and whether he finds it Fact or no, he has the Satisfaction to reflect, that this is an End *worthy*, at leaſt, of divine Interpoſition. But if undoubted Teſtimony proves ſome extraordinary Event, he is then carefully to examine, whether it was truly Miraculous; If, for Inſtance, human Affairs take ſome great and unexpected Turn, regularly conducted, and without the adequate Aſſiſtance of human Means; or if there be a real Change in a Catholic Law of Nature, in which he is to take ſpecial Heed that the one does not prove ſuch a Matter as is uſually called a *Judgment*, or the other, *merely an unuſual Phenomenon*: For if ſo, here he takes his Leave, and conſigns one over to the *Old Women*, and the other to the *Virtuoſi*; otherwiſe he betrays his Preſumption, and his Ignorance. So far is neceſſary for the Separation of Truth ſtom Falſhood: but this is not enough; he is to conſider next, whether it be ſuch a Truth as the Public is concerned in. Let a Miracle have all the other Conditions of a true one, yet if it have not this, that the Community is intereſted, either when it is a Denunciation of impending Judgments, for national Immoralities; or an eſpouſal of the Right, againſt Injuſtice, Uſurpation, or Tyranny: it belongs properly to the Divine, and is out of the Cognizance of the Hiſtorian. Theſe are the two Conditions, upon which only, theſe Relations can be admitted into Hiſtory.

III. But Laſtly, *Are falſe Miracles never to be admitted into juſt Compoſitions?* Yes, even for theſe, there is a Time when the Laws of Hiſtory can find a Place. And that is, when the Belief of them ſo influences public Actions as to alter or determine the Councils of a Leader, or a People. Then the *Miraculous*, not for its own Sake, but as it contributes to illuſtrate the Story, muſt, according to the Laws of Hiſtory, which require a compleat Enumeration of all the Springs and Motives of Action, be diſtinctly told in every of its Circumſtances. Here

Plutarch and *Dio Caſſius*, who are never out upon the hot Scent of *Prodigies*, furniſh us with a proper Example of this Precept. They relate, [5] that while *Cicero*, drawn one Way by his Timidity and Clemency, and another, by his Love of Glory and his Country, was under all the Anxiety of Irreſolution, about the Fate of *Lentulus*, and his Companions; there came a Meſſage from his Wife *Terentia* (who had all along inſtigated him againſt the Conſpirators) to acquaint him, that while ſhe and her Women were aſſiſting at an annual Sacrifice to the Goddeſs *Bona*, there iſſued from the extinguiſhed Aſhes, that lay upon the Altar, a bright and mighty Flame, which the Veſtal Virgins, there preſent, aſſured her, portended a Length of Glory and Security to the Conſul. This at once turned the Scales, and Juſtice preponderated. Now was it true that *Tully* was actuated by theſe Impreſſions, ſo momentous in their Conſequences, nothing can excuſe *Salluſt*, (in his Omiſſion of this Story) from the Neglect of a principal Law of Hiſtory. And if we conſider *Terentia*'s Spirit, which was daring and ſubtle, and her Huſband's, vain and ſuperſtitious (from the Conjunction of which Tempers, moſt of the baſtard Miracles, father'd upon abuſed Nature, have proceeded) we have no Reaſon to ſuſpect its Truth. Muſt not we ſay then that *Salluſt* has here given an Inſtance of that common Weakneſs of our Nature, that betrays us into an unſuſpected Fault, while we endeavour to avoid its Oppoſite?

[6] THUS have I given an enlarged SPECIMEN of a SET of DISCOURSES I have now by me, on this great Hiſtorian. Perhaps, thoſe *few* who know how to make a right Uſe of Hiſtory, and the wiſe Reflections of the Ancients, may find their Account

[5] *Plutarch: in vita Cic. & D. Caſſius. Hiſt l.* 37.

[6] Indeed to have compleated this *Specimen* of my Thoughts on the *Advancement* of this Part of Literature, I ſhou'd have thrown together ſome Thoughts upon Tranſlation, into the modern Languages; one of the beſt Means of making thoſe Ancients more generally uſeful, as it is my Project in the preceding Diſcourſes to make them more rationally ſo. But I leave that to ſome abler Hand. Only this I can't but obſerve, that our *French* Neighbours have evinced their ſuperior Taſte in elegant and numerous Tranſlations of the beſt Part of Claſſical Antiquity: While we, the

Account in what I now preſent to them. For the *reſt*, I won't diſturb their Satisfaction in thoſe borrowed Scraps and Rhapſodies that bear the ſpecious Titles of REFLECTIONS, DISSERTATIONS, INTRODUCTIONS, *&c.* TO and ON THE CLASSICKS; which, after all, amount to little more than a Bookſeller's

the ſervile Copiers of their Follies, have patiently ſuffer'd this uſeful Part of Learning to be prophaned by ignorant and mercenary Undertakers. But the different Genius's of the two People are here ſeen very remarkably. The *Frenchman*, vigorous and enterprizing, is ambitious of Poſſeſſion; while we with a falſe Modeſty and Coldneſs, natural from our Climate, content ourſelves with a diſtant Admiration. This Neglect is the more inexcuſable, as our Claim to this Province is juſter, our Advantages greater, and our Invitations ſtronger than thoſe of our polite Rivals. For to whom do thoſe great Originals of Freedom and Virtue ſo juſtly belong, as to *Great Britain*, the Protector of Liberty and Light of Religion? Nor want we a Language that is brief, comprehenſive, nervous and majeſtic. For Languages always take their Characters from the Genius of a People. So that two the moſt diſtant States, thinking and acting with the ſame generous Love for Mankind, muſt needs have very near the *ſame Combinations of Ideas*. Now the Want of this Conformity in two Languages makes the great Difficulty of fine Tranſlation. And it is our Boaſt, that in this Conformity we approach the neareſt to ancient *Greece* and *Italy*. Nor let any one wonder that our heterogeneous Language ſhou'd have theſe Advantages in tranſlating from the *Latin*, which the *French* and *Italian* want, tho' the direct Deſcendants from that ancient Tongue; For if the Words *Virtu*, for Inſtance, and *Patrie*, raiſe commonly far different Ideas in the Minds of thoſe two People, from what *Virtus* and *Patria* did in a *Roman*, as I am ſure they do; what ſignifies the *Conformity* of Syllables and Letters?

But there are a Set of Men who value leſs the refined Speculations of *Greece*, and the haughty Virtue of *Rome*, than the *Pallium* of the one, and the *Toga* of the other. Theſe are poſſeſſed with a Kind of ſpecific Avarice for Words. They tell us that

> "*Their Stores are ſtampt, and in their Metal bear*
> "*The Antique Shapes of Kings and Keſars ſtrange and rare.*
>
> Spencer.

And it is their Care to preſerve them from being melted down for common and vulgar Uſes: For we are told that Words, tho' they be but the *Counters* of the Wiſe, are the *Money* of Fools. And ſo come the ſeveral Arts of weighing, waſhing, clipping, coining, or, in other Words, of *various Readings*, *Gloſſes*, *Corrections*, and *Emendations*, that waſte the anxious Hours of theſe *Greek* and *Roman* Mint-maſters. When, give

the

ſeller's Advertiſement, that ſuch *good* Books are to be purchaſed. Theſe are a beggarly Kind of ſmall Craft, that know no certain Courſe, but run about from Coaſt to Coaſt, juſt touch as they paſs by, but take their Accounts of what is up Land, from thoſe who pretend to have ventured further. Theſe are the only Adventurers we have in *Engliſh* Criticiſm, and ſuit our vain and lazy Humour moſt exactly; which wou'd know every Thing, and yet be at the Pains to examine nothing. But to expect great Diſcoveries from theſe, is the ſame as to hope new Worlds from the Sailor without Chart or Compaſs. Such are reſerved for thoſe who dare launch boldly out, and can ſkilfully conduct themſelves, thro' the Immenſity of general Knowledge.

As for theſe Home-ſpun Thoughts, all I have to ſay in their Recommendation is, that they are ſo. I had no Ambition for the Employment of pilfering Indexes, and common Places, to furniſh out a taudry glaring Patch-work. The Republic of Letters is already overſtocked with the Retailers of its Commodities, as well as the Civil; which under the beſt Regulations, can never make any real Increaſe of the Stock. Their preſent Uſe is, that our Rulers may raiſe a Tax from the itinerant Pedlar; and the Bookſeller, like the Receiver of ſtoll'n Goods, knows how to improve his Myſtery, by the choice Pack of the ſharping *Garreteer*. But their great Increaſe always predicts the certain Decay of Trade and Learning.

BUT the late *Royal Inſtitution for the Study of Modern Hiſtory*, has given a new *Æra* to the Reign of the Muſes.

the Man of Senſe his *Counters* methodically ranged, that, by their Place and Diſpoſition, he may regulate their Value, and he is not ſollicitous about the Metal or Impreſs; well knowing that the largeſt Sum may be as exactly calculated with Pieces of Wood or Copper, as of Ivory or Silver.

But the *Grammarians*, that they may ſtill amuſe themſelves in the barren Pleaſure of *Greek* and *Roman* Sounds, care not, tho' the World want Bleſſings given to the Service of every Age and People, by the Beneficence of thoſe great Originals. Whoſe Fate is not unlike that of ſome Iſlands which Travellers ſpeak of in the new World, that produce the moſt delicious Groves of Orange and Lemon-Trees, only to afford a Shade to the *Monkeys* and *Crocodiles* beneath.

UNDER

UNDER the Auſpices of another AUGUSTUS they ſhall regain their old Honours, and be once again the Favourites of Courts. Their Ill-habits ſhall be reform'd, their Manners poliſhed, and a Right Taſte laſtingly eſtabliſhed. For our *invincible Monarch*, after his accompliſhed Toils of Empire, has now got Time to reſpire, and to caſt his Eye upon the literary World; where the abject Condition of *Britiſh* Hiſtory, (which we have deſcribed above) caught his firſt Regard, and determined him to this moſt effectual Method to raiſe and enoble it. 'Tis ſurely then the Office of every one, that bears a Relation to Letters, and is zealous, as he ought, in any Capacity, to diſtinguiſh his Duty to *the Father of his Country*, to ſecond his gracious Intentions. It is my utmoſt Ambition to have it believed, that this engaged me in my preſent Labour. I imagined a better Foundation could not be laid for the Advancement of *Modern Hiſtory*, than in a right Intelligence of the *Ancient*. And it is Honour enough for me to be employed as an Under-Labourer, in clearing the Ground, and removing the Rubbiſh. This noble *Inſtitution* muſt produce the Maſter-Builders, to give us that finiſhed Body of *Engliſh* Hiſtory ſo long wanted, and till now deſpaired of.

AT leaſt I have Reaſon to expect, that as the Succeſſes of the *Britiſh* Arms, if we be provoked to employ them, will, without doubt, raiſe up amongſt us a plentiful Harveſt of Journaliſts and Hiſtorians, the foregoing Remarks may, perhaps, be of ſeaſonable Uſe to direct them in the moſt nice Detours of the Story; *the true Cauſes of Things*. That they no longer make ſuch bungling Work of it, as was ſcarce excuſable in their monkiſh Anceſtors, and ramble Abroad to the very Limits of the Univerſe, for Cauſes which are to be found much nearer Home, in the wiſe and ſteady Councils of our victorious Sovereign, the Effects of which now opening to the World, will be a better Proof than any given in the preceding Diſcourſe, of what great Things the human Mind alone is capable to perform; which, miſunderſtood by the admiring Many, has made Men fly to PRODIGIES for Explanation, and give a *Guardian Deity* to accompany the *Hero*.

SUCH

SUCH a Work alone wou'd be worth a *Royal Foundation*; but this has already procured far more important Advantages. THE UNIVERSITY, conquered by repeated Acts of Sovereign Favour, is become *ambitious* of receiving them; and with unfeigned Love and Gratitude *repeats* her numerous Obligations.

METHINKS I see her, like the mighty Eagle, renewing her *immortal Youth*, and purging her opening Sight, at the unobstructed Beams of our benign Meridian *SUN*; which some pretend to say had been dazzled and abused by an inglorious pestilential METEOR; while the ill-affected Birds of Night wou'd, with their envious Hootings, prognosticate a Length of Darkness and Decay.

The END

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F I N I S.

DEDICATION

OF THE

Two Tracts of a *Warburtonian*,

ADDRESSED BY THE EDITOR

TO A LEARNED CRITIC.

MY LORD,

IN the Fate of the two Tracts, which I have now the Honour of dedicating to your Lordſhip, there are ſome Circumſtances peculiarly intereſting to the Curioſity of Scholars, and to your own diſtinguiſhed Humanity. Like [1] Children, whom their Parents were afraid or aſhamed to acknowledge, they have long been condemned to wander about the World, unſheltered by the Authority of a great Name, and depending only upon the Force of their own inherent Merits, either to attract the Inquiſitive, or to propitiate the Cenſorious. Their Titles, indeed, ſometimes crept into the Corner of a Catalogue, and ſometimes were caught ſkulking upon the Shelf of a Collector. Throug' the Want, however, of that eager and open Support, which Authors generally give to their own Works, the Pamphlets themſelves are now become extremely ſcarce; and that Scarcity [2] has been ſhrewdly, or, if you pleaſe, my Lord,

L perverſely

[1] Ἐπεὶ δὲ τὸ ὅμοιον καὶ τὸ συγγενὲς ἡδὺ ἑαυτῷ ἄπαν, μάλιστα δ' ἀνθρώπος πρὸς ἑαυτὸν ἕκαστος, τοῦτο πέπονθεν, ἀνάγκη πᾶσιν φιλαύτους εἶναι· ἐπεὶ δὲ φιλαυτοι πᾶσιν, καὶ τὰ αὐτῶν ἀνάγκη ἡδέα εἶναι πᾶσιν, διον ἔργα, λόγους, διὸ φιλοκόλακες ὡς ἐπίπαν καὶ φίλοτιμοι καὶ φιλότεκνοι· αὐτῶν γὰρ ἔργα τὰ τέκνα. Vide Ariſtotelis Rhetoricam. Lib. I. Cap. II.

[2] In the Year 1765, when the Letter to Dr. Tho. Leland was become very ſcarce in England, it was republiſhed in Ireland, and placed between Leland

perverſely imputed, not ſo much to the Avidity of the Purchaſers, as to the Management of the Writer But, whatever may have been the Cauſe, the Fact is notorious, and therefore, in bringing them back to a Tribunal, from which they are ſuppoſed to ſhrink, I ſhall endeavour to reſcue them from that Oblivion, which ſometimes overtakes the beſt Publications, even at the Hazard of expoſing them to that Infamy, which is never inflicted but on the worſt.

The Predilection which your Lordſhip is known to entertain for Allegory, induces me to reſume the Simile upon which I had glanced in the preceding Paragraph. It were unneceſſary, I am ſure, to remind you, either, that, from *Peculiarities* in the Features and Diſpoſitions of Children, we often recognize their Parent: or, that, by the Similitude to himſelf, whether it be, of Excellence or Deformity, which the one diſcovers in the other, he is ſometimes inclined to cheriſh them with greater Affection. If, then, your Lordſhip ſhould deign to employ your critical Abilities upon the *Sophiſtry* and the *Virulence*, as well as upon the Ingenuity and Elegance, of theſe ſingular, but anonymous Compoſitions, you may have it in your Power to add to the Obligations which your ſtupendous Diſcoveries have already conferred upon the learned World, by favouring it with ſome ſatisfactory Conjecture about the Perſon by whom they were written. The Succeſs which you can *always* command in the Developement of complex Beauties, and the Detection of latent Faults—the occaſional and even involuntary Exerciſe of congenial Qualities, or congenial Talents—the Subverſion of ſome eſtabliſhed Opinion, or the Degradation of ſome elevated Character—any, or all, of theſe Cauſes, my Lord, may entice the Writer from the Obſcurity in which he has ſo long

Leland's Diſſertation upon Eloquence and the Defence. The Book is called, "Leland upon Eloquence", ſo that the Letter is not noticed in the Title Page. I ſhould ſuppoſe, that Leland republiſhed the whole Diſpute, to give the reaſoning of his Antagoniſt all the advantage of a more extenſive Circulation, and to prevent the renown of his Wit from fading too ſoon. I had the honour of receiving four Copies from Dr. Leland in the Year 1777: but the Book, I believe, has not often found it's way to England, as I never ſaw any Copies of it, except my own.

and

and ſo ſecurely lurked—may act irreſiſtibly upon his ſecret Partialities and his ſecret Averſions—may draw from him an ingenuous and direct Confeſſion, or, what is equally deciſive, a faint and awkward Denial. From your Sagacity, therefore, as well as, from your Compaſſion, I now aſk for that Protection, which is ſaid to have been hitherto refuſed by your *Prudence* and your Delicacy, to the deſerted Offspring of controverſial Zeal.

Of the Reputation, my Lord, which you have ſo long, and *they* [3] *ſay*, ſo deſervedly enjoyed, a large part is to be aſcribed to your inſatiable Love of Novelty: And a yet larger, it may be, to your matchleſs Dexterity in the Defence of [4] Theories, at once, fantaſtic and methodical—fantaſtic, I mean, without the Brilliancy of Invention, and methodical, without the Solidity of Logic. I am not, however, apprehenſive of any Contradiction, even from your Lordſhip, when I venture to pronounce theſe Tracts to have been produced by the ſame Underſtanding, to be marked by the ſame Spirit, and to have been directed to the ſame End. That Underſtanding, doubtleſs, was acute; that Spirit profeſſes, at leaſt, to be candid; and that End probably, according to your Lordſhip's Eſtimation, was in the higheſt Degree, honourable. It was to deliver two illuſtrious, but whimſical Hypotheſes, from the impertinent and tyrannical Intruſions of common Senſe. It was to unmaſk the Hypocriſy, and to ſubdue the Inſolence, of two impotent Sciolists, one of whom had *preſumed* to commend your Patron without Adulation, and the other, to confute him without Aſperity. It was to convince an undiſcerning and incredulous Public, that Warburton was an infallible Reaſoner, Leland a ſuperficial Trifler,

[3] I have borrowed this *qualifying* Phraſe from the Letter-writer to Dr. Leland, and I do not ſuſpect him of knowing, that Dr. Bentley, in his Controverſy upon Phalaris (Vide pag. 66 Edit. Lennep) has ſhewn the ſtrong affirmative Power of the word λέγεται.

[4] "If we aſk the Reaſon, it would ſeem to be owing to that ambitious "Spirit of Subtlety and Refinement which, as Quintilian obſerves, "puts Men upon teaching not what they believe to be true, but what, "from the Falſehood, or apparent Strangeneſs of the Matter, they expect "the Praiſe of Ingenuity from being able to defend". Vide Hurd's Note on the 410th Line of Horace's Art of Poetry.

and Jortin, a moſt daſtardly, a moſt inſidious, and a moſt malignant Calumniator.

Readers of illiterate and groveling Minds will, I am aware, ſtartle at theſe ſtrange and harſh Poſitions. In an Agony of Amazement and Indignation, they will exclaim, like your Lordſhip and D'orville, [5] *En cor Zenodoti, en jecur Cratetis.* But, by Men of more enlarged and more exalted Views—by Men of a *truly claſſical Taſte*, who ſpurn aſide the coarſe Beverage to be found in Greek Scholiaſts, in order to revel on the luxurious Dainties prepared by French Commentators—by Men of truly philoſophical Penetration, who are ambitious to underſtand their Virgil from Warburton, and their Horace from your Lordſhip—by all ſuch enterpriſing Critics, and all ſuch faſtidious Hypercritics, the Tribute of Admiration will be chearfully paid, both to the Magnificence of the Deſign, and the Felicity of the Execution.

Now, my Lord, it is not *quite* forgotten by Men of Letters, nor, probably, by your Lordſhip, that, in the earlier Stages of your literary and eccleſiaſtical Career, *you* did not diſdain to wield your Pen, whether offenſively or defenſively, in Favour of Biſhop Warburton. While Bigots were pouring forth their Complaints, and Witlings were levelling their Pleaſantry, againſt this formidable Innovator: While anſwerers trembled, and Readers ſtared: While Dunces were loſt in the mazes of his Arguments, and Scholars were confounded at the Hardineſs of his Aſſertions: You, my Lord, ſtood forth with an avowed Determination to ſhare alike his Danger and his Diſgrace. You affected to deſpiſe, even while you were endeavouring to repreſs, the Clamours of the unenlightened Herd, who ſaw, or pretended to ſee, Abſurdity in his Criticiſms, Heterodoxy in his Tenets, and Brutality in his Invectives. You made great Paradoxes leſs incredible, by exciting our Wonder at the *greater*, which were ſtarted by yourſelf. You taught us to ſet a juſt Value upon the Eccentricities of impetuous and untutored Genius, by giving us an Opportunity

[5] Vide D'orville Animadverſiones in Charit p. 399, and Hurd's Note on Line 97th of the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

to

to compare them with the *Trickeries* of cold and ſyſtematic Refinement. You tempted us almoſt to forget and to forgive, whatever was offenſive in noiſy and boiſterous Reproaches, by turning aſide our Attention to the more grating Sounds of quaint and ſarcaſtic Sneers.

Recollecting, therefore, the repeated Diſplays of your Ardour and your Proweſs, I cannot, my Lord, feel the ſmalleſt Reluctance in calling upon you for new and more undiſguiſed Exertions in an *old and a favourite* Cauſe. I think it even impoſſible for you to tarniſh the well earned Reputation, either of your Abilities as a Writer, or your Virtues as a Friend, by a deliberate and invincible Indifference to the future Celebrity of two Works, which, like theſe, are intimately connected with the Preſervation of Dr. Warburton's *true* Character, and, *perhaps*, of your own.

If ſuſpending, for the preſent, our Examination of the Spirit, which pervades your Writings, we proceed to conſider their Pretenſions as Compoſitions, wide is the Difference that appears between them, both in their [6] Excellencies and in their Faults.

He blundered againſt Grammar, and you refined againſt Idiom. He, from Defect of Taſte, contaminated Engliſh by Galliciſm, and you, from Exceſs of Affectation, ſometimes diſgraced what would have riſen to ornamental, and dignified Writing, by a profuſe Mixture of vulgar or antiquated Phraſeology. He ſoared into Sublimity *without* Effort, and you, *by* Effort, ſunk into a Kind of Familiarity, which, without leading to Perſpicuity, borders upon Meanneſs. He was great by the Energies of Nature, and you were little by the Miſapplication of Art. He, to ſhew his Strength, piled up huge and rugged Maſſes of Learning, and you, to ſhew your Skill, ſplit and ſhivered them into what your Brother Critic calls [7] ψήγματα

[6] The words which Longinus uſes in deſcribing the Character of Timæus, may, with a very little Change, be applied to Warburton, Ἀνὴρ τὰ μὲν πολλὰ ἱκανὸς, καὶ τῶν λόγων ἐνίοτε μέγεθος οὐκ ἄφρος· πολυΐστωρ, ἐπιστημικὸς, πλὴν ἀλλοτρίων μὲν ἐλεγκτικώτατος ἁμαρτημάτων, ἀντεπαισθητὸς· δὲ ἰδίων· ὑπὸ δὲ ἔρωτος τῆς ξένας νοήσεις ἀεὶ κυνῶν πολλάκις ἐκπίπτων εἰς τὸ παιδαριωδέστατον. Longin. Sect. 4.

[7] Vide Longin. Sect. 10.

καὶ ἀραιώματα. He ſometimes reached the Force of [s] Longinus, but without his Elegance, and you exhibited the Intricacies of Ariſtotle, but without his Exactneſs.

The Language of Warburton is, I believe, generally allowed to be abrupt, inartificial, and undiſciplined; irregular as the Mind of the Writer, and tinged with many diverſified Hues, from the rapid and uncertain Courſe of his extenſive and miſcellaneous Reading. As to your Lordſhip, whatever Likeneſs ſome prying and moroſe Obſervers may have traced between you and Vertumnus in the Verſatility of your Principles, the Compariſon muſt not be extended to the Features of your Style, concerning which, if we ſhould grant the *Mille Ornatus* to belong to it, we cannot add, without the groſſeſt Hypocriſy, or the moſt vitiated Taſte, *Mille decenter habet*. Let me, however, commend both you and the Biſhop of Glouceſter, where

[s] When a celebrated Commentary upon Horace was firſt publiſhed, Malone, Reed, Farmer, Tyrwhitt, Steevens, the two Wartons, Burke, and in his critical Capacity, Dr. Johnſon, had not come forward as the Guides of the Public Taſte. This is SOME ſort of Plea for ſetting Warburton at the Head of Engliſh Critics. I cannot ſo readily account for the Superiority aſſigned him over Longinus and Ariſtotle, unleſs the Commentator had read their Works, as Warburton was now and then ſuſpected of reading them, in a French Tranſlation. Our critic knew, "that it was *not every Wood, that will make a Mercury*", and yet he compliments Warburton, "as if Nobody would "diſpute the Fitneſs of that, which was growing ſo near the Altar." See Note on Line 15 of the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

The Commentator, it ſeems, was offended with Lipſius for "exalting "an Archbiſhop of Mecklin, with Pagan Complaiſance into the Order of "Deities". I wiſh to know, whether, if he had written the Dedication to Horace in Latin, he would have found it conſiſtent with his own Chriſtian Complaiſance, to have called Warburton a *Deus* in Criticiſm, juſt as Scævola calls *Craſſus in dicendo Deum*, and as Catulus calls Antonius *in diſpoſitione Argumentorum Deum* (Vid. Lib. 1 and 2 de Orat.) and as Cicero, in addreſſing the Senate after his Return from Exile, ſays of Lentulus, that he was the *Parens et Deus noſtræ vitæ, fortunæ, memoriæ, nominis, &c.* I am far from wiſhing to apologize for the ſhocking Adulation of Lipſius, or to recommend the abovementioned Uſe of *Deus* to a Modern Writer of Latin. But, I ſuſpect that no Man, who underſtands the Latin Language, will find more of the *Spirit* of Flattery in the Word *Deus* reſtrained and limited by its Subject, than in the pompous Pageantry of Praiſe ſpread by the Commentator over the Revd. Mr. Warburton, when the latter was advancing faſt towards a Biſhoprick.

Commend-

Commendation is due: and let me beſtow it, not with the thrifty and penurious Meaſure of a Critic by Profeſſion, nor yet, with the coldneſs and Languor of an envious Antagoniſt, but, with the ardent Gratitude of a Man, whom, after many a painful Feeling of Wearineſs and Diſguſt, you have refreſhed unexpectedly, and whom, as if by ſome ſecret Touch of Magic, you have charmed and overpowered with the moſt exquiſite Senſe of Delight. Yes, my Lord, in a few lucky and lucid Intervals between the Paroxyſms of your polemical Frenzy, all the laughable and all the loathſome Singularities which floated upon the Surface of your Diction, have in a Moment vaniſhed, while, in their Stead, Beauties equally ſtriking from their Suddenneſs, their Originality, and their Splendour, have burſt in a "Flood of Glory" upon the aſtoniſhed and enraptured Reader. Often has my Mind hung with Fondneſs and with Admiration over the crowded, yet clear and luminous Galaxies of Imagery diffuſed through the Works of Bp. Taylor, the mild and unſullied Luſtre of Addiſon, the variegated and expanded Eloquence of Burke, the Exuberance and dignified Eaſe of Middleton, the gorgeous Declamation of Bolingbroke, and the majeſtic Energy of Johnſon. But if I were to do Juſtice, my Lord, to the more excellent Parts of your own Writings and of Warburton's, I ſhould ſay that the Engliſh Language, even in its wideſt Extent, can not furniſh Paſſages more ſtrongly marked, either, by Grandeur in the Thought, by [b] Felicity in the Expreſſion, by Pauſes varied and harmonious, or by full and ſonorous Periods.

I muſt beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for a little ſeeming Irregularity in the Order of my Remarks. To ſeparate the Character of your ſpeculative Writings, whether in Criticiſm, or Theology, from the Merits of thoſe which are more purely and profeſſedly controverſial, is no eaſy Taſk. Warburton, in his rapid Marches and Counter-marches from profane Learning to ſacred, and from ſacred to profane, always found or created Opportunities, for ſkirmiſhing with ſome rival Novelty, or combating with gladiatorial Fierceneſs ſome inveterate, and

[b] See the Character of Bayle Sect 4th B. 1ſt of the D. L. Deſcription of the Inſpectors general over clerical Faith, P. 26. Vol. 3d. The different Characters of Eloquence P. 53 and 54 in the Doctrine of Grace, and above all, the Repreſentation of the Chriſtian Church in the Introduction to Julian Edit. 1751.

Inſtead of referring particularly to beautiful Paſſages in Warburton's Friend, I ſhall only ſay, that ſome may be gleaned, here and there, even in his critical Writings, that many are to be found in thoſe which treat of Politics, and more, when he aſcends to Subjects of Morality and Religion.

therefore obnoxious [1] Opinion. In many, alſo, of the Publications aſcribed to your Lordſhip, as well as in thoſe of your Patron, it may be obſerved, that you ſeldom diſpute without an Itch for Criticiſm, and ſeldom criticiſe without a Rage for Diſpute. Pardon me, however, if, ſummoning the whole Force of my Mind, I thus balance you and the Bp. of G. as your Admirers, if they had dipped into Perſius, would exclaim, *In raſis antithetis*.

To grapple with the unwieldy, was among the Frolicks of Warburton, whilſt your Lordſhip toiled in chaſing the ſubtle. He often darkened the Subject, and you perplexed it. He, by the Boldneſs and Magnitude of his Conceptions, overwhelmed our Minds with Aſtoniſhment, and you, by the Singularity and Nicety of your Quibbles, *benumbed* them with Surprize. In him, we find our intellectual Powers expanded and invigorated by the full and vivid Repreſentation which he *ſometimes* holds up, both of common and uncommon Objects, while you, my Lord, contrive to cramp and to cripple them by all the tedious Formalities of minute and ſcrupulous Analyſis. He ſcorned every Appearance of ſoothing the Reader into Attention, and you failed in almoſt every Attempt to *decoy* him into Conviction. He inſtructed, even where he did not perſuade, and you, by your petulant and contemptuous Gibes, diſguſted every Man of Senſe, whom you might otherwiſe have amuſed by your curious and ſhewy Conceits.

Converſant as I may be in the moſt celebrated Writings of the Warburtonian Sect, I confeſs myſelf unable to expatiate after your Lordſhip's Manner, upon their romantic Freaks of Affectation or Spleen in the Choice of their Subjects—upon the ſtately Array, or the groteſque Machinery of their Arguments—upon the wanton Coruſcations of their Metaphors, and the "baſeleſs Fabrics of their Viſions" in *Allegories* and *double Senſes*—upon the rambling Digreſſions into which we are diverted, and the intricate Labyrinths in which we are bewildered by their Notes—upon the luxuriant and vicious, as well as upon the more chaſte and more happy Embelliſhments of their Style. I leave therefore this Land of Phantoms and Wonders to be explored by ſome dainty Commentator, who, like Launcelot [2], "hath planted in his Memory an Army of good Words," and who, like your Lordſhip, "would for a trickſy Phraſe defy the "Matter." Let me, however, drop a few Remarks upon thoſe unſparing and undiſtinguiſhing Sallies of Ridicule which

[1] The Biſhop would have ſaid Prejudice. The Authorities of Fletcher and Bacon protect the Word *inveterate* from the Charge of Latiniſm.

[2] See Merchant of Venice.

have

have been employed, ſometimes to adorn, and ſometimes to *enforce* both the "* light and the ſolid Whimſies," both the Critical Chimeras, and the Theological Dogmas of the Warburtonian School.

Wit was in Warburton the ſpontaneous Growth of Nature, while, in your Lordſhip, it ſeemed to be the forced and unmellowed Fruit of Study. He, in theſe lighter Exertions, ſtill preſerved his Vigour, as you, in your greater, ſeldom laid aſide your Flippancy. He, perhaps with better Succeſs than Demoſthenes, ſeized the *famam Dicacis*, and you, with Succeſs not quite equal, aimed at the Praiſe of † Urbanity. He flamed upon his Readers with the Brilliancy of a Meteor, and you ſcattered around them the Scintillations [3] of a Firebrand.

But in the Treatment of your reſpective, or, I ſhould rather ſay, your common Antagoniſts, the Similarity of your Prejudices was a little obſcured by the Inequality of your Talents.

Some of the Diſputants, whom Warburton would have ſcared with ferocious Defiance, you, my Lord, condeſcended only to inſult with cool Deriſion. Others, whom he would have cruſhed by dogmatical Contradiction, you were content to teaſe by captious Miſrepreſentation. He, from his towering and diſtant Heights, ruſhed down upon his Prey, and, diſdaining the oſtentatious Prodigalities of Cruelty, deſtroyed it at a Blow. But you, my Lord, contracting, as it were, and diſtorting the nobler Shape which Nature had really beſtowed upon you, took, what to ſome may appear a perverſe and abject Pleaſure, in crawling upon the Earth. Yet, in this very Choice of Situation, Artifice was blended with Whim: For, you entered upon it as a Sort of Vantage-Ground well adapted to your Purpoſe, that you might ſpring upon an Enemy more ſuddenly, and pierce him more ſurely: That you might protract or ſhorten his Torments, at your own capricious Will: That you might ſharpen them to try the Senſibility of the Sufferer, or allay them, when your Juſtice, ſhall I ſay? or your Anger, was ſatiated.

And here, my Lord, inſtead of puſhing any farther the Contraſt between you, in Points where you appear unlike

* See Prior's Alma. Book 2d.

† Vide Quintil. Lib. 6. Cap. 3.

3 Having riſqued two Metaphors in this Paragraph, I was prevented by my Fear of his Lordſhip's critical Artillery from borrowing a third, to inſert in the Text. But I am ready to give up either or both of them to my Readers, if, adopting the much ſtronger Phraſeology of a much greater Writer than I am, they will ſay, that "in his Lordſhip "we are provoked at the Venom of the Shaft, but in Warburton are ter"rified at the Strength of the Bow". See Johnſon's Character of Junius in his Political Tracts.

or unequal, I ſhall, for a Moment, look back to ſome particulars in which the Reſemblance between you was moſt conſpicuous. Thoſe Particulars are to be found, in your eager Propenſity to ſtart aſide from the regular and common orbit of Opinion upon every plain, every abſtruſe, every trifling, and every important Subject—in your arbitrary and abrupt Deviations from the eſtabliſhed and common Forms of Language —in your unbounded Admiration of each other, and in your unrelenting Scorn of every contemporary Writer, by whom you ſeemed to be leſs admired, than you were by yourſelves. Surely my Opinion does not claſh with any critical Canons promulgated by your Lordſhip, when I call *ſuch* Reſemblance a clear and unequivocal Proof of Imitation.

The Claims of Warburton to Originality, in ſome of his Remarks upon the Philoſophers of Antiquity, ſome of his Emendations upon our great Tragedian, and ſome of his boaſted Diſcoveries in the Science of [4] Theology have, as your Lordſhip knows, not been indiſcriminately and implicitly admitted. I appeal to your Candour, my Lord, and, if that ſhould fail me, to your Recollection, for the Accuracy of my Aſſertion, when I add, that ſeveral of thoſe Claims have not only been diſputed by the malignant Officiouſneſs of Envy, but invalidated and ſometimes overthrown by the Rigours of impartial Criticiſm. For my Part, however, I am diſpoſed to pardon

[4] The Letter-writer to Leland ſays, that "the unpopular Cry "againſt Warburton is in this Country ſilenced, that Men of Senſe and "Judgment, now conſider his Paradoxes as very harmleſs, nay as very "ſober and certain Truths, and even vie with each other in building upon "them the moſt juſt and rational Vindication of our Religion". This he repreſents "as the preſent State of Things with us, and eſpecially they ſay "in the two Univerſities of this Kingdom". Now I reſided in one of the Univerſities ſoon after the Time, at which this Letter was publiſhed: I have ſince viſited many learned and inquiſitive Friends in the Siſter Univerſity: I have had the Honour of converſing pretty much at large with Men of Letters in the World: I have often been preſent when the Paradoxes of Warburton were diſcuſſed in Converſation, and yet, I *never* heard the ſlighteſt Whiſper about that complete Revolution in the publick Opinion, which our Letter-writer ſo peremptorily aſſerts and ſo triumphantly deſcribes. After all, Men of Candour will only ſmile at theſe *honeſta et miſericordia mendacia*, when employed to prop up a tottering Cauſe; and perhaps Men of Refinement may conſider them as "a true Rhetorical Payment," very fit to be accepted by a Dublin Profeſſor of Oratory. Our Letter-writer "was called upon for his Reckoning, "and he diſcharged it," not with Argument or Fact, but with Rhetorical Hyperbole. What was the Conſequence? "He who had not ſpared "the Biſhop, demoliſhed" the Letter-writer—See D. L. vol. 5. P. 420.

and

and even to applaud the ruffian Plunders of an [5] Adventurer, who from the Stores of his own capacious and active Mind was able to enrich and dignify his Spoils—to mould them into various and ſtriking Forms---to deck them with new and becoming Ornaments, and apply them to Purpoſes, at once, the moſt unexpected and the moſt ſplendid. But, upon the petty Larcenies of his "[6] Servile Imitators," upon the [7] Plagiariſms

[5] I have adopted this Expreſſion from Biſhop Hallifax, who, in the ſame Paſſage, ſtiles Warburton "the moſt illuſtrious Author of the Age." What Biſhop Hallifax really is in the Republic of Learning, it can be no Diſgrace for any other Scholar to be, and therefore I ſhall, without Heſitation, apply "to the moſt illuſtrious Author of the Age," the Name of an "Adventurer". Biſhop Warburton in the Dedication of the 3d Vol. of the Divine Legation, repreſents himſelf, as "ſeized with "that Epidemical Malady of idle viſionary Men, "the projecting to "inſtruct and inform the Public". See Preface to the laſt Edition of three Sermons publiſhed at Cambridge, by Dr. Hallifax, and the Dedication of Vol. 3d. of the D. L.

[6] Vid. Remarks on Hume's Eſſay, P. 13.

[7] My Meaning will be explained by the following Quotation which I give at length, as the Book, from which it is taken, has become ſcarce.

'While the Biſhop is puffing and celebrating himſelf without Grace 'or Modeſty for this wonderful Atchievement on Virgil; which he 'has accompliſhed with the aid of Meurſius, he vouchſafes to drop 'ſome little Dew of Praiſe on a certain Zany of his; and draws that 'little from Mr. Addiſon, on whoſe Ruin this puny (I mean able) Cri-'tic's Glory is to be reared; as the ſaid Zany had reared the great 'Mountebank's on having totally eclipſed Ariſtotle and Longinus. "It "was not thus (ſays Quintus Fleſtrin; that is, not as Mr. Addiſon has "done;) that an able Critic lately explained Virgil's noble Allegory in "the beginning of the Third Georgic", &c. 'It was not indeed; for 'Mr. Addiſon looked into himſelf and his own Ideas only; the able 'Critic (forgetting Perſius's Rule, *ne te quæſiveris extra)* looked into 'F. Catrou: In whom he found all that his Maſter ſo applauds, and 'exalts, only not quite ſo fine-drawn and wire-drawn. Pox take thoſe 'Raſcals who lived before us; ſaid a pleaſant Fellow: They have ſtolen 'and run away with all the good Things I ſhould have ſaid. 'Tis all 'the Meurſius's and Catrou's are good for. When the late D. of R. 'kept wild Beaſts, it was a common Diverſion to make two of his Bears 'drunk (not metaphorically with Flattery; but literally with ſtrong 'Ale) and then daub them over with Honey. It was excellent Sport to 'ſee how, lovingly (like a couple of Critics) they would lick and claw 'one another'. Vide. Confuſion worſe confounded. P. 74.

of

of thoſe, who pilfered, becauſe they could not invent, and diſguiſed, becauſe they could not improve; upon Poverty ſcreened by Oſtentation, and Arrogance leagued with Fraud, every intelligent Reader muſt look down with Emotions of juſt and poignant Contempt.

There is one advantageous Point of View, my Lord, in which ſome diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtics of Warburton preſs themſelves upon my Notice, and, in Reſpect to which, I muſt leave ſome abler Writer to draw the Parallel between you and your ſuppoſed Archetype, *ſo far* as ſuch a Parallel may be conſiſtent with Decorum and with Truth.

The Biſhop of Glouceſter, amidſt all his Fooleries in Criticiſm and all his Outrages in Controverſy, certainly united a moſt vigorous and comprehenſive Intellect with an open and a generous Heart. As a Friend, he was, what your Lordſhip experienced, zealous and conſtant: And as an Enemy, he properly deſcribes himſelf to have been [8] choleric, but not implacable. He, my Lord, threw a Cloud over no Man's brighter Proſpects of Proſperity or Honour, by dark and portentous Whiſpers in the Ears of the Powerful. He, in private Company, blaſted no Man's good Name, by ſhedding over it the cold and deadly Mildews of Inſinuation. He was too magnanimous to undermine, when his Duty or his Humour prompted him to overthrow. He was too ſincere to diſguiſe the natural Haughtineſs and Irritability of his Temper under a ſpecious Veil of Humility and Meekneſs. He never thought it expedient to ſave Appearances by ſhaking off the "[9] Shackles of Conſiſtency" ---to ſoften the hideous Aſpect of certain uncourtly [1] Opinions by a calm and progreſſive Apoſtacy--- to expiate the artleſs and animated Effuſions of his Youth, by the Example of a temporizing and obſequious old Age. He began not his Courſe, as others have done, with ſpeculative Republicaniſm, nor did he end

[8] See the Concluſion of Dr. Warburton's Letter to Dr. Lowth dated Wincheſter, Sept. 17, 1756.

[9] See Page 100 of the Remarks on Hume.

[1] I am told by one, whom I eſteem the beſt Greek Scholar in this Kingdom, and to whom the Hat of Bentley would have "vailed", that many notable Diſcoveries might be made by comparing the variæ Lectiones, the Clippings and the Filings, the Softenings and the Varniſhings, of ſundry conſtitutional Doctrines, as they crept by little and little into the different ſucceſſive Editions of certain Political Dialogues.

it, as the ſame Perſons are now doing, with practical Toryiſm. He was a Churchman without Bigotry---He was a Politician without Duplicity—He was a Loyaliſt without Servility.

Such, my Lord, on the brighter Side of his Character, was the Champion under whoſe Banners you enliſted: And if, in the eager Purſuit of Glory, you, ſometimes, appeared to ſwerve a little from the Precepts of a benevolent Religion: If you trampled, inadvertently no doubt, upon the eſtabliſhed Decorums of civilized Life: Nay, if you ruſhed, ſomewhat, beyond the liceñſed Violences of critical and theological War, yet, my Lord, it is in the Power of Obſervers, diſpaſſionate and impartial as I am, to urge in your behalf ſome Pleas, the *Truth* of which will not haſtily be diſputed.

The diſtinguiſhing Virtues even of the beſt Men, may, for a Time, be eclipſed by particular Situation. While, therefore, we allow your Lordſhip all the Praiſe, which is due to habitual Diſcretion and conſtitutional Gentleneſs, we are by no means ſurpriſed, that, in the Service of ſuch a Leader, you were now and then hurried into Raſhneſs, ſharpened into Acrimony, or betrayed into Illiberality. We rather lament, that the better Propenſities of your Mind were ſuſpended, and, indeed, overborne, by the Faſcination of Warburton's Example, the Sternneſs of his Commands, and, with all due Reverence let me add, the tremendous Severity of his Threats. We mourn over the common Infirmities of human Nature itſelf, when we recollect, that, with a Temper, which effectually preſerved you from the tumultuous Fervours of Enthuſiaſm, and with Talents, which might have procured you Succeſs in the regular and ordinary courſe of controverſial Hoſtilities, you were diſpoſed, or, I would rather ſay, *deſtined* to become the Herald of the ſturdieſt Knight Errant, that ever ſallied out in Queſt of literary Cruſades.——To become the Apologiſt, nay, the Avenger of a ſtaunch Polemic, who attacked with blind and headſtrong Fury, the moſt unexplored Faſtneſſes of Impiety, and the moſt venerable Citadels of Truth.—To become the Drudge of an imperious taſk Maker, who finding himſelf accompanied by a Train of feeble and officious Dwarfs, ſummoned them by his fierce Mandates to plunge with him into every Difficulty—to triumph with him in every Victory—to make a diſplay of their

their Fidelity or their Zeal in every wild and deſperate Atchievement, which he was himſelf emboldened to undertake, by the Conſciouſneſs of his own gigantic Strength. " The Staff " of his Spear was like a Weavers Beam, and one bearing a " Shield" always " went before him." From this Paragraph, my Lord, you may perceive, that, however fearful I may be of offending you by coarſe and extravagant Flattery, yet, I can, upon a proper Occaſion, ſtep forth to ſhelter you from exceſſive and undiſtinguiſhing Reproach; that I can *palliate* the Failings, which it were ſhameleſs to deny: And that I can at leaſt *explain* thoſe Peculiarities, which, in Terms of direct and unqualified Approbation, it might ſtagger even your Lordſhip's Reſolution to defend.

The Succeſs, indeed, with which I have juſt now aſſumed the Language of an Advocate, induces me to venture upon the more arduous, but more pleaſing Taſk of an Encomiaſt. With your Lordſhip's Permiſſion, then, I will contraſt the ſullen Obſtinacy, or, if you pleaſe, the delicate reſerve of our Letter-Writer, with the Frankneſs and Magnanimity of the Biſhop of Litchfield.

This Prelate, it ſeems, had formerly publiſhed ſome anonymous Remarks upon Mr. David Hume's Natural Hiſtory of Religion. Our Letter-Writer, alſo, profeſſes to " have his Reaſons for addreſſing Dr. Leland in a public Manner", without informing him explicitly, [2] *who* he was. Thus far then each of theſe Combatants acted with prudence, in beginning their " Deeds without a Name." But in the Sequel of their Hiſtory, we ſhall have Reaſon to conſider, the one as a Hero, and the other as a Coward.

Hume, in ſome Materials that he had prepared for the Hiſtory of his own Life, ventured to ſpeak peeviſhly and ſlightingly of the above mentioned Remarks, as breathing forſooth! the ſpi-

[2] Whatever the Practice of the Warburtonians may be, Warburton gives this Account of himſelf. " I am a plain Man, and on my firſt " Appearance in this way, I told my Name, and who I belonged to". Preface to the Defence of the D. L.

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rit of the Warburtonian [3] School, and as written by Dr. Hurd. What was the Conſequence? Why—the Dr. (now Bp. of L. and C.) graciouſly permitted his Bookſeller to republiſh thoſe Remarks, boldly acknowledged the juſtneſs of Hume's conjectures as to the Writer, and *wiſely* reſerved the Privilege of "[4] explaining himſelf, if he ſhould think it worth his while, more particularly on the Subject."

[3] Among the numerous Peculiarities of the Warburtonian School, none are more ſtriking or more offenſive, than the extravagant applauſe which the Diſciples beſtow upon their great Maſter. I have now and then met with ſober-minded and impartial Critics, by whom the Bp. of L. himſelf is thought not quite exempt from the Sin of Flattery, eſpecially in his Dedication to the ſecond Volume of Horace, where he repreſents Criticiſm, as advanced under the Auſpices of Warburton to that "full "Share of Glory", which it had not reached by the Labours of a Longinus and an Ariſtotle. Now to ſoften a little the Impreſſion, which ſuch violent Language may make upon the Mind of the Reader, I would refer him to the Introduction to the Remarks on David Hume, where, (as in Pages 9 and 10) the Writer arrogates to himſelf the Merit of "judging more freely and more ſeverely of Warburton than perhaps "his Enemies themſelves", declares himſelf the "laſt Man in the "World, who out of a Fondneſs for Warburton's *Notions* would neglect "or betray any uſeful Truth", and in ſhort, repreſents himſelf as "one "who weighs his Arguments without conſidering his Authority, or even "the diſgrace he might be thought to incur from the Confutation of them". After peruſing the Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Pages, the Reader, if he has taſte enough to be a Commentator, will be charmed at the *Addreſs* of this complimentary Introduction, and, if he happens to be a Scholar, he may be tempted to apply to a certain modern Character, what "Experience reaching to ſomething like pro-"phetic Strain", ſuggeſted to the Mind of two ancient Writers.

Ὁ δὲ πάνυ ἐστὶν οὐτῶ πανεργάλαος, αἰσθανόμενος τὴν παῤῥησίαν ᾗ λογομένην ᾗ δοκοῦσαν ἰδίαν εἶναι φωνὴν ὥς περί τινος ζώου τῆς φιλίας, τὸ δὲ ἀπαῤῥησιάζεσθαι, ἀφιλον ᾗ ἀγενὲς, οὐδὲ ταυτὴν ἀμείμητον ἀπολέλοιπεν, ἀλλ' ὥσπερ οἱ δεινοὶ τῶν ὀψοποιῶν τοῖς πικραῖς χυμοῖς ᾗ αὐστηροῖς ἡδύσμασι χρῶνται, τῶν γλυκέων ἀφειμένοις· τὸ πλήσιμον, οὕτως, οἱ κόλακες, οὐκ ἀηθινὸν οὐδ' ὠφέλιμον, ἀλλ' ὦον. ἐπιλωπήσασαν ἐξ ὀφρύος καὶ γαργαλίζουσαν ἀτεχνῶς παῤῥησίαν προσφέρουσιν. Plutarch. de adul. & amic. Diſcrim. p. 51. Edit. Xyland.

Aperte adulantem nemo non videt, niſi qui admodum eſt excors. Callidus ille et occultus ne ſe inſinuet, ſtudioſe cavendum eſt: nec enim facillime agnoſcitur, quippe qui etiam adverſando ſæpe aſſentetur; et litigare ſe ſimulans blandiatur atque ad extremum det manus, vincique ſe patiatur, ut is qui illuſus ſit, plus vidiſſe videatur. Cicero de Amicitia Par. 26.

[4] See Mr. Cadell's Preface.

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In a [5] Note replete with Vivacity and Erudition, Jortin chaſtized the Impertinence of the anonymous Letter-writer on the Delicacy of Friendſhip. Leland, alſo, in a Tone of manly Indignation, laid bare the Cavils, and baffled the Invectives, of the ſame pert and ſpiteful Pamphleteer, after he had pretended to "reduce the Rhetorick of his Antagoniſt to "Reaſon, and to pick up the looſe Ends of his Arguments "as he found them any where come up in the Chapters of "his Book." But the Efforts of theſe injured Men, to do themſelves Juſtice, were not followed by the ſame Effects, which Mr. Hume's Complaint had produced on the nobler Mind of his Anſwerer. The Zeal of Dr. Hurd had not cooled by Time: His Fidelity was not diminiſhed by Change of Station: His Courage was yet unſhaken and worthy of his Cauſe. For, upon the firſt Tidings of the obnoxious Sentence in Mr. Hume's Life, he deſpiſed it as a Calumny; he braved it as a Challenge; and then, he, without Heſitation, dropped his Maſk; he threw aſide the [6] ἄσημα ὅπλα which he had before carried into the Field, and buckling on his truſtieſt Armour, he renewed the Battle.

[7] Ζεὺς πατὴρ ἐπ' ἀσπίδος
Σπαδαῖος ἥκει διὰ χερὸς βέλος φλέγων.

Our [8] Letter-writer, on the contrary, ſeems to have been intimidated at the firſt Approach of the Foes, whom he had

[5] This Note is printed among the Teſtimonia Auctorum, and exemplifies the Juſtneſs of Quintilian's Obſervation. "Acutior eſt illa atque velocior in urbanitate brevitas, cujus quidem duplex eſt forma dicendi ac reſpondendi. Sed ratio communis in parte; nihil enim in laceſſendo dici poteſt, quod non etiam in repercutiendo." Vide Quintil. de Riſu Lib. 6. Cap. 3.

[6] Vid. Eurip. Phoeniſs. Vers. 1129.

[7] Vid. Æſchyl. Sep. Con. Theb. vers. 518.

[8] I have aſſumed, that the Letter to Dr. Leland and the Diſſertation on the Delicacy of Friendſhip were the Coinage of the ſame Mint, for they bear the ſame Impreſſion of Petulance and Cavil. As the Diſſertation is addreſſed to Dr. Jortin in an epiſtolary Form, I call the Author of it the "Letter-writer." But the Reader is deſired not to be precipitate in confounding this anonymous Letter-writer with the Remarker on Mr. Hume whoſe Name is known. I have myſelf ſo diſtinguiſhed them, as to give no Encouragement to the invidious Surmiſe, that the Letters, and the Remarks were not written by *different* Perſons.

wantonly

Wantonly provoked- -He retreated from the Conteſt with a Caution not leſs inglorious than the Precipitation with which he had engaged in it---He did not condeſcend to republiſh his Railings---He did not attempt to vindicate his Miſrepreſentations---He did not dare to diſcover his Name. When Leland oppoſed him with Arguments, and Jortin haraſſed him with Wit, he had neither the Spirit to reply, nor the Honeſty to retract.

Now, my Lord, it ſeems to me a Taſk of no great Difficulty to explain this Difference of Conduct, in the Prelate, and the Letter-writer. David Hume, we are told, and upon the Authority of one, whoſe Productions are *notoriouſly* exempt from the ſame Charges—David Hume, was a "[9] captious verſatile "and evaſive Writer. He was a puny Dialectician from the "North, who came to the attack with a beggarly Troop of rout-"ed Sophiſms. He was the philoſophic Head of a philoſophic "Gang, who dealt in mere [1] Pedlars Wares of Matter and "Motion." He, it ſhould ſeem, was not worthy of "elabo-"rate Animadverſions adapted to the Inſtruction or Enter-"tainment of learned Readers," though his Anſwerer, doubtleſs, was capable of writing ſuch Animadverſions, whenſoever the Dignity of the Subject, or the Talents of his Adverſary, ſhould require it. But an Hour, even a "vacant Hour" when employed by Dr. Richard Hurd "was fully ſufficient to ex-"poſe to the Laughter of *every Man that could read*, the Fu-"tility, Licence and Vanity of Mr. David Hume." All this *had* been ſaid *once*, and therefore *might* be ſaid *again* with equal Effect. It was ſaid juſtly the firſt Time, for David Hume was an Infidel: and it was ſaid moſt properly a ſecond Time, for Dr. Hurd was now a Biſhop. But our Letter-

[9] The Reader will find theſe choice Expreſſions in the ſeventh, the eleventh, and fourteenth and twenty-firſt Pages of the Remarks on Hume's Eſſay. Indeed, "the whole Thing is full of Curioſities." Page. 15.

[1] "Aſk the Critic in what Caſes tropical and figurative Expreſſions "are Faults in Compoſition. He anſwers, when they are groſs "and indelicate; puerile or frigid: or when they are diſproportioned "and utterly unſuitable to the Subject. He tells you, for Inſtance, that "if

writer "[2] had to do" (as Warburton ſays) with Antagoniſts of a different Claſs. The Biographer of Philip of Macedon, and the Author of Remarks upon Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory had a Right to expect, from their clerical Opponent, a milder and more reſpectful[3] Treatment, than that, which the Bp. of L. had given to a Sceptic, who ſcoffed at all the Principles of Religion, and who had endeavoured to looſen the ſtrongeſt Obligations of Morality. Even the atrocious Guilt of diſſenting from Bp. Warburton had not entirely effaced the Remembrance of their Attainments as Scholars, or of their Virtues as Chriſtians. By the general Suffrage of the Public, and, I ſuſpect, my Lord, in the *ſecret* Eſtimation of the Letter-writer, theſe two excellent Men were not to be annoyed *again and again* by the poiſonous Arrows of Slander, and bereaved of the ſacred Rights of Reputation, with *perpetual* Impunity to an unſeen, unbluſhing, unfeeling Accuſer.

To the[4] Remarker, who eloquently talks of borrowing his Sword from Warburton, becauſe Warburton had "[5] borrowed it from the Sanctuary," I would not uncharitably impute any lurking Bias towards the baſe and perilous Maxim, that "Means are ſanctified by Ends." But, if the venial Prejudices of the Public preſent him with Advantages of another Kind, why ſhould he not avail himſelf of them? The Glare of an

"if DEMOSTHENES really uſed ſuch Metaphors as thoſe, which his Ad-"verſary objects to him, "*The State is packed up and matted.*" They "*thread us like Needles* &c." He juſtly incurs the Cenſure of adopting "groſs and illiberal Similitudes on an Occaſion, which required Decency "and Gravity". Cap. 5. p. 31. Edit Quart. Leland on the Principles of Human Eloquence.

[2] See Preface to the Divine Legation, publiſhed 1740.

[3] If the Letter-writer be as well verſed in Quintilian, as the Commentator upon Horace is ſuppoſed to be, he might remember, though late, this inſtructive Paſſage. Quidam ſunt ita receptæ Auctoritatis et notæ verecundiæ, ut nocitura ſit in eos dicendi petulantia. Quintilian. Lib. 6. Cap. 3.

[4] I am not quite ſatisfied with this Word, though Johnſon in his Dictionary, affixes to it the Authority of Watts. I uſe it from Neceſſity, or at leaſt, for the Sake of avoiding the tireſome Periphraſis of ſaying, "the Writer of the Remarks."

[5] Page ſeven of the Remarks on Hume.

Author's

Author's Situation is apt to dazzle common Readers, and to hide from their View the Deformities of his Writings. When the "diſcordant Din and Clamour of Ignorance and Prepoſ-" ſeſſion have been raiſed againſt a Writer, they prepare the "Way for the divine and [6] conſentient Harmony of Praiſe" in Favour of every Aſſailant, who ſupplies the Want of Strength by Agility or Venom. Amidſt theſe, or ſimilar Circumſtances, a ſkilful Diſputant will find it eaſy to exerciſe his Craftineſs, and even to glut his Ill-nature, without appearing, in the Eyes of ſuperficial Obſervers, to ſacrifice his Impartiality or his Candour. And if the Cauſe which he defends, ſhould happen to be juſt, as well as popular, he need not be very ſcrupulous about the *Manner* of defending it. Thus, my Lord, the foulеſt [7] Scurrilities, when hurled by the Hand

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[6] See Hurd's Note on line 63 of the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

[7] Let me aſſure the Reader, that I have examined Mr. Hume's Eſſays with too much Attention, either to be ſeduced by their fallacious Reaſonings, or to be indifferent about their deſtructive Conſequences to the ſacred Intereſts of Morality and Religion. But, while I enter this ſincere and ſolemn Proteſt againſt the philoſophical Tenets of a moſt able, but moſt dangerous Writer, I cannot indiſcriminately approve of the Temper in which our Remarker had been pleaſed to "maintain the "moſt awful Truths, and exemplify the Impreſſion made upon the Wri-"ter's own Heart." Vid. Pag. 12 of the Remarks.

I do not juſtify in all Inſtances, the real or affected Moderation of thoſe, who would "Combat flagitious Tenets with Serenity." But I have my doubts, how far, upon ſuch momentous and awful Topics, the *multæ et cum gravitate facetiæ* can be employed with Propriety, and thoſe Doubts are certainly not at all removed by the Experiment of the Right Reverend Remarker upon Mr. Hume's Eſſay. The Religioniſt, as well as the Orator, ne dicet quidem falſe, quoties poterit, et dictum potius aliquando perdet, quam minuet auctoritatem. Vitabit ne petulans, ne ſuperbum, ne loco, ne tempori alienum videatur. Vid. Quintil. Lib. 6. Cap. 3. But, to paſs over from the Remarker to our Letter-writer, the latter I believe, will not give *me* a place in his Catalogue of "ſoft Divines and courtly Controverſialiſts." Inſtead, however, of retorting the Compliment, I ſhall "take leave" to quote in my Behalf, the Anſwer of a Spartan, which Plutarch has recorded, and which the Rt. Reverend Remarker, if he had ſtumbled upon it, might have deigned, perhaps, to place in the front of his Strictures upon Hume's Eſſay. ἐκπεπομφὼς χαλλαν τῷ βασιλέως, πῶς ἦλθε, ἔφη, χρησὸς; ὡς οὐδὲ τὰς πυρρὰς πυκνὰς ἔχει. Plutarch.

of a Biſhop againſt a reputed Atheiſt, would be received with the loudeſt Burſts of Applauſe. But, ſurely, the loudeſt Storms of public Odium would beat around the Head of the ſatyrical Sophiſt, if he ſhould, a ſecond Time, venture to let looſe his Petulance and his Virulence againſt two Characters *leſs* injurious than the Atheiſt to the Intereſts of Society, and leſs offenſive to the Feelings of the Wiſe and Good. In vain would the Offender exclaim, that he was "only in Sport"—that he had "put forth only half his Might"—that he meant only to pelt his Adverſaries with trim Urbanity, with oblique Inſinuation, and all the lighter miſſive Weapons of the controverſial Armoury.

While, therefore, we commend the Modeſty of Bp. Hurd, when, by the Mouth of his *Bookſeller*, he "[8] declares himſelf "ſorry, that he could not take upon himſelf the whole Infamy "of the Charge brought againſt him by Mr. Hume," we are at no Loſs to account for the Caution of the Letter-writer, when he forbears to plead guilty by *his own* Mouth to the weightier Charges, which had been alledged againſt him by a Leland and a Jortin. And, in Truth, my Lord, the Charge of having calumniated *ſuch Men in ſuch a Manner*, is ſo very formidable, that, even among the bigotted Admirers of Warburton, *not more than one* can be found, with ſufficient Effrontery to defy the whole Infamy, or ſufficient Ingenuouſneſs to confeſs, that he deſerved only a Part.

Your Lordſhip will anticipate me in obſerving ſuch Particulars as belong in common to the Eſſay and the Letters of which I have been ſpeaking. They had equally the Merit of being written in profeſſed Defence of Warburton's "Notions," or in profeſſed Imitation of his [9] Style. They had equally the

Plutarch. de adulat. & amic. Diſcrim. P. 55. In a moral Treatiſe, De virtutibus et vitiis, aſcribed, I believe, erroneouſly to Ariſtotle, μισοπονηρία is conſidered as a part of Juſtice.

[8] See Mr. Cadell's Addreſs to the Reader.

[9] I take this upon the Authority of the Remarker, who ſays it of himſelf. As to the Style of the Letter-writer, where it is formed upon no Models, either good or bad, the Particularities of it may, in many Inſtances, be

the Honour of being cenſured by the Perſons, againſt whom they were ſeverally pointed. They had equally the Misfortune to be, at firſt, condemned, and, afterwards, forgotten by the Public. The chief, though not the only Point, in which they differ, is, that the Eſſay *has*, and the Letters have *not*, been avowed and republiſhed by their reſpective Authors. This Defect, however, on the Part of the Letters, I ſhall myſelf, in ſome Degree, ſupply, by undertaking voluntarily the Office of Republication; and I, at the ſame Time, ſhall leave the Author to complete, as far as he can, the Similitude between the Bp. of Litchfield and himſelf, by making, "when he "ſhall think fit", an Avowal of his Name. Should ſuch an Event, indeed, *ever* happen, the Example of the Biſhop in declaring *his* Name may be productive of more Advantages, than were originally *intended*, or, as I ſuſpect, even deſired, by the R. R. Prelate himſelf. The immediate, and, doubtleſs, the moſt important Conſequence of that Declaration, was to procure the full Meaſure of Fame to a learned Theologue, who had "earthed Mr. Hume in the obſcure "Regions of Philoſophy where he lay rolled up in the [1] Scoria "of Dogmatiſt and Sceptic, run down together." It's ſecondary, but not inconſiderable Praiſe, will be, to bring down upon our ſophiſtical Letter-writer all that open and all that heavy Diſgrace, which he has long deſerved to ſuffer for his moſt unprovoked and unfounded Invectives againſt two illuſtrious Ornaments of Learning and Religion. To a Compenſation of ſome Kind or other, they are certainly entitled: and your Lordſhip, I truſt, will concur with me in thinking, that the Republication of the Books written againſt them will more effectually anſwer this honourable and neceſſary Purpoſe, than

be thus accounted for. "When a Writer determines at any Rate to be "original, nothing can be expected but an awkward ſtraining in every "thing. Improper Method, forced Conceits and affected Expreſſion "are the certain Iſſue of ſuch Obſtinacy. The Buſineſs is to be unlike; "and this he may very poſſibly be, but at the Expence of graceful Eaſe "and true Beauty. For he puts himſelf at beſt into a convulſed, un-"natural State; and it is well, if he be not forced beſide his Purpoſe, "to leave common Senſe, as well as his Model behind him". See the Diſcourſe on Poetical Imitation, Sect. 2.

[1] See Remarks on Hume's Eſſay, P. 99.

a direct argumentative Defence, which, as the Subjects are not exhausted in Jortin's Note, or Leland's Pamphlet, I once intended to prepare for the Press. It will shew by the brightest Proofs, that Leland and Jortin scarcely need any elaborate Justification: And that their Antagonist, however plausible in his Objections, or smart in his Raillery, cannot, without the greatest difficulty, be justified by himself, or his Admirers.

I will not apologize to your Lordship for this *seeming* Digression. It may recall to your Memory the Rapidity with which some Readers will carry on their Conclusions from *specific* to *personal* Identity; and it may, also, exercise your Sagacity in tracing all the finer Ties, by which the Contrast between the Bp. of L. and the Letter-writer is connected with the general and more obvious Purpose of this Dedication.

Pardon me, however, my Lord, if, as I advance towards the Close, "I [2] get on that seducing Subject, the Importance which every Writer is of to himself, and which "makes me imagine, that perhaps you may be tempted "to push your Enquiries concerning me, somewhat farther."

Your critical Writings, my Lord, have, by few Scholars, been more frequently read, or more carefully studied, than by myself. I have "[3] paced it" like [4] Homer's Mules, with many a weary Step, through the [5] Heights and the Depths; the Obliquities and the Asperities; the Archaisms and the Modernisms; the strained Analogies and the crooked Anomalies; the rhetorical Flourishes and the logical Quaintnesses; the colloquial Familiarities and the oracular Solemnities, of your most elaborate and peerless Style. To snatch so many varied Graces, was not beyond the Reach of your Lordship's Art. But I had learnt from the highest Authority, that "the more generally "the best Models are understood, the greater Danger there is "of running into that worst of literary Faults, [6] Affectation."

[2] Page 8 of the Remarks on Hume. [3] See Letter to Leland.

[4] Πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα, κάταντα, πάραντά τε δόχμια τ' ἦλθον. Iliad. 23.

[5] These are the *general* Characters of his Lordship's Style. But of the particular *Exceptions* I have before spoken, in Terms, not merely of Praise, but of Admiration.

[6] Vide Hurd's Note on Line 404. of Horace's Art of Poetry.

This,

This, my Lord, is one of the Reaſons which deterred me from every preſumptuous Attempt to imitate your Diction: another was, the conſcious Diſparity of my intellectual Powers: and a third, not leſs efficacious than the reſt, I ſhall, with the moſt painful Reluctance, now reveal. Let my Sincerity atone for my Inſenſibility, when I confeſs to you, that, often as I have read, and much as I may admire your learned Reſearches, I ſeldom felt myſelf glow with that enthuſiaſtic Fondneſs for my Original, which is indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſucceſsful Imitation. Deſpairing, therefore, of my Ability to accommodate the *Manner* of this Addreſs to your Lordſhip's refined Taſte, I conſole myſelf with reflecting, that, in the *Matter* of it, there is little, which can give Offence to your tendereſt Senſibilities. Yet, without aiming at "[7] thoſe maſter Strokes, "which make the ſovereign Charm of your Lordſhip's Writ-"ings," I have, in one or two Inſtances, endeavoured, at leaſt, to avail myſelf of a Practice, in the Illuſtration of which you have been the ableſt, if not the firſt, Critic in "ſetting the "Judgment of the Public right."

Thus, my Lord, in the eſſential Qualities, whether of cloſe Relation to the Subjects of the Pamphlets now republiſhed, or of *indirect* and ſkilful Panegyric (whenſoever *I meant* to be a Panegyriſt) upon the eminent Perſonage to whom they are inſcribed, this Dedication, I hope, will not be found deficient. One of thoſe Qualities is, indeed, ſo obvious, as to require no Elucidation *from a Commentary:* And the other, if it be leſs prominent and leſs glaring, may yet be traced in the Conformity of this Addreſs to the Example of Horace, where he compliments the Emperor, not, with vague and unappropriate Praiſe, but, with ſuch as ſprings up unexpectedly, and yet naturally, from the Topics on which he was treating.

I know not, my Lord, to what Extent you agree with the Author of the ſeventh Diſſertation, where he[8] enumerates the

[7] See the Concluſion of the Diſcourſe on Poetical Imitation.

[8] See the Diſſertation on the Delicacy of Friendſhip towards the Concluſion.

moſt effectual Methods of "doing Honour to a Writer." But, for your Satisfaction, as well as for my own Vindication, I will ſtate the Inſtances in which I *have*, and thoſe in which I have *not*, complied with the Rules, which this ſupercilious Dictator preſcribes. "I *have* glanced at you." "I have ſpared your "Arguments." "I have called you learned." Perhaps, my Lord, I have, by *Accident*, "quoted you." Thus far, as you will eaſily believe, it has been my Fate, or my Endeavour, to do *you* Honour. But, leaſt I ſhould give Offence by doing you too much, I have *not* "adopted your Subject." I have not written againſt you." I have not "lent you any of my own Arguments." I have not "called your Conjectures ingenious or learned." I have not "called you my Friend." Shall I then congratulate my good Fortune, or commend my Judgment, in thus erring on the ſafer Side? And may I hope to eſcape the Severities of your Lordſhip's Diſpleaſure, when I have committed leſs than Half of the Offences imputed to Dr. Jortin? The laſt of thoſe Offences will, indeed, under no Change of Circumſtances, and thro' no Length of Time, be laid to my Charge. I am too humble, my Lord, to accept what I do not merit, and too proud to claim for myſelf what I have never envied, when poſſeſſed by other Men. Your Lordſhip, therefore, will, I am confident, give me Credit, when I aſſure you, that I never have been, and never ſhall be an *Aſpirant* to that particular Sort of Diſtinction, which is conferred by your Friendſhip. Exempted as I thus am, by my own Habits and Principles, by my *eſoteric* and *exoteric* Tenets, from one of theſe Crimes, it reſts with your Lordſhip to guard me in future from four others, which I have hitherto eſcaped. Let me, however, confeſs to your Lordſhip, that my Innocence is not entirely ſafe, and that, in Conſequence of ſuch Provocations as a Man of your Diſpoſition may throw in my way, I may ſlide imperceptibly, or reſolutely plunge, into a poſt of greater Danger than that upon which I have

The Letter-writer and I differ a little in our numerical, as well as moral Calculations. He has ſet down eight Articles, where, according to my way of counting, are nine. Thus, in the laſt, he lumps together the Acts of "calling a Man learned," and calling him your Friend, under one Article. I think it more accurate to repreſent them as two, and certainly it is more to my Purpoſe to conſider them apart.

now

now entered. In ſome Moments, which I do not reckon among the weakeſt of my Life, I have felt a pretty ſtrong Inclination to "adopt your Subjects," to "write againſt you," to "lend you ſome of my own Arguments," and "to call" a very few of "your conjectures ingenious, nay elegant." Should this Inclination hereafter return, and ſhould your Lordſhip compel me to indulge it, by ſneering at what you will call, the miſerable Traſh, [9] and carping at what I ſhall myſelf call, the wholeſome Truths, contained in this Addreſs, I ſhall *again* "glance at you," I ſhall again "quote you." I ſhall again "call you learned", and, to make Amends for the repetition of theſe heinous Faults, I am reſolved *not* again to "ſpare your

[9] This emphatical, but indelicate Name is, I am told, given by our Ariſtarchus to ſome of Dr. Prieſtley's Writings, which, together with the Writings, probably, of ſome other Doctors, he turns over to Dr. B———y, who, it ſhould ſeem, is a Spendthrift of Time, and a Reader of all *ſuch* Traſh. Now, I by no means aſſent to the Opinions, which Dr. Prieſtley has endeavoured to eſtabliſh in his Hiſtory of the Corruptions of Chriſtianity. I reverence the Talents, and applaud the Exertions, of his great Antagoniſts, Mr. Badcock, Bp. Horſley, and Mr. Howes. But, if it be really a Waſte of Time for any dignified Theologue to peruſe that Hiſtory, what ſhall be ſaid for the Waſte of Strength in three ſuch learned Men, as have been employed in confuting it? My Readers will pardon a few grave and trite, but pertinent and ſalutary Reflections, which the Subject of this Note has extorted from me. Men of high Station in the Church, and of high Reputation for Knowledge, ſhould be cautious, in what Terms, and before what Hearers, they paſs Sentence upon Books, which they profeſſedly do not deign to read. A ſpecious Criticiſm, begotten, it may be, by Raſhneſs upon Prejudice, and foſtered by Vanity or Ill-nature, as ſoon as it was produced—A random conjecture, ſuddenly ſtruck out in the Conflicts of literary Converſation—A ſprightly Effuſion of Wit, forgotten, perhaps, by the Speaker, the Moment after it was uttered—A ſly and impertinent *Sneer*, *intended* to convey more, than *was* expreſſed, and more than *could* be proved, may have very injurious Effects upon the Reputation of a Writer. I ſuſpect, too, that theſe Effects are ſometimes deſignedly produced by Critics, who, finding the eaſy Reception given to their own Opinions, prefer the Pride of Deciſion to the Toil of Enquiry. The Remarks of ſuch Men are eagerly caught up by Hearers, who are incapable of forming for themſelves a right Judgment, or deſirous of ſupporting *an unfavourable* Judgment by the Sanction of a great Name. They are triumphantly repeated in promiſcuous, and ſometimes, I fear, even in literary Aſſemblies, and, like other Calumnies, during a long and irregular Courſe, they ſwell in Bulk, without loſing any Portion of their original Malignity.

"Arguments."

"Arguments." In this laſt and worſt Stage of Degeneracy, which it is poſſible for me to reach, I ſhall have the Satisfaction of knowing, that, in my Conduct towards your Lordſhip, I muſt, in two Inſtances, ſtand acquitted of that Guilt, which Dr. Jortin is ſaid to have incurred by his Treatment of Bp. Warburton. As a Diſputant, I ſhall not inſult you with a Diſavowal of Hoſtilities. As a Critic, I ſhall not alarm you with a Menace of Friendſhip.

Whatever "nonſenſical Scepticiſm," ſome Men may affect, as to the Writer of theſe Letters, it is not the Jargon of "[a] nonſenſical Dogmatiſm," to affirm, that, if he be really a *different* Perſon from the Remarker on Mr. Hume, he could not addreſs them to any other Prelate with *ſo much Propriety*, as to yourſelf. Similarity of Studies, Intereſts, and Temper, muſt be ranked among the moſt powerful Ingredients of Friendſhip; and Friendſhip, my Lord, as you *experimentally* know, performs its beſt and proudeſt Services in the Form of *Dedication*. Yet there are Occaſions, like the preſent, on which Truth may be ſpoken by a Dedicator, though he do not aſpire to the more honourable Appellation of a Friend. I have already hinted to you, my Lord, that, neither in my Eſtimation of Books, nor in my Attachments and Averſions to Men, I am happy enough to boaſt of ſuch Qualifications, as might expoſe me to your Lordſhip's Regard in the latter Character. But in diſcharging the Duties of the former, my Failure, if I ſhould fail, is quite involuntary, and proceeds from the Want of Power, rather than the Want of Inclination, to *perpetuate the Remembrance of your Exertions in Defence of Bp. Warburton.*

Knowing, my Lord, the rooted Antipathy which you bear, to long epiſtolary Introductions in claſſical Writers, to long vernacular Sermons from Dr. Parr, and to long Latin Annotations from Philip D'Orville, I will take Care, in the Language of the Warburtonian School, not to ſtray beyond the Limits of a juſt and *legitimate* Dedication. The Time of a chriſtian Biſhop is, I am aware, not leſs precious than that of a heathen Emperor, and therefore I ſhall be cautious, like the Roman

[a] See the Remarks on Hume's Eſſay. P. 99.

Poet,

Poet, not to waſte it upon a [a] *longior Sermo*, than the Subject indiſpenſably requires.

Suffer me, however, before I enter upon my Concluſion, to recommend to your peruſal a Greek Quotation, which, I am perſuaded, will not be leſs acceptable to *you*, than it would have been to Dr. Jortin, becauſe it has been "*little blown upon.*" My Reaſons for introducing it are plain, but weighty. If, with a becoming Mixture of Courage and Tenderneſs, your Lordſhip ſhould vouchſafe to grant the Patronage, which I now aſk, in Behalf of theſe friendleſs, theſe nameleſs, I will not ſay, theſe graceleſs Babes, you may, *without any Imputation of Arrogance*, apply the firſt Sentence to yourſelf. On the contrary, if from Motives which ſome Men may impute to Timidity, and others may charge with Ingratitude, you ſhould refuſe that Patronage, *then*, my Lord, every Reader, who remembers your Connections with Bp. Warburton, your Encomiums upon him, and your Obligations to him, will find himſelf compelled to make a very invidious Application of the ſecond. Καθάπερ τὰς ἐξ αὐτῶν γενηθέντας, οἱ γενήσαντες τῶν ὑποβαλλομένων μᾶλλον φιλοῦσιν, οὕτω καὶ οἱ ἐυρόντες τι τῶν μετεχόντων· ὥσπερ γὰρ ὑπὲρ τέκνων τέκνων τῶν λόγων ὑπεραποτεθνήκασιν. Οἱ μὲν γὰρ Πάριοι λεγόμενοι σοφισταὶ, διὰ τὸ μὴ γεκεῖν αὐτοὶ, ἐ σέργεσιν, ἀλλὰ χρήματα λαβόντες, ἀποκηρύττεσι.

[a] The Commentator explains *longo Sermone*, "a long Introduction", and in the Cloſe of his Note, he interweaves into the Word *Sermone*, the additional Meaning of "familiar Converſation." But to me, I confeſs, the Word as uſed here, ſuggeſts neither the one, nor the other Senſe: and even with the Aid of the learned Commentator, I am unable to ſee, how in one and the ſame Place, it holds two Meanings ſo very remote from each other. As to *longo*, the proper Meaſure of it ſeems to me, not, as is commonly ſuppoſed, the Length of any other Epiſtle compared with the Length of this, nor yet, as the Commentator ſuppoſes, the Length of the Proem compared with the Length of the Epiſtle, but, the Length of the Epiſtle itſelf compared with the Extent and Magnitude of the Subject. *Sermo* is uſed here in the ſame Senſe, which it bears in Line 5. Carmen. 8. Lib. 3. of the Odes, where the Cloſe of Bentley's Note may illuſtrate this diſputed Paſſage in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

"But

" [3] But to declare my Intentions at parting". When the Author of the ſeventh Diſſertation, and the Letter to Dr. Leland, ſhall come forward into the View of the Public, be aſſured, my Lord, that the Writer of this Dedication will no longer ſtand upon the ſmalleſt Reſerve with your Lordſhip and your Admirers.

He is not an " [4] Anſwerer by Profeſſion" and, except in the Vindication of the truly good, or truly great, he never was an Aſſailant by Choice. He knows, my Lord, and knowing he deſpiſes, the ſordid Tribe of Paraſites, who would baſk in the Sunſhine of your Favour. He equally knows, and equally deſpiſes, all the ſhallow Pretenders to Criticiſm, who implicitly repoſe on the Authority of your Deciſions. Againſt theſe Jackalls of Literature, whoſe Impertinence is of a Piece with their Impotence, he will not condeſcend to wage a puny and inglorious War.

Optat aprum, aut fulvum deſcendere monte leonem.

But to your Lordſhip, when you are pleaſed to ſummon him, " he *will* think it worth his while to explain himſelf more " particularly", on the Rectitude of his Intentions, and the " Juſtneſs of his Aſſertions." Prepared as he is to defend them againſt ſo unprejudiced and ſo powerful an Antagoniſt, he anxiouſly wiſhes for an early Opportunity of throwing off a Diſguiſe, from which, even now, while he ſtoops to the Neceſſity of wearing it, he ſcorns to ſeek Protection. But the immediate Addition of his Name, however it might flatter his own Vanity, would neither conciliate your Lordſhip's Favour, nor gratify, to any uſeful Purpoſe, the Reader's Curioſity. Suffice it, then, to ſay, that he, as a Scholar, has always ſurveyed your Lordſhip's Character, without the Partiality of the Remarker, and without the Malignity of the Letter-writer— That, as a Philoſopher, he has often found " [5] Occaſion to

[3] See Note on Line 417. of the Art of Poetry.
[4] Vid. Page 4 of the Second Part of the Defence of the D. L.
[5] Vid. Remarks on Hume's Eſſay. P. 10.

" cenſure,

" cenſure, where others admire"—That, as a Man, he long has thought, and ever will think of you, with a Reſpect which falls ſomewhat ſhort of Idolatry, and with Love, the " more " perfect, becauſe it caſteth out all Fear."

I am, my Lord, your

Obedient Servant,

Oct. 25*th*, 1788.

The EDITOR.

THE EDITOR's PREFACE TO THE Two Tracts of a *Warburtonian.*

THE two following Tracts are ſuppoſed to be the Productions of a great Author: They are profeſſedly drawn up in the Defence of a *greater*; and they have, from their own intrinſic Qualities, many ſtrong Claims to the Notice of Scholars. The Letter to Dr. Leland is diſtinguiſhed by a Sort of ſparkling Vivacity and ſpecious Acuteneſs, which may, for a Time, reconcile the Reader to the Want of Solidity: And who will refuſe the Praiſe, at leaſt of Ingenuity, to the Diſſertation upon the Delicacy of Friendſhip? Perhaps it is difficult to name a Book, where the Defects of the Cauſe are ſo abundantly ſupplied by the Skill of the Advocate, or, where the Barrenneſs of the Subject is more ſucceſsfully fertilized by the Fancy of the Writer. But theſe literary Excellencies, however extraordinary, and however indiſputable, are not ſufficient to atone for the moral Imperfections which accompany them.

If the Reader ſhould haſtily take Offence at the ſudden Reappearance of two Tracts, upon which the Author himſelf ought to look back with ſome faint Emotions of Shame, let him ſeriouſly weigh the Reaſons, for which they are, a ſecond time, committed to the Preſs.

By the Writer of theſe Pamphlets, the Characters of two very learned and worthy Men were attacked with moſt unprovoked and unprecedented [1] Virulence. The Attempt to ſtifle them is, however, a very obſcure and equivocal Mark of Repentance in the Offender. *Public* and *deliberate* was the [2] Inſult, which

[1] The Spirit of theſe two Letters reminds me of a Paſſage in Warburton's Dedication to the Free-thinkers, where he ſpeaks of "their Buffooneries, which like chewed Bullets, are againſt the Law of Arms;" "and of their Scurrilities," which he calls "the Stinkpots of their Offenſive War."

[2] For every Animadverſion, which I have made upon the Letter-writer, I have taken Care to bring my Vouchers with me in the Letters themſelves, which are ſet before the Reader with their original Stock of Merit and

which he offered to the Feelings of thoſe whom he aſſailed, and therefore *no* Compenſation ought to be accepted, which *falls ſhort of a direct and explicit Retractation.*

The Letter to Dr. Jortin might, indeed, by an exceſs of Candour, have been conſidered as the Reſult of [3] youthful Ardour, when the Judgment of the Writer was not matured; when his Opinions of Books and Men were not ſettled; when his Imagination was ſtrongly impreſſed by the impoſing Splendour of Warburton's Talents, and his Vanity gratified by the flattering Hope of Warburton's Protection.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici.

But the Interval between the two Pamphlets—an *interval of nearly ten Years*—left, one would have imagined, room enough for the Author to correct his Partialities, to ſoften his Averſions, and to reflect, again and again, upon all that *might* be blameable in the Motives, and all that *had* been injurious in the Conſequences, of his firſt intemperate and indecorous Publication.

Had his [4] "noble Paſſion for Miſchief been content with" the ſeventh Diſſertation addreſſed to Dr. Jortin, I ſhould have given him all due Praiſe for the Glitter of his Wit and the Gaudineſs of his Eloquence; and, at the ſame Time, I ſhould have laughed "at the Pretenſions of the Book to Reaſoning "and fact as [5] a mere Flam, and not containing one Word of "Truth from the Beginning to the End." But when the

and Demerit. To them I appeal for the Juſtneſs of my Indignation and the Propriety of my Cenſures. I have not forgotten the Sage Remark, which Warburton quotes from a great Ancient. Ἄλλως τὶς περὶ ἀληθείας λέγει, ἢ ἀλήθεια ἑαυτὴν ἑρμηνέυει. See the Dedication Vol. 1. of the D. L. P. 24. With this Caution before me, I have not intentionally miſrepreſented the Letter writer's Motives, Opinions, or Words; and at all Events, I have left Truth to ſpeak for itſelf.

[3] I diſtruſt the Solidity of this Excuſe, even while I am writing it; for, if the Author of the Diſſertation upon the Delicacy of Friendſhip, had reached his fortieth Year, my Plea is much weakened, and the Word *youthful* can ſcarcely be juſtified, unleſs by a Reference to the Roman Lawyers, who ſometimes extended the Application of Juventa to the forty-fifth, and even fiftieth Year. Vide Taylor's Civil Law under the Article "Age." P. 254.

[4] Vide Remarks on Hume's Eſſay. P. 72.

[5] Vide Remarks on Hume's Eſſay. P. 64.

ſame

ſame offenſive Spirit of Contempt is, for the ſame unwarrantable Purpoſe of Degradation, transferred from the Writings of Dr. Jortin to thoſe of Dr. Leland, I "ſee[6] what the Man "would be at through all his Diſguiſes." I ſee a very deciſive Proof, that the Temper of the Writer was not meliorated by Time, by Experience, by ſelf-Examination, or ſelf-Reſpect. I feel, at the ſame Time, the moſt juſt and cogent Reaſons for laying him open to that Ignominy, from which, Cowardice, indeed, may have tempted him to fly, but which he has not hitherto endeavoured to avert by Apology or Reformation. The Indelicacies of Enmity are not always juſtified by the Zeal of Friendſhip. The "[7] Immunities (as Johnſon calls them) of "Inviſibility" cannot, in all Caſes, be employed to ſtifle the Curioſity of the Learned, or to averſt the Deciſion of the Impartial. They may, indeed, ſcreen the Name of an Author from the Detection which he dreads; but they muſt not be permitted to ſhelter his Publications from the Reproach which they deſerve.

Jortin and Leland now repoſe in the Sanctuary of the Grave, and are placed beyond the reach of human Praiſe and human Cenſure. Be it ſo. But there *was* a Time, when

[6] Vide Remarks on Hume's Eſſay. P. 61.

[7] See Johnſon's Political Tracts. P. 121.

[8] This is not mere Conjecture. I have heard the ſeventh Diſſertation commended by Perſons, who differed, as many other excellent Men do, from the Opinions which Dr. Jortin was ſuſpected of holding upon ſome controverted Points of Religion. The Learning and the Judgment of thoſe Perſons were not a Match for their Prejudices. They neither had, nor profeſs to have, any Partiality for Warburton. But their Diſlike of Jortin was ſo ſtrong, that they were pleaſed with *any* Attack, which, according to their Eſtimation, tended in *any* Degree, to expoſe his poſſible failings, and to leſſen his growing Reputation. The Number of ſuch Admirers is, however, not very conſiderable, and I am ſure that the Perſons to whom I allude, would have been unwilling to write againſt Dr. Jortin with the Bitterneſs of which they ſeemed to approve in his *ſuppoſed* Antagoniſt, who was then beginning to climb faſt to Fame, Riches, and Honour—to Fame, let me acknowledge, which, by ſeveral of his Writings, he has acquired deſervedly—to Riches, which he is ſaid to diſpenſe with elegant Munificence—and to Honours, which he, in ſome Reſpects, is qualified to ſupport with great Dignity. My preſent Concern with him takes its riſe from Faults, to which his Reputation and his Rank muſt unavoidably give more permanent, more extenſive, and more *dangerous* Effect.

Enemies, ſuch as the unfettered Opinions of one, and the ſhining Talents of both, were ſure to provoke, found a momentary Gratification even from ſuch Charges, as the Letter-Writer ventured to alledge. There was a Time, when thoſe Charges might have clogged their profeſſional Intereſts, and certainly *did* diſturb the Tranquillity of their Minds. Yet, while they were Living, no Balm was poured into their wounded Spirits by the Hand that pierced them; and, if their Characters after Death remain unimpaired, by the rude Shocks of Controverſy, and the ſecret Mines of Slander, their Triumph is to be aſcribed partly to their own Strength, and partly to the conſcious Weakneſs of their Antagoniſt, rather than to his Love of Juſtice, or his Love of Peace. That Antagoniſt, too, is perhaps, ſtill alive, and ſtill finds his Admirers among thoſe, who themſelves panting after Greatneſs, are careful to utter only *ſmooth* Things concerning the Faults of the Great. But his Silence has not yet been repreſented even by his Friends, as the Effect of Contrition. His Pen has not been employed in any ſubſequent Publication to commend two Writers, againſt whom he had formerly brandiſhed ſuch Cenſures, as according to *his own* Eſtimation and his own Wiſhes, were [9] "aculeate and pro-"per." His Example, and this is the worſt of all—his Example, I ſay, is at hand to encourage any future Adventurer, who may firſt be diſpoſed to attack the beſt Books and the beſt Men; and afterwards, when the real Merits of the Diſpute, or the real Character of his Opponents, are known, may contrive to let his miſchievous Cavils quietly ſink into Oblivion, to ſkulk, as ſoftly as he can, from Detection and Diſgrace, nay, to ſet up ſerious Pretenſions to Candour as a Writer, [1] to Decency as an Eccleſiaſtic, and to Meekneſs as a Chriſtian.

As

[9] See Bacon's Eſſay fifty ſeventh.

[1] I ſhall not be ſurprized at any Offence, which the ſeeming Severity of this Paſſage may give to the very ſame Perſons, who would pardon and even commend the Letter-writer to Dr. Jortin, for his Endeavours to be far more ſevere. To ſuch Objectors, it were vain to oppoſe Argument, or Fact. But, for the Satisfaction of more intelligent and impartial Readers, I ſhall produce part of a Paſſage from Eraſmus, in which he defends the avowed Severity of Laurentius Valla, againſt the treacherous

As ſome of the Parties are Dead, and as the Controverſies in which they were engaged, have ceaſed to agitate the Paſſions of Men, this Republication has not the ſmalleſt Tendency to "ſow [2] ſtrife" among Scholars. But it *may* prevent, and certainly it is *intended* to prevent them, from ſcattering the Seeds of Diſcord with wanton Cruelty. It may deter, and certainly it is intended to deter them, from indulging any mean Expectation, that a Calumniator can derive Security from the very *failure* of his Calumnies, or, that what he has repeatedly and deliberately done in ſecret, will not, ſooner or later, be puniſhed openly. It may leſſen, and certainly it is intended to "leſſen, [3] the Number of thoſe," who ſpeak too well of a Man, by whom Warburton was moſt extravagantly flattered, Leland moſt petulantly inſulted, and Jortin moſt inhumanly vilified. And here I cannot heſitate to break in upon my Engliſh Text with a Quotation, which may properly be transferred from the general Duties of Society, to the Obligations which lie upon Men of Letters to ſupport each other under unmerited Attacks, and to preſerve their common Rights againſt the moſt provoking Mockeries of Contempt, the moſt paltry Tricks of Encroachment, and the moſt outrageous Violencies of Invaſion.

Εἰπερ τὸν ἀδικοῦντ' ἀσμένως ἠμύνετο
Ἕκαστος ἡμῶν, καὶ συνηγωνίζετο,
Ἴσως νομίζων ἴδιον εἶναι τὸ γεγονὸς
Ἀδίκημα, καὶ συνέπραττον ἀλλήλοις πικρῶς·
Οὐκ ἂν ἐπὶ πλεῖον τὸ κακὸν ἡμῖν ἤυξετο
Τὸ τῶν πονηρῶν, ἀλλὰ παρατηρούμενοι,

treacherous Candour and galling Obloquy of Poggius. Videbat L. V. tam inveteratum morbum non poſſe ſanari, niſi triſtibus pharmacis, uſturis ac ſectionibus, idque magno cum dolore plurimorum. Neque vir acutus neſciebat, adeo delicatas eſſe mortalium aures, ut vix etiam inter bonos viros invenias, qui verum libenter audiat, foreque, ut non ii tantum exclamarent, quorum ulcera tetigiſſet, verum etiam illi, qui ex alieno malo ſibi metum fingerent. *Tum poſt interpoſita pauca:* Poggius, ut homo *candidus* ſcilicet, ſine invidia paſſim habetur in manibus, lectitatur. Laurentius laborat invidia mordacitatis. Eraſmus in Epiſt: ad Chriſtoph: Piſcherum præfixa Vallæ libris de collatione N. T. I met the foregoing Paſſage in Page 74 of Peter Weſſeling's Diſſertatio Herodotea, and have omitted what was foreign to my Purpoſe.

[2] See Lowth's Letter quoted among the Teſtimonia Auctorum.

[3] See the above mentioned Letter.

Καὶ τυγχάνοντες ἧς ἔδει τιμωρίας,
Ἤτοι σωάνιοι σφόδρ' ἂν ἦσαν, ἢ πεπαυμένοι.

Menander in Fratribus ex emendat. Bentl.

Animated by the ſtrong indignation which throbs within my Boſom, at the foul Arts of Detraction ſo often practiſed by Men of Letters, I diſdain either to crouch under the Mandates, or to ſhrink from the Frowns, of the Letter-writer on the Delicacy of Friendſhip. Yet, I ſhould be ſorry to find my Opinions of Warburton *miſconceived* by thoſe, who are incapable of *miſrepreſenting* them deliberately; and I am aware too, that they lie open to *ſome* Miſconception, from the comparative View which I have taken of that very able Prelate and his celebrated Adherent, [4] in the foregoing Dedication. [5] For theſe Reaſons, I ſhall

[4] Though my Doubts were not always vanquiſhed by the Biſhop's Arguments, though I ſometimes ſmiled at his whimſical Theories, and ſometimes ventured to ſcowl at his violent Invectives, yet I have often applied to the D. L. the candid and judicious Language which Ariſtotle uſes in the very Book, where he confutes ſome of the Opinions imputed to Socrates by Plato τὸ μὲν οὖν περιττὸν ἔχουσι πάντες οἱ τῶν Σωκράτους λόγοι, καὶ τὸ κομψὸν, καὶ τὸ καινόλογον, καὶ τὸ ζητητικόν. καλῶς δὲ πάντα ἴσως χαλεπόν. Repub. Lib. 2. Cap. 6.

[5] Upon the Dignity of Dedication-writing, I do not expect to hear any ſaucy Reflections from the Warburtonians, becauſe Warburton himſelf is *known* to have written Dedications often, and to have written them well. If they think Preface-writing a degrading Employment in him, who has not written the Book which accompanies it, let me refer them to Johnſon's Preface to the Preceptor—to the Prefaces written by Caſaubon, Burman, Erneſtus, Rhunkenius, and other Scholars; and, if the Practice of the ὁι πάνυ will not reſcue Preface-writing from the Contempt of the Warburtonians, I muſt take the farther Liberty to *remind* them of Bp Warburton's Preface to the firſt Edition of Richardſon's Clariſſa—of *Do's* Preface to Shakſpear's Plays—of *Do's* Preface to Mrs. Cockburn's Confutation of Rutherforth's Eſſay on Virtue—of *Do's* Preface to the candid Examination of Bp. Sherlock's Sermons—of *Do's* Preface to Town's critical "Enquiry into the Opinions of the antient Philoſophers, concerning "the Nature of the Soul, and a future State; and their Method of the "double Doctrine." I have myſelf read an ingenious Preface to ſome ſelect Poems of Cowley: I have heard of a Pedantic Thing called a Preface to one Bellenden; and indeed, it is no leſs uſual for Prefaces, or "Diſcourſes to that Effect," to be prepared by Editors, than by Authors, whether the Authors themſelves be living or dead—whether they be

modern

ſhall endeavour to explain myſelf in ſuch a Manner, as to remove every Scruple, and obviate every Objection.

What I have written about Warburton, was ſuggeſted to me by a frequent, but unprejudiced Peruſal, and by a fond, though not undiſtinguiſhing Approbation, of his Works. I read them in the earlieſt and the happieſt Stages of my literary Purſuits. They captivated my Imagination: They exerciſed my Reaſon: They directed my Attention towards the moſt important Topics, and they ſent out my Curioſity in Queſt of the moſt uſeful Knowledge. The Impreſſions made upon my Mind by ſuch a Writer were ſtrong and deep. After committing my Thoughts lately to Paper, I looked back to the Deſcription which Dr. Johnſon had given of Dr. Warburton, in his elaborate Preface to Shakſpeare, and in his maſterly Life of Pope. With Satisfaction, and indeed, with Triumph, I found many of my Opinions anticipated, and many confirmed. Johnſon ſaw, as well as I do, his acute Penetration, his various Erudition, the inexhauſtible Fertility of his Fancy, and the invincible Fortitude of his Spirit. He alſo ſaw, what I have myſelf without Reſerve and without Apology condemned, the Coarſeneſs of his Invectives, the Wildneſs of his Theories, and the Defects of his Style.

The Indignation of all Scholars has, I know, been long and juſtly armed againſt that contemptuous and domineering Spirit which breaks out in Warburton's controverſial Writings, and which his Admirers, inſtead of deploring, have been eager to defend and to imitate. Be it however remembered, that in pleading the Cauſe of kindred Genius, he ſometimes pours out his Commendations with a Frankneſs, Ardour, and Authority which even his bittereſt Enemies cannot but acknowledge and admire. Of this Kind

modern or ancient—whether their Works be of a ſombrous or airy Caſt—whether (if we may argue from the Example of Warburton) they be ranked in the Claſs of ſentimental Novels, of dramatic Writings, of ethical Diſquiſitions, of theological Controverſies, or metaphyſical Inveſtigations. Thus much I have ſaid concerning the Art itſelf. The Merits of thoſe who cultivate it, are, it is true, very different. But even as a voluntary and diſintereſted Act of Drudgery performed by me, it may find a Pittance of Praiſe, not more ſcanty than that which has been earned by certain Acts of Vaſſalage, upon which ſome Followers of Warburton have reſted the Tenure of their Controverſial Fame.

are, his generous Apology for the Paradoxes of Bayle, his eloquent Encomiums on the Sagacity and Learning of Cudworth, and his noble tribute of affection to the memory of a moſt dear and illuſtrious Friend, Francis Hare, Biſhop of Chicheſter. He that can read ſuch Paſſages without Rapture, ſhould ſuſpect the ſincerity of his own Benevolence—He that ſpeaks of them without Approbation, muſt renounce his Pretenſions to Impartiality or Taſte, to Exactneſs of Diſcrimination or Delicacy of Feeling.

If learned Men wiſh to judge of Warburton, either with the Accuracy which is due to the "Amplitude of his Mind" and the Dignity of his Character, or with the Candour which cannot ſurely be refuſed to ſo many Failings when accompanied by ſo many Perfections, they would do well to examine the Portrait which Warburton has virtually drawn of himſelf in his own Writings, where, it is well known that his Head was never employed, either to controul or to diſguiſe the violent Emotions of his Heart. In the Opinion of ſuch Enquirers, Warburton will ſtand, or fall, upon the moſt fair and honourable Conditions. He will not be exalted, perhaps, by the exuberant and courtly Compliments of the Author of the Eſtimate, nor by the more ſtately and ſolemn Deciſions of the Commentator upon Horace: But he certainly will not be degraded by the keen Raillery of Mr. Edwards, nor the rough Reproaches of a far more powerful and far more reſpectable Writer, whom I wiſh to remember under every other Name, than as the *popular*, for I cannot add, the victorious, Adverſary of Bp. Warburton.

Few Men have made a more conſpicuous Figure than Warburton, upon the great Theatre of Learning. Few have been engaged in more buſtling and ſplendid Scenes. Few have ſuſtained more difficult or more intereſting Characters. It is therefore to be lamented, that the Public have not *yet* been favoured with a regular and impartial [7] Account of his Progreſs in

[7] "I believe (to adopt the Words of Milton in his Treatiſe on Educa-"tion,) that the Life of Warburton is not a Bow, in which every Man "can ſhoot, who counts himſelf a Biographer, but will require ſinews al-"moſt equal to thoſe which Homer gave Ulyſſes: Yet I am withal per-"ſuaded, that" in *certain Hands*, "it may prove much more eaſy in the "Aſſay, that is now ſeen at Diſtance, and much more illuſtrious."

No

in Knowledge: Of his Advancement in the Church: Of the Embarraſſments with which he ſtruggled, and over which he triumphed: Of the Connections which he formed: of the Provocations by which he was harraſſed; and, *eſpecially*, of the Opinions which in the cooler and more ſerious Reflections of his old Age, he really entertained of all his own hardier Exertions made in the Vigour of his youth. But, whatever Materials for the Hiſtory of his Life may be in the Hands of his Executors, and whatever may be the Abilities of thoſe, who ſhall have the *Courage* to uſe them, his Character will never be drawn with more Juſtneſs of Deſign, or more Strength of Colouring, than have already been employed by the great Biographer of the Engliſh Poets.

The Dawn of Warburton's Fame was overſpread with many Clouds, which the native Force of his Mind quickly diſpelled. Soon after his Emerſion from them, he was honoured by the Friendſhip of Pope, and the Enmity of Bolingbroke. In the Fulneſs of his Meridian Glory, he was careſſed by Lord Hardwick and Lord Mansfield; and his ſetting Luſtre was viewed with nobler Feelings than thoſe of mere Forgiveneſs, by the amiable and venerable Dr. Lowth. Hallifax revered him, Balguy loved him, and, in two immortal Works, Johnſon has ſtood forth in the foremoſt Rank of his Admirers. By the Teſtimony of ſuch a Man, Impertinence muſt be abaſhed, and Malignity itſelf muſt be ſoftened. Of literary Merit, Johnſon, as

No Man living is, in my Opinion, more able than Dr. Balguy to unfold with Preciſion the Character of Bp. Warburton, or to ſtate with Impartiality, the Merits of thoſe Controverſies in which he was engaged. But bodily Infirmities have already deprived the Engliſh Church of this great and good Man's Protection as a Prelate, who would have been vigilant without Officiouſneſs, firm without Obſtinacy, and pious without Superſtition. The ſame unhappy and unalterable Cauſe will, I fear, deprive Poſterity, alſo, of that Inſtruction, which as a Biographer of Warburton, he was qualified to convey, by ſolid Learning, by an erect and Manly Spirit, by Habits of the moſt exact and enlarged Thinking, and by a Style, which is equally pure, elegant, and nervous. The Hiſtory of thoſe who defended, and thoſe who oppoſed Warburton, would, in the Hands of ſo conſummate an Artiſt, have been a moſt inſtructive and intereſting Work, not unworthy of being called in Cicero's Language a περὶ γραφὶα Varronis. Vid. Ep. ad Att. Lib. 16. ep. 11.

we all know, was a ſagacious, but a moſt ſevere Judge. Such was his Diſcernment, that he pierced into the moſt ſecret Springs of human Actions, and ſuch was his Integrity, that he always weighed the moral Characters of his fellow Creatures in the "Balance of the Sanctuary." He was too courageous to propitiate a Rival, and too proud to truckle to a Superior. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every Man of Senſe and Virtue would wiſh to be known—I mean, both from his own Writings, and from the Writings of thoſe who diſſented from his Principles, or who envied his Reputation. But as to Favours, he had never received or aſked any from the Biſhop of Glouceſter; and, if my Memory fails me not, he had ſeen him only once, when they met almoſt without Deſign, converſed without much Effort, and parted without any laſting Impreſſions of Hatred or Affection. Yet, with all the Ardour of ſympathetic Genius, Johnſon has done that ſpontaneouſly, and ably, which, by ſome Writers, had been before attempted injudiciouſly, and which, by others, from whom more ſucceſsful Attempts might have been expected, has not *hitherto* been done at all. He ſpoke well of Warburton, without inſulting thoſe whom Warburton deſpiſed. He ſuppreſſed not the Imperfections of this extraordinary Man, while he endeavoured to do Juſtice to his numerous and tranſcendental Excellencies. He defended him when living amidſt the Clamours of his Enemies, and praiſed him when dead, amidſt the *Silence of his Friends.*[s]

I have

[s] The only exception (if it be one) to the Silence of Warburton's Friends, is the Inſcription upon his Monument, erected in Glouceſter Cathedral. That Inſcription does not aim at the Simplicity of an Ancient, or the Splendour of a modern Epitaph. It is neither energetic from Conciſeneſs, nor dignified from Amplification. It is tamely correct, coldly complimentary, and at the ſame Time, totally deſtitute of thoſe marked and appropriate Commendations, for which the peculiar Opinions and moſt wonderful Talents of Dr. W. might have ſupplied very copious Materials to his *once* zealous Panegyriſts.

In that excellent Repoſitory of various and uſeful Knowledge the Gentleman's Magazine, there is a juſt and elegant Critique on the Writings

I have ſtated theſe Facts, not from any abject View of palliating the Cenſures which I may have paſſed upon Warburton's Failings, not yet, from any vain Confidence in my Abilities to exalt

tings of Warburton in Page 340, of the Volume for the Year 1779. Some curious and intereſting Memoirs of his Life, are to be found in Page 357, and 474, in the Volume for 1780.

The Reader will thank me for producing the following Paſſage, which does Honour to the Judgment and Senſibility of the Writer.

"His Publications were numerous, and from the Applauſe they ob-
"tained, they ſeem to promiſe a Celebrity of greater Length of Time, than
"they have experienced. But his Renown vaniſhed, as ſoon as his Infir-
"mities ſecluded him from the World, and it would be difficult to point
"out a ſingle Compliment paid to him, or his Writings, ſince the Time
"that he ceaſed to write. He even wanted a Friend to pay a decent Tri-
"bute to his Memory in the fugitive Publications of the Day, the literary
"Portrait excepted, which was in our Magazine for 1779." But the Editor candidly ſubjoins in a Note the following acknowledgment.
"Amongſt other Channels of Information it would be illiberal not to men-
"tion that we are very materially indebted to the Anecdotes of Bp. War-
"burton, which have appeared in the Weſtminſter Magazine."———

In the Weſtminſter Magazine for October, November, December, 1779, and in the Appendix for the ſame Year, I have myſelf lately met with ſome Biographical and Literary Anecdotes of Dr. Warburton, which for Accuracy of Detail, and Juſtneſs of Obſervation, deſerve the Attention and the Thanks of every Scholar. I need not make any Apology for the following Quotations.

"A Relaxation of Mind ſo far pervades the whole Body of the Peo-
"ple, that the great Writers of this Nation, who uſed to be ſtudied with
"the utmoſt Diligence, are now totally diſregarded."

* * * * *

"In this general Neglect, it will not be ſurprizing to find, that a Wri-
"ter of great Renown in this Day ſhould live to ſee himſelf only on the
"level with common Men, and his Writings mouldering in the Ware-
"houſes of his Bookſeller. Though the Object of fulſome Adulation
"while his Faculties were unimpaired, he lived ſeveral Years longer than
"his Fame; and when he died, though many of his Flatterers remained,
"and ſome, who were under great Obligations to him, yet not one of
"them had gratitude enough to pay the ſlighteſt Tribute to his Memory.
"To the Diſgrace of his literary Connection, he ſunk ſilently into the
"Grave, unnoticed and unlamented." See W. M. for 1779. Page 500.

"In his Works, he exhibited great Strokes of an original and power-
"ful Genius, much Reading, with a nervous, but not a poliſhed Style.
"At his outſet in Life, he was ſuſpected of being inclined to Infidelity,

and

exalt his Character, but, in Obedience to the warm and honeſt Dictates of my own Mind—of a Mind, which he has often enlightened, often enchanted, and, in ſome Degree, I would hope, improved.

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

From what Johnſon and I have ſaid in Favour of Warburton, there is an eaſy and natural Tranſition to what his profeſſed Biographers may intend to ſay. A coſtly and ſplendid Edition of

"and it was not until many Years had elapſed, that the Orthodoxy of "his Opinions was generally aſſented to. His Publications from the preſent "Accounts will appear to have been very numerous, and from the Flat-'teries of his Friends they ſeemed to promiſe a Celebrity of greater Length 'of Time, than they have experienced. If it was not for his Con-'nection with Mr. Pope, he would be in Danger of being loſt as a Writer 'in a few Years. His Renown vaniſhed, as ſoon as his Infirmities ſeclu-'ded him from the World; and with his Abilities, the Sycophants who 'ſurrounded him, alſo, took their Flight. It would be difficult to point 'out a ſingle Compliment paid to him, or his Writings, ſince the Time 'that he ceaſed to write: A plain Proof, that he held thoſe, who profeſſed 'themſelves to be his Friends, not by the Ties of Affection or Eſteem, 'but by Fear." See D°. for 1779. 663.

Why Dr. Warburton was *ever* ſuſpected even of ſecret Infidelity, I know not. But I am perſuaded, that his Writings were ſincerely intended to eſtabliſh the Truth of Chriſtianity, and that many of them are worthy of the great and good Cauſe in which they were honourably employed. What he was *inclined* to think upon Subjects of Religion, before, perhaps, he had either Leiſure or Ability to examine them, depends only upon obſcure Surmiſe, or vague Report. But we have the ſtubborn Evidence of Facts to aſcertain what he really *did* think, after he had ſearched and believed. As to the Charge of Heterodoxy, I ſhall leave his R. R. Biographer to admit, or to confute it, as he may find himſelf able. But the Accuſation of Deiſm, which has more than once been brought againſt his Writings, is too wicked to eſcape without ſome Mark of Reprobation, and too weak to deſerve a ſerious and formal Reply. It was malignantly broached at firſt by an Engliſh Dunce, whoſe Blunders and Calumnies are now happily forgotten. It afterwards was petulantly repeated by a French Buffoon, whoſe Morality is not commenſurate with his Wit, and many of whoſe Aſſertions in Hiſtory and Biography, every Man of Senſe reads with Diſtruſt, and ſometimes, with Contempt.

Warburton's

Warburton's Works was publiſhed in the Spring of 1788, and prefixed to it, is an Advertiſement, which cannot, I think, be quite ſatisfactory to his Admirers, and which muſt be alarming to ſuch of his Opponents as may now be living. It runs thus—"The "Reader will expect ſome Account of the Life, Writings and "Character of the Author to be prefixed to this complete Edition "of his Works: he is therefore informed, that a Diſcourſe to "that Effect hath been prepared, and will be publiſhed, but not "now, for Reaſons that will be ſeen hereafter." We are then told, that "Purchaſers, upon producing Tickets which are to "be delivered to them by the Bookſeller, will be furniſhed with "the Life." To this conſolatory Promiſe is ſubjoined a very accurate but jejune Account of the Works inſerted in the preſent Edition, and "for the reſt the Reader is referred to the "Author's Life at large."

Now, I confeſs, there is ſomething very myſterious to my Mind, both in the ſmall [9] Number of Copies lately publiſhed, and in the temporary Delay of the Life—A Number, which ſeems to inſinuate, either, that Warburton's Writings were too excellent for the groſs Taſte of the Public, or, that the Public had ſhewn ſome inauſpicious Symptoms of Indifference about Warburton's Writings—A Delay, which not only thwarts the acknowledged Expectation of the Reader, but which the Editor, it ſhould ſeem, aſſumes a Right of extending to as long a Time, as he ſhall think proper. From the cautious and enigmatical Manner, too, in which the Advertiſement is drawn up, it may be rather difficult to determine *poſitively*, by *whom* that "Diſcourſe hath been prepared." The Editor certainly has ſeen it. He, probably, is in Poſſeſſion of it. He has Reaſons for holding it back now—And he promiſes to publiſh, or, to let it be publiſhed, hereafter. But whether it be

[9] I am told that only 250 Copies were printed: I ought however to add, that for the Sake of thoſe who had purchaſed the former Editions of Warburton's Works, a ſeparate Volume has been publiſhed containing the additional Matter. But if a new and expenſive Edition of the whole was at all neceſſary, I think it difficult to account for the Choice of ſo ſmall a Number, as that above-mentioned.

written,

written, as Ariſtotle would ſay, by a Socrates or a [1] Callias, is left in ſome Uncertainty. A ſore and captious Objector might here ſay, that, if it be tainted with the genuine Spirit of the Warburtonian School, the Publication of it may very properly be deferred *ad Græcas Calendas*. He might inſinuate, that the Editor knows beſt, how far the Reputation of the Biographer himſelf may be ſtaked in the Account which he has given of Warburton, and that, poſſibly, he for many Reaſons, thinks it ſafer to diſappoint, for a Time, the Curioſity of his Readers, than to appeal precipitately to their Juſtice, or to encounter their Indignation. He might add, that a Diſcourſe, which profeſſes to convey a fair, exact, and enlarged View of the Life, Writings, and Character of Warburton, is a moſt arduous and a moſt perilous Undertaking: That it requires not merely the ordinary Decorations of Learning, or the ordinary Arts of Reaſoning, but a Judgment *moſt* impartial, and a Spirit moſt collected and moſt intrepid; and that in feeble or treacherous Hands, it will conciliate few Friends, and provoke many enemies.

——incedit per ignes
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo.

In me, however, who have not been initiated either into the greater or the leſſer Myſteries of the Warburtonians, it might be thought preſumptuous to draw aſide one Corner of the Veil from thoſe ſubjects which our great Hierophant has, for the preſent, ſo induſtriouſly and ſkillfully muffled up in Secrecy. I will not therefore profeſs, like ſome Critics, to [2] reveal what I never

[1] The learned Reader need not be informed of the Manner in which Ariſtotle ſometimes uſes the Names of Socrates, Callias, Coriſcus and Cleon. Vide Ariſt. Rhet. Lib. 2. Cap. 4. Eudem. lib. 2. Cap. 2. Metaphyſic. Lib. 1. Cap. 1, & 7. Lib. 5. Cap. 6. Lib. 7. Cap. 8. 11, 15. Lib. 14. Cap. 3. Sophiſt. Elench. Cap. 5. 14. 17. 22. 32.

[2] The Biſhop's Repreſentation of the greater and leſſer Myſteries was examined with great Accuracy, and oppoſed with great Candour, by the learned Dr. John Leland in the eight and ninth Chapters, Part the firſt, of his Work, upon the Advantage and Neceſſity of the Chriſtian Revelation. I have read with much pleaſure, and very little Conviction,

I never knew, nor will I [3] filch, or even borrow, any ſolid Ingots of Erudition from other Writers, to ſpread them in a thin and glittering Surface over my own Ignorance. I will forbear, with a Kind of religious Horror, from attempting to conjecture what the Reaſons of the Editor *are*. But, for the Honour of a Man, whoſe Delicacies both in Friendſhip and Enmity are *equally well known*, I will take the Liberty of informing the Readers of Warburton, what thoſe reaſons are *not*—They are not Reaſons of Fear in the R. R. Editor, either from the Cavils of the illiterate and prejudiced, whom a Writer of his great Abilities, great Reputation, and great Rank, may with Impunity deſpiſe, or from the Objections of the Wiſe and Good, whom, (as the Race of them, I hope, will not ſpeedily be extinct,) the Diſcourſe, which is not *unlikely* to diſpleaſe them now, cannot be *very likely* to ſatisfy hereafter--They are not Reaſons of uncommon Candour, or common Juſtice, to the ſurviving Opponents of Bp. Warburton: For, as the Diſcourſe, let it contain what it will, muſt be produced at laſt, they would rather, doubtleſs, meet an Attack which they may hope to repel while they are living, than be expoſed, after their Death, to Repreſentations of Facts and Opinions which, if they were *quite* fair and quite inoffenſive,

viction, "a Diſſertation on the Myſteries, wherein the Opinions of Bp. "Warburton and Dr. Leland are particularly conſidered." It was publiſhed without a Name in 1766; it was intended as an Anſwer to Leland, the firſt Edition of whoſe Work came out in 1764; and it has been aſcribed, not improbably, to the candid Examiner of Sherlock's Diſcourſes. Συνέσει μὲν γὰρ καὶ ἀγχινοίᾳ, καὶ δριμύτητι, πάμπολυ τῶν ἄλλων τῶν ἀπὸ Βαρβουρτώνου διέφερε. Vide Lucian. op. Tom. 2. P. 210. Edit. Reitz.

[3] The greater Part of Warburton's Quotations about the Myſteries may be found in Meurſius's Eleuſis. I forget whether the Biſhop makes a direct Acknowledgement of his Obligations to this diligent, learned, and judicious Collector. I ſay *learned and judicious*, as well as diligent, in Oppoſition to that Spirit of the Warburtonians, which induces one of them to call the Author of the Credibility of the Goſpel Hiſtory, "*the laborious Dr. Lardner*"; and another, to nick-name Mr. Hume's Hiſtory of England the "*moſt readable Hiſtory we have.*" The Diſciples of this School generally diſpenſe their Praiſe with a Diſcretion which prevents it's being exhauſted by their occaſional Prodigality. To the profane, σπείρουσι χειρὶ, but, to the initiated, ὅλῳ τῷ θυλάκῳ.

would,

would, probably, not for a Moment, be ſuppreſſed—They are not Reaſons of Tenderneſs to the Biographer himſelf: for the [4] Editor, undoubtedly, will never publiſh, or be concerned in publiſhing, what, after long Delay and much Correction, he does not approve; and as to the Biographer, he, I ſhould hope, has not ventured, like the Author of the ſeventh Diſſertation, to "prepare a Diſcourſe," which he is unwilling to avow, or unable to defend. Παθὼν δέ τε νήϊος ἔγνω.

When the Work of a great Writer is long kept back from the Eye of the Public, we are to conclude, not, that his whole Time is laid out upon it, but, that he at Intervals retrenches, or adds to the Matter, and corrects or poliſhes the Style, as different Opportunities may ariſe, different Circumſtances may require, or different States of his own Mind may dictate Amendment, or Alteration. We may, therefore, expect to ſee the Life of Warburton wrought up to the higheſt Degree of Perfection, which the united force of Taſte, Diligence, and *Diſcretion* in the Biographer, can attain.

Warburton paid the laſt awful Debt of Nature in June 1779. If then we ſuppoſe ſome rude Out-lines of his Character to have been ſketched out ſoon after the Event, when the Thoughts of his Friends muſt naturally have been turned towards his Attainments, his Virtues, and his Death, the Time expended upon this Piece of Biographical Painting, *already* includes the nine Years employed upon a leſs important Work to which Horace pertinently alludes, and which Catullus expreſsly names.[5]

Should the Artiſt detain a little longer his favourite Pic-

[4] I ſuſpect that the Editor is not a different Perſon from the Biographer. But I will not hazard any Aſſertion upon the Subject, leſt I ſhould be caught in the Toils which ſome Men may ſpread for a Concluſion not directly warranted by their own Premiſes. I have ſometimes thought, that in weightier matters the Warburtonians are too much addicted to a Practice which their Maſter condemns in Bayle and in Plutarch. They "leave "their Propoſitions in that convenient State of Ambiguity, which is neceſ-"ſary to give a Paradox the Air and Reputation of an Oracle." See Book 3, Sect. 6, of the D. L.

[5] Vid. Horat. de Ar. Poet. l. 388, & Catull. de Smyrna Cinnæ Poetæ lin. 1 & 2.

ture,

ture,[6] that it may receive fresh Touches, and Retouches, as either his Judgment, or his Hopes, or his Fears may suggest; that in one Place the Light may be heightened, and the Shade darkened in another; that some Characters may be brought more conspicuously into the Fore-ground, and others thrown back so as to be less distinctly seen, the Life of Warburton will furnish the English Language with a proverbial Expression not less emphatical, than the Latin Poem of Cinna, and the Greek Panegyric of Isocrates.

It may be worth while to observe, that this last Edition of Warburton's Works is called *complete*, tho' neither the Enquiry into Prodigies, nor the Translations, are contained in it. No Reason is assigned by the R. R. Editor for omitting them—No Notice is taken, that they ever were published by Warburton—No Intimation is given, that his Editor intends to publish them hereafter. But this unexpected, and, I hope, not unwelcome Republication will, perhaps, [7] induce him to "prepare a Dis-"course to that Effect."

From the ingenuous Editor and the wary Biographer, I gladly return to Warburton himself and his Critics.

As to the particular Points which are discussed in the Letters addressed to Dr. Jortin and Dr. Leland, I shall take this Opportunity of delivering my Opinion about them, plainly and concisely. Upon the Subject of Eloquence I accede to Leland's very judicious Objections against the chimerical Position of Warburton, and I also must add in Leland's emphatical Words, that

[6] I would recommend it to the Biographer to consider what Eunapius says of the Life of Alypius written by Iamblichus. Εοικεν ὁ θαυμάσιος Ιάμβλιχος ταυτὸν πεπονθέναι τοῖς γραφικοῖς, οἳ τοὺς ἐν ὥρᾳ γράφοντες, ὅταν χαρίσασθαί τι παρ' ἑαυτῶν εἰς τὴν γραφὴν βουληθῶσι, τὸ πᾶν εἶδος τῆς ὁμοιώσεως διαφθείρουσιν, ὥστε ἅμαλε τοῦ παραδείγματος ἡμαρτηκέναι καὶ τοῦ κάλλους.

Eunap. in Vit. Iamblich. p. 31. Edit Antverp.

[7] Lowth, in his Letter to Warburton, enumerates the different Kinds of Correction, which he inflicted, or caused to be inflicted, upon his Answerers. Now, the worst that can be done in this way by the "*Beadle*" of a Beadle, is below Contempt. But as the present Editor, and in Truth, Restorer of the Bishops two neglected Tracts cannot aspire, like Bishop Lowth, to the Solemnities of a regular Execution upon a Scaffold, he will be doomed,

that "the Biſhop has conveyed his Argument in all the moſt "ſtriking Forms of Eloquence, and with the Spirit and Ener-"gy of an ancient Orator."

In Regard to the ſixth Book of the Æneid, I have always admired the Ingenuity of Warburton's Hypotheſis. I have, in the Courſe of my own Reading, frequently examined his Quotations. I have never aſſented to his Concluſions. I applaud Dr. Jortin for ſpeaking of Warburton's Interpretation in Terms of *meaſured* Praiſe; and I conſider it as completely refuted in a moſt clear, elegant, and deciſive Work of Criticiſm, which could not, indeed, derive Authority from the greateſt Name, but to which the [9] greateſt Name might, with Propriety, have been affixed.

From Warburton, whom I have here commended without Adulation, as I had before cenſured him without Acrimony, I now proceed to ſpeak more at large of Leland and Jortin. For them too, I have a Bleſſing, which if it be leſs efficacious than that of the Patriarch, is, however, not leſs ſincere. Virtually, and by Implication, they were defended in the preceding Dedication. But they have a Title to more direct and explicit Praiſe, and I have choſen this Part of the Preface, as a proper Place for beſtowing it.

doomed, probably, to be thruſt down into ſome Dungeon of a Note, and to be ſtretched upon the Rack of Cavil and Miſrepreſentation by his ingenious Tormentor. Be it ſo. He knows (as Cicero ſays of Hortenſius in Divinat: cont: Cæcil:) all the Modes of Attack, which are moſt ſucceſsfully practiſed by his Antagoniſts: and he hopes to meet the Blow, not wholly unprepared both to encounter Argument, and to repel Accuſation. But if the aid of *Sneers* be once called in, either to reinforce a clumſy and languid Witticiſm, or to cover the Retreat of a crippled and feeble Argument, he will conſider the Uſe of ſuch Auxiliaries as a Declaration that no Quarter is to be given, and as a Signal for carrying on what Thucydides calls, πόλεμον ἄκρητον καὶ ἀσπονδον.

[8] Leland on Eloquence Cap. 4.

[9] This Book is aſcribed, and I think with great Probability, to the very learned and ingenious Author, to whom the Public is indebted for the Hiſtory of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Be the Writer who he will, the Reader will ſay with me, that the Work is, πίσσακος ἐξ ἱερῆς ὀλίγης λιβάδος.

Of

Of Leland my Opinion is not, like the Letter-writer's, founded upon [1] hear-ſay Evidence, nor is it determined ſolely by the great Authority of Dr. Johnſon, who always mentioned Dr. Leland with cordial Regard and with marked Reſpect. It might, perhaps, be invidious for me to hazard a favourable Deciſion upon his Hiſtory of Ireland, becauſe the Merits of that Work have been diſputed by Critics, ſome of whom, are, I think, warped in their Judgments, by literary, others, by national, and more, I have Reaſon to believe, by perſonal Prejudices. But I may with Confidence appeal to Writings, which have long contributed to public Amuſement, and have often been honoured by public Approbation—to the Life of Philip, and to the Tranſlation of Demoſthenes, which the Letter-writer profeſſes to have *not* read—to the judicious Diſſertation upon Eloquence, which the Letter-writer *did* vouchſafe to read, before he anſwered it—to the ſpirited Defence of that Diſſertation, which the Letter-writer, *probably*, has read, but never *attempted* to anſwer. The Life of Philip contains many curious Reſearches into the Principles of Government eſtabliſhed among the leading States of Greece: many ſagacious Remarks on their inteſtine Diſcords: many exact Deſcriptions of their moſt celebrated Characters, together with an extenſive and correct View of thoſe ſubtle Intrigues, and thoſe ambitious Projects, by which Philip, [2] at a favourable Criſis, gradually obtained an unexampled and fatal Maſtery over the Grecian Republicks. In the Tranſlation of Demoſthenes, Leland unites the Man of Taſte with the Man of Learning, and ſhews himſelf to have poſſeſſed, not only a competent Knowledge of the Greek Language, but that Clearneſs in his own Conceptions, and that Animation in his Feelings, which enabled him to catch the real Meaning, and to preſerve the genuine Spirit, of the moſt perfect Orator that Athens ever produced. Through the Diſſertation upon Eloquence, and the Defence of it, we ſee great Accuracy of

[1] See the Letter to Leland in the Concluſion.

[2] Upon this Subject Valckenaer has written a very learned and judicious Diatribe, which was delivered at Franequer, 1760, and publiſhed (with the Speeches of Hemſterhuis) at Leyden in 1784.

Erudition, great Perſpicuity and Strength of Style, and, above all, a ſtoutneſs of Judgment, which, in traverſing the open and ſpacious Walks of Literature, diſdained to be led Captive, either by the Sorceries of a ſelf-deluded Viſionary, or the Decrees of a ſelf-created Deſpot.

As to Jortin, whether I look back to his Verſe, to his Proſe, to his critical, or to his theological Works, there are few Authors to whom I am ſo much indebted for rational Entertainment, or for ſolid Inſtruction. Learned he was, without Pedantry. He was ingenious without the Affectation of Singularity. He was a Lover of Truth, without hovering over the gloomy Abyſs of Scepticiſm, and a Friend to Free-Enquiry, without roving into the dreary and pathleſs Wilds of Latitudinarianiſm. He had a Heart, which never diſgraced the Powers of his Underſtanding. With a lively Imagination, an elegant Taſte, and a Judgment moſt maſculine and moſt correct, he united the artleſs and amiable Negligence of a School Boy. Wit [3] without ill Nature, and Senſe without Effort, he could, at will, ſcatter upon every Subject; and in every Book, the Writer preſents us with a near and diſtinct View of the real Man.

——*ut omnis*
Votiva pateat tanquam deſcripta tabella
Vita Senis.——Hor. Sat. 1. Lib. 2.

[3] Let me not be charged with Pedantry, if, for the Want of Engliſh Words equally correſpondent with my Ideas, I ſay, that, in the lighter Parts of Jortin's Writings may be found that εὐτραπελία which is defined by Ariſtotle πεπαιδευμένη ὕβρις, and that, in the more ſerious, is preſerved that σεμνότης, which the ſame Philoſopher moſt accurately and beautifully explains, μαλακὴ καὶ εὐσχήμων βαρύτης. Rhetoric. Lib. 2. Cap. 12. & 17.

Knowing that Greek is thought by ſome nicer Readers to deform an Engliſh Page, and being, perhaps, in the Habit of remembering rather more Paſſages than I dare produce, I have often driven down my Quotations into a Note for Refuge. This Apology I make once for all, and I truſt that it will ſatisfy all Readers, except thoſe who may wiſh to ſee Quotations purified from the Dregs of Antiquity through the Strainers of an Engliſh Tranſlation.

Perſium non legere curo; Decium Lælium volo.

His

His Style, though inartificial, is ſometimes elevated: though familiar, it is never mean; and though employed upon various Topics of Theology, Ethics, and Criticiſm, it is not arrayed in any deluſive reſemblance, either, of Solemnity, from fanatical Cant, of Profoundneſs, from ſcholaſtic Jargon, of Preciſion, from the crabbed Formalities of cloudy Philologiſts, or of Refinement, from the technical Babble of frivolous Connoiſſeurs.

At the ſhadowy and fleeting Reputation which is ſometimes gained by the petty Frolics of literary Vanity, or the miſchievous Struggles of controverſial Rage, Jortin never graſped. Truth, which ſome Men are ambitious of ſeizing by Surprize in the trackleſs and dark Receſs, he was content to overtake in the broad and beaten Path: And in the Purſuit of it, if he does not excite our Aſtoniſhment by the Rapidity of his Strides, he, at leaſt, ſecures our Confidence by the Firmneſs of his Step. To the Examination of Poſitions advanced by other Men, he always brought a Mind, which neither Prepoſſeſſion had ſeduced, nor Malevolence polluted. He impoſed not his own Conjectures as infallible and irreſiſtible Truths, nor endeavoured to give an Air of Importance to Trifles, by dogmatical Vehemence. He could ſupport his more ſerious Opinions, without the Verſatility of a Sophiſt, the Fierceneſs of a Diſputant, or the Impertinence of a Buffoon—more than this—he could *relinquiſh or correct* them with the calm and ſteady Dignity of a Writer, who, while he yielded ſomething to the Arguments of his Antagoniſts, was conſcious of retaining enough to command their Reſpect. He had too much Diſcernment to confound difference of Opinion with Malignity or Dullneſs, and too much Candour to inſult, where he could not perſuade. Though his Senſibilities were neither Coarſe nor Sluggiſh, he yet was exempt from thoſe fickle Humours, thoſe rankling Jealouſies, and that reſtleſs Waywardneſs, which Men of the brighteſt Talents are too prone to indulge. He carried with him, into every Station in which he was placed, and every Subject which he explored, a ſolid Greatneſs of Soul, which could ſpare an Inferior, though in the offenſive Form of an Adverſary, and endure an Equal with, or without, the ſacred Name of Friend. The Importance of Commendation, as well to him who beſtows, as to him who claims it, he eſtimated not only with Juſtice, but with De-

licacy, and therefore, he neither wantonly laviſhed it, nor withheld it auſterely. But Invective he neither provoked nor feared; and, as to the Severities of Contempt, he reſerved them for Occaſions where alone they *could* be employed with Propriety, and where, by *himſelf*, they always *were* employed with Effect—for the Chaſtiſement of arrogant Dunces, of cenſorious Sciolists, of intolerant Bigots in every Sect, and unprincipled Impoſtors in every Profeſſion. Diſtinguiſhed in various Forms of literary Compoſition, engaged in various Duties of his eccleſiaſtical Profeſſion, and bleſſed with a long and honourable Life, he nobly exemplified that rare and illuſtrious Virtue of Charity, which Leland, in his Reply to the Letter-writer, thus eloquently deſcribes. "CHARITY never miſrepreſents; never aſcribes "obnoxious Principles or miſtaken Opinions to an Opponent, "which he himſelf diſavows; is not ſo earneſt in refuting, as "to fancy Poſitions never aſſerted, and to extend its Cenſure to "Opinions, which *will perhaps* be delivered. CHARITY is "utterly averſe to SNEERING, the moſt deſpicable Species of "Ridicule, that moſt deſpicable Subterfuge of an impotent "Objector. CHARITY never ſuppoſes, that all Senſe and "Knowledge are confined to a particular Circle, to a Diſtrict, or "to a COUNTRY: CHARITY never condemns and embraces "Principles in the ſame Breath; never *profeſſes* to confute, "what it *acknowledges* to be juſt, never preſumes to bear down "an Adverſary with confident Aſſertions; CHARITY does "not call Diſſent Inſolence, or the Want of implicit Submiſſion a Want of common [4] Reſpect."

This, I cannot help exclaiming in the Words of the R. R. Remarker—"This is the Solution of a Philoſopher indeed; "clear, ſimple, manly, rational, and ſtriking Conviction in "every Word, unlike the refined and fantaſtic Nonſenſe of a "Writer of [5] Paradoxes."

The Eſteem, the Affection, the Reverence, which I feel for ſo profound a Scholar, and ſo honeſt a Man, as Dr. Jortin, make me wholly indifferent to the Praiſe and Cenſure of thoſe, who vilify, without reading, his Writings, or read them, without finding ſome Incentive to Study, ſome Proficiency in Knowledge, or ſome Improvement in Virtue.

[4] Page 51 of the Quarto Edition of Dr. Leland's Anſwer, printed at London, 1765. Vide Remarks on Hume, P. 93.

TESTIMONIA AUCTORUM.

SOON after Warburton firſt began his Courtſhip to Fame, he followed the Example of the God Vertumnus in his Addreſſes to Pomona; *aſſimilavit anum*, as we ſee by this Commentary; and he ſucceeded; the Character was a venerable Character and well ſupported.

Omnis *Ariſtippum* decuit ſtatus et color et res.

Others imagine, he took the old Woman upon him to get rid of the Green Sickneſs; the Symptoms of which were threatning, at the ſame Time he publiſhed his Book of Tranſlations; (which died of that Diſtemper) at the ſame Time that the hiſtoric Muſe was ſo very ill of it; an Account of which we find in his next Book, the *critical* and *philoſophical* Enquiry into the Cauſe of Prodigies, &c. P. 65. The Words are theſe. "The hiſtoric Muſe, after much vain Longing for a vigorous "Adorer, is fallen under that Indiſpoſition of her Sex ſo well "known by a depraved Appetite for Traſh and Cinders." However, his Lordſhip's critical Muſe had a ſtronger Conſtitution; and got over it, as I tell you, by taking the old Woman. And the yellow Hue, that now ſpreads ſo widely among his Friends and tinges every Page in the *Delicacy* of *Friendſhip*, and many other Pamphlets, is entirely owing to a very different Cauſe.

Vide "Confuſion Worſe Confounded." P. 56.

I beg the Continuance of that Regard and Eſteem, which you have been ſo kind as to expreſs towards me: I will now tell you how highly I ſhall prize it. Your Friend above-mentioned, the Author of the Diſſertation on the Delicacy of Friendſhip, has ſtopped my Mouth, and makes me very cautious about ſaying any Thing that may be conſtrued into Flattery, or Fear of you. I call him your Friend, becauſe I ſuppoſe he pretends to be ſo. What your Opinion of him is, I cannot tell; but I think you owe him little Thanks for his Pains. He has at leaſt ſhewn more Zeal than Diſcretion in the Undertaking, and more malevolent Wit than good Senſe or honeſt Intention in the Performance;

Performance; the manifeſt Tendency of which is to ſow Strife, and to foment Diſcord, and its natural Effects, if it has any, muſt be to leſſen the Numbers of thoſe, who wiſh well to you and your Deſigns: And I ſay ſo much of it in Order to aſſure you, that it will not have that Effect with me.

"Lowth's Letter to Warburton, dated Wincheſter Sept. 9, 1756."

You ſpeak your Sentiments of the Author and Pamphlet on the *Delicacy* of *Friendſhip*: Allow me to tell you mine. You make it a Kind of Queſtion, whether he be my Friend. This is natural. Your Notion of the Commerce amongſt learned Men, in Letters, may make you a little dazzled with ſuch a Friendſhip in the Commerce of Life. The Author (if I know who was the Author, for the Pamphlet was publiſhed before I had ſo much as heard of its Contents) is a Man of very ſuperior Talents, of Genius, Learning, and Virtue, indeed a principal Ornament of the Age he lives in: So that was I to wiſh a Bleſſing to a Man, I was moſt obliged to, I could not wiſh him a greater than the Friendſhip of ſuch a Perſon. And I not only hold myſelf highly honoured, and obliged to him for this Mark of his good Will towards me, but think the Diſcourſe very ſerviceable to Men of Letters, if they would condeſcend to make a proper Uſe of it. He tries in the fineſt Irony in the World, to ſhame them out of that deteſtable Turn of Mind, which either out of low Envy, or out of mean and baſe Apprehenſions dare not do it, for Fear of its being unacceptable to their Superiors. The only Thing blameable, and which by the Way, is the only real Ground of Offence, is his extravagant Commendation of me. And if the Generoſity, and *immoderate* Warmth of a friendly Heart will not excuſe him, (as it would be a Wonder if ſo unexperienced a Thing ſhould) I know myſelf ſo well, as to be conſcious that he has nothing better to urge.

"Dr. Warburton's Letter to Dr. Lowth, dated Prior Park, Sept. 17, 1756."

I remember

I remember to have met with a Paſſage in a certain Writer which is not at all favourable to the Grammarians. ἐμαὶ πρὸς φιλοσόφυς ἐστὶ φιλία· πρὸς μέν τοι σοφιστὰς ἢ γραμματιστὰς ἢ τοιοῦτο γένος ἕτερον ἀνθρώπων κακοδαιμόνων, οὔτε νῦν ἐστι φιλία, μήτε ὑστερόν ποτε γένοιτο.

"My Friendſhip I beſtow upon Philoſophers: As to So-"phiſts, little Grammarians, and ſuch Sort of Scoundrels and "Cacodæmons, I neither have, nor ever will have any Re-"gard for them."

The Man abhors Grammarians; and Grammars, I ſuppoſe. But who is the Author of this Bit of Greek? An extraordinary Perſon, I aſſure you; a Projector, a Viſionnaire, a Linguiſt by Inſpiration, a Crack, a Conjurer—in ſhort, Apollonius Tyanenſis. He is the Man; and the Grammarians account it no Diſgrace to be vilified by a Mountebank.

Jortin's Life of Eraſmus, Note, P. 604.
Vid. Apollon: Epiſt: prim. P. 385. Philoſtrat. Edit. Olear.

Extracts from "A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Lowth, occaſioned by his late Letter to the Right Revd. Author of the Divine Legation of Moſes. By the Author of Eſſays on the Characteriſtics. 8vo. 1766.

"The three following Letters contain a particular Proof "that I have been unreſerved in declaring my Opinion of "other Men's Writings, though in Oppoſition to the known "Sentiments of Dr. Warburton. The Copy which I have of "them is without Date, but this is ſufficiently fixed by the "Time when the Pamphlet "*On the Delicacy of Friendſhip*" "was publiſhed; for they were written a few Weeks after "that Publication.

"The firſt was written, in Subſtance, I believe, to two "or three different Friends. As it contains nothing but my "Opinion of a Book, it is needleſs to give their Names: It is "only introduced, as being explanatory of the two which "follow. It runs thus":

Dear

Dear Sir,

* * * * Here is a Pamphlet lately publiſhed intitled "*On the Delicacy of Friendſhip*", which has alarmed me not a little: The more, becauſe it is by ſome attributed to me: By others to * * * * *, or * * * *. The Compoſition would certainly do Honour to any of us: * * * * Whoever he *(the Author)* be, though I honour his Zeal for his Friend, yet had I been of the Council before it was publiſhed, I would have whiſpered this one Critieiſm in his Ear. "I think my Friend, you are in Danger of hurting Dr. W. as well as yourſelf by the Intemperance of your Zeal. For though * * * * has certainly offended, yet you ſo far over-rate his Offence, and your conſequential Accuſations riſe ſo far beyond it; that the Offence which if more gently touched would have ſeemed conſiderable in the Eyes of the World, will, by theſe Aggravations, apparently groundleſs, ſink into nothing in the Opinion of Mankind." If you ſhould ever come to the Knowledge of the Author, pray let him read what I have written.

I am, &c.

J. B.

The two following were written by me to the Author of the *Divine Legation of Moſes*. They were occaſioned by this Pamphlet "*On the Delicacy of Friendſhip.*" Concerning which I frankly communicated my Opinion, as above to Dr. Warburton: Our Sentiments were different on this Subject. The Debate was maintained with ſome Warmth on both Sides; but I muſt here do his Lordſhip the Juſtice to ſay, that far from expecting any mean Compliance on my Part, our Friendſhip and Correſpondence continued unbroken as before. Whatever hath any eſſential Tendency to my preſent Vindication is as follows; and is now publiſhed with the Conſent of the Biſhop of Glouceſter;

* * * * * I was, indeed, alarmed at being told * * * * of this Pamphlet and of my being its ſuppoſed Author. The Reaſon why I was thus alarmed was, becauſe the Account I had

of

of it * * * * would have alarmed the moſt ſanguine of your Friends, who were as ignorant of it as I was. I am ſure it would only give you Pain, ſhould I tell you the Particulars of this Account; and therefore I forbear it. I do not think of this Pamphlet as the World does: I think more favourably. I told you what I think, and I proteſt it is not in my Power to think otherwiſe.

I am conſcious to myſelf of meaning diſintereſtedly towards you. I dare to ſacrifice any Intereſt in your Behalf: I know I *dare* do it, becauſe I know I *have* done it: But I confeſs I dare not ſacrifice my Reaſon. I am perſuaded this is not the Price at which you would have me buy your Friendſhip; I am ſure you are of too noble a Mind to attempt to enſlave me; I believe you are as incapable of attempting, as I am of ſubmitting to it. If ſo, then certainly there muſt many Incidents occur, in which Allowance muſt be made for Variety of Judgments.

I am, Dear Sir, &c.

J. B.

The following was written by me to the ſame Perſon, about the ſame Time.

* * * * * * I am glad, upon the whole, that I have had this Opportunity of ſpeaking my free Thoughts to you upon this Matter; and from what I know of the Openneſs and Generoſity of your Temper, am perſuaded you cannot take it amiſs, though I ſhould be miſtaken in ſome Particulars. My Eſteem for you, and my Obligations to you I am proud to take all Opportunities of declaring, and ſhall to the laſt Hour of my Life. At the ſame Time, I muſt act the Part of a Man, and vindicate myſelf from every Thing that may have the leaſt Tendency to debaſe my Character. In doing this, I reflect Honour to, at leaſt I prevent Diſcredit from falling upon thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed me by their Regard. I would riſe with the ſame Warmth in my Friend's Vindication as my own, upon an adequate Occaſion; yet ſtill, I would do it with Calmneſs, being perſuaded that the blind Zeal of a well-meaning

meaning Friend may hurt a Man far more than the Hypocriſy of an Enemy.

I am, &c.

J. B.

MONTHLY REVIEW, for Oct. 1764, Page 305.

A Letter to the Revd. Dr. Thomas Leland, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in which his late Diſſertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence is criticized; and the Biſhop of Glouceſter's Idea of the Nature and Character of an inſpired Language, as delivered in his Lordſhip's Doctrine of Grace, is vindicated from all the Objections of the learned Author of the Diſſertation. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

This Letter-writer ſets out thus 'I have read your Diſſertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence, and ſhall very 'readily, I dare ſay, be indulged in the Liberty I am going to 'take, of giving you my free Thoughts upon it. I ſhall do it 'with all the Regard that is due from one Scholar to another; 'and even with all the Civility which may be required of ONE 'who hath his Reaſons for addreſſing you in this public Man-'ner, without a Name.'

Upon reading this, we were naturally led to expect a liberal, candid, and polite Letter, ſuch as becomes one Gentleman to write to another; but we ſoon found that this Letter-writer is either entirely ignorant of what is *due from one Scholar to another*, or never intended to keep his Promiſe. A Spirit of Inſolence breaths through the whole Letter, with an academical Pertneſs, unworthy of a polite Scholar, and in an anonymous Writer, extremely mean and cowardly.

Whatever Advantage this Author, or his Admirers, may imagine he has over Dr. Leland in Point of Argument and critical *Acumen*, he is certainly much inferior to him in good Breeding. In Regard to the Merit of his Defence of the Biſhop of Glouceſter, we ſhall only ſay, that it is ſpecious and plauſible, but far from being ſolid and ſatisfactory. It would be to no Purpoſe to detain our Readers with a particular Account of

what

what he has advanced; ſuch of them as have read the learned Prelate's Work, and are Judges of the Subject, muſt have formed their Opinion of it long before now.

It is incumbent on us, however, to give a Specimen of our Author's Manner of Writing, in Order to vindicate the Character we have given of it. We ſhall therefore lay before our Readers the Concluſion of this Letter, leaving them to determine whether it is or is not agreeable to the Beginning of it.

'I will not deny, ſays he, that the mere Juſtice due to a great Character, whom I found ſomewhat freely, not to ſay injuriouſly treated by you, was one Motive with me to hazard this Addreſs to you. If I add another, it is ſuch as I need not diſown, and which you, of all Men, will be the laſt to object to, I mean a Motive of Charity towards yourſelf.

'I am much a Stranger to your Perſon, and, what it may perhaps be ſcarce decent for me to profeſs to you, even to your Writings. All I know of yourſelf is, what your Book tells me, that you are diſtinguiſhed by an honourable Place and Office in the Univerſity of Dublin: And what I have heard of your Writings, makes me think favourably of a private Scholar, who, they ſay, employs himſelf in ſuch Works of Learning and Taſte, as are proper to inſtill a Reverence into young Minds for the beſt Models of ancient Eloquence. While you are thus creditably ſtationed, and thus uſefully employed, I could not but feel ſome Concern for the Hurt you were likely to do yourſelf, by engaging in ſo warm and ſo unneceſſary an Oppoſition to a Writer, as you characterize him, *of diſtinguiſhed Eminence*. Time was, when even with us, on this Side the Water, the Novelty of this Writer's Poſitions, and the Envy, which ever attends ſuperior Merit, diſpoſed ſome warm Perſons to open and proſecute, with many hard Words, the unpopular Cry againſt him, of his being a bold and *paradoxical* Writer. But Reflexion and Experience have quieted this Alarm. Men of Senſe and Judgment have conſidered his Paradoxes as very harmleſs, nay as very ſober and certain Truths; and even vie with each other in their Zeal for building upon them, as the ſureſt Baſis on which a juſt and rational Vindication of our common Religion can be raiſed. This is

the

the preſent State of Things with us, and eſpecially, they ſay, in the Univerſities of this Kingdom.'

'It was, therefore, not without ſome Surprize, I found a Gentleman of Learning and Education revive, at ſuch a Juncture, that ſtale and worn-out Topic, and diſgrace himſelf by propagating this Clamour, of I know not what *paradoxical Boldneſs*, now long out of Date, in the much approved Writings of this great Prelate. Nor was the Diſhonour to yourſelf the only Circumſtance to be lamented. You were ſtriving with all your Might to infuſe Prejudices into the Minds of many ingenious and virtuous young Men, whom you would ſurely be ſorry to miſlead; and, who would owe you but little Thanks for prepoſſeſſing them with unfavourable Sentiments of ſuch a Man and Writer as the Biſhop of Glouceſter, they will find, is generally eſteemed to be.

'Theſe, then, were the Conſiderations which induced me to employ an Hour or two of Leiſure in giving your Book a free Examination. I have done it in as few Words as poſſible, and in a Manner which no reaſonable and candid Man, I perſuade myſelf, will diſapprove. I know what Apologies may be requiſite to the learned Biſhop for a Stranger's engaging in this officious Taſk. But to you, Sir, I make none: It is enough if any Benefits to yourſelf or others may be derived from it.'

Such is the Regard which this Writer thinks is due from one Scholar to another. In what School he has learned his good Breeding few of our Readers need be told: That he is an apt Scholar, and zealous for the Honour of his Maſter, is abundantly evident.—We can by no Means, however, ſee the Juſtice of treating poor Dr. Leland in this unmerciful Manner. It is very poſſible, or rather, highly probable, he never heard that all Men of Senſe and Judgment on this Side the Water, had acknowledged the Biſhop of Glouceſter as their only rightful literary Sovereign, 'and vied with each other in their Zeal of building upon his Paradoxes, as the ſureſt Baſis on which a juſt and rational Vindication of our common Religion can be raiſed.' Nay, ſuppoſing the Doctor to have heard this, and even ſuppoſing it to be true, we cannot ſee any Obligation the Univerſity of Dublin, or the Gentlemen of Ireland, are under

to

to acknowledge the learned Prelate's Authority; they deſerve rather, it ſhould ſeem, to be highly commended for their noble independent Spirit, in refuſing to call any Man on Earth, MASTER.

But we ſhall conclude this Article with a fair Challenge to this Letter-Writer, as the only Way of anſwering his arrogant and preſumptuous Aſſertions: If he will condeſcend to produce a Liſt of thoſe Men of Senſe and Judgment, who vye with each other in Building upon the Biſhop's Paradoxes, we will engage to produce a Liſt of Men of Senſe and Judgment, who are in very different Sentiments; and appeal to the impartial Public, which of the two Liſts is moſt reſpectable.

CRITICAL REVIEW for April, 1765, Page 279.

An Anſwer to a Letter to the Reverend Dr. Thomas Leland, containing, An Examination of the Criticiſm on a late Diſſertation on the Principles of Eloquence. In which is particularly ſhewn, that the Lord Biſhop of Gloucester's Idea of the Character of an inſpired Language, as delivered in his Doctrine of Grace, is acknowledged to be indefenſible by the learned Vindicator. By Dr. Thomas Leland, D. D. 4to, Price 2s. 6d.

This Controverſy gives us a lively Idea of a Preferment-hunting *toad eater*. A great Prelate who has many literary Qualifications; but, in that Part of Knowledge which regards Genius, is not perhaps the beſt Critic in England, happens to go out of his Depth, and while he is ſinking, his *toad eater* tells him that he is treading good Ground; but, at the ſame Time offers him the Uſe of a Cork Jacket to keep him above Water.

We have already (ſee Vol.* 18.—P. 328) declared our Opinion, that Dr. Leland, in the Diſpute between him and the officious Letter-writer who *pitted* himſelf as the Champion for the R. R. Prelate, has greatly the Advantage in this Controverſy.

* The Reader will do well to read the maſterly Pieces of Criticiſm upon Leland's Diſſertation in the C. R. for July 1764, and upon the Letter to Dr. Leland in the ſame Review for November 1764. Edit.

ERRATA.

ERRATA.

P. 145. Note. for φιλόλιμοι read φιλόϊμοι, and transfer this quotation from Ariſtotle to the word *Similitude*, line 14. p. 146.
P. 157. Text. Line 36. for *taſk Maker* read *Taſk-Maſter*
P. 161. Line 6. for *haraſſed* read *harraſſed*
P. 163. Note. Line 6. for *had* read *has*
P. 166. Line 11. for *perſonal* read *numerical*
P. 171. Line 19. for τὰς read τὲς
Ditto. Line 1b. for γινηθέντας & γενήσαντες read γινηθέντας & γεννήσαντες
Ditto. Line 21. for ωσπερ read ὥσπερ
P. 177. Note. Line 6. for *profeſs* read *profeſſed*
P. 185. Line 3. for *abilities* read *ability*
Ditto. Note. Line 28. for *this* day read *his* day
Ditto. Note. Line 35. for *Connection*, read *Connections*
P. 189. Note. Lines 7 & 8. for ἀπὸ Βαρθωλίνω, read ἀμφὶ Βαρθολίνον.
P. 192. Note. Line 5. for *antagoniſts* read *antagoniſt*.

ON THE

DELICACY

OF

FRIENDSHIP.

A

SEVENTH DISSERTATION,

ADDRESSED TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE SIXTH.

Si benè te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,
Scurrantis ſpeciem præbere profeſſus Amicum.
HOR.

First printed
1755.

AN

ADDRESS

TO THE

REVEREND DR. JORTIN.

REV. SIR,

AS great an Admirer as I muſt profeſs myſelf of your Writings, I little expected that any of them would give me the Pleaſure, that I have juſt now received from the laſt of your SIX DISSERTATIONS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

The other five have doubtleſs their diſtinct Merits. But in this, methinks, I ſee an aſſemblage, a very Conſtellation, as it were, of all your Virtues, all that can recommend the Scholar or endear the Friend. This laſt, give me Leave to ſay, is ſo unuſual a Part of a learned Man's Character, and appears with ſo peculiar a Luſtre in this Diſcourſe, that the Public will not be diſpleaſed to have it ſet before them in full View, and recommended to general Imitation, with a Frankneſs, which tho' it may ſomewhat diſguſt your own Delicacy, ſeems but very neceſſary on ſuch an Occaſion and in ſuch Times.

I leave it to others therefore to celebrate the Happineſs of your Invention, the Urbanity of your Wit, the Regularity of your Plan, the Addreſs with which you conceal the Point you aim at in this Diſſertation, and yet the Pains you take in ſeeming obliquely to make your Way to it. Theſe and many other Beauties which your long Study of the Antients hath enabled you to bring into modern Compoſition, have been generally taken Notice of in your other Writings, and will find Encomiaſts enough among the common Herd of your Readers. The Honour, I propoſe to do you by this Addreſs is of another Kind; and as it lies a little remote from vulgar Apprehenſion, I ſhall have ſome Merit with you for diſplaying it as it deſerves.

To come to a Point then, next to the total Want of Friendſhip, which one has too much Reaſon to obſerve and lament, in the great Scholars of every Age, nothing hath at any time diſguſted me ſo much as the groſs Indelicacy, with which they are uſually ſeen to conduct themſelves in their Expreſſion of this Virtue.

I have by me a large Collection of the civil Things, which theſe lettered Friends have been pleaſed to ſay of one another, and it would amaze you to ſee with what an Energy and Force of Language they are delivered. One Thing I thought very remarkable, that the greater the Parts, and the more unqueſtioned the Learning and the Abilities of the Encomiaſt, juſt ſo much the ſtronger, that is to ſay, according to the uſual Acceptation, juſt ſo much the more friendly are his Encomiums.

I have a great Example in my Eye. A Man for Inſtance hath a boſom FRIEND, whom he takes for a Perſon of the pureſt and moſt benevolent Virtue, preſently he ſets him down for ſuch, and publiſheth him to all the World.—Or he hath an Intimacy with an eminent POET: And no Regard to Decency, reſtrains him from calling him a great Genius, as Horace, you know, did his friend Virgil, almoſt to his Face. Or he is loved and honoured by a great LAWYER or two; and then be ſure all the fine Things that have been ſaid of your CICEROS, your SCOEVOLAS, or your HYDES are ſquandered away upon them. Or he hath perchance the Honour of being well with a great CHURCHMAN, much famed for his Political and Religious Services; down he goes at once for a Lover of his Country, and the Scourge of Infidels and Free-thinkers, with as little Reſerve as if he had a JEROM or a Father PAUL to celebrate. Or once or twice in his Life it hath been his Fortune to be diſtinguiſhed by great Miniſters. Such Occaſions are rare. And therefore a little Gratitude, we will ſay is allowable. But can any Thing be ſaid for abominable formal *Dedications?* Or laſtly, he thinks he ſees ſome ſparks of Virtue, even in his ordinary Acquaintance, and theſe, as faſt as he obſerves them he gathers up, and ſticks, on the firſt Occaſion, in ſome or other of his immortal Volumes.

O DOCTOR

O Doctor Jortin! if you did but ſee half the Extravagances, I have collected of this Sort in the ſingle Inſtance of one Man, you would ſtand aghaſt at this Degree of Corruption in the learned World, and would begin to apprehend ſomething of your great Merit in this ſeaſonable Endeavour to put a Stop to its Progreſs.

And what above all grieves me is, that this is no novel Invention; for then it might well have ranked with the other Arguments of Degeneracy ſo juſtly chargeable on the preſent Times; but the all-accompliſhed Ancients themſelves have, to own the Truth, ſet the Example.

I took Notice juſt now, of the Ingenium Ingens of Horace. The other Poets of that Time abound in theſe fulſome Encomiums. But I am even ſhocked to think that ſuch Men as Cicero and Pliny, Men ſo perfect as they were in the Commerce of the World, and from their Station, ſo practiſed in all the Decencies of Converſation, were far gone in this Folly. And yet there are, in Truth, more Inſtances of this Weakneſs in their Writings, than in thoſe of any modern I can readily call to Mind.

Something I know hath been ſaid in Excuſe of this illiberal Manner, from the Views and Characters and Neceſſities of thoſe that uſe it. And my unfeigned Regard for the Profeſſors of Learning, makes me willing that any Thing they have to offer for themſelves ſhould be fairly heard.

They ſay then, and with ſome Appearance of Truth, that as all the Benefit they propoſe to themſelves by their Labours, is for the moſt Part nothing more than a little Fame (which, whether good or bad, as the Poet obſerves,

———begins and ends
In the ſmall Circle of our Foes, or Friends.)

They think it hard to be denied this ſlender Recompence, which each expects in his Turn, and ſhould therefore be not unwilling to pay to others.

They further alledge, that as they are generally *plain Men*, much given to ſpeak their Minds, and quite unpractiſed in the Arts of that chaſte Reſerve and delicate Self-denial, to which ſome few of their Order have happily habituated themſelves, they hope to be forgiven ſo natural an Infirmity, to

which the Circumſtances of their Situation and Character fatally expoſe them.

But laſtly they ſay, this Practice is in a Manner forced upon them by the *Malignity of the Times*. Let a learned Man, deſerve ever ſo well of the Public, none but thoſe who are known to be of his Acquaintance think themſelves at all concerned to take Notice of his Services. Eſpecially this is obſerved to be the conſtant Humour of our Country Men, who rarely ſpeak well of any but their Friends, as our Polite Neighbours rarely ſpeak ill of any but their Enemies. Now this malevolent Diſpoſition of the Learned makes it neceſſary, they pretend, that ſuch of them as are connected by any Bond of Friendſhip ſhould be indulged the greater Liberty of commending one another. Unleſs you will utterly exclude all Intercourſe of Praiſe and Panegyric from human Society, which they humbly conceive may be attended with ſome few Inconveniences. To ſtrengthen this laſt Obſervation they even add that the Public is uſually more ſhy in beſtowing its Praiſes, on Writers of eminent and ſuperior Merit than on Others. As well knowing I ſuppoſe, that Poſterity will make them ample Amends for any Mortification they may meet with at preſent, and that in the mean Time they are more than ſufficiently honoured by the conſtant Railings and Invectives of the Dunces. Laſtly they obſerve that in the more frivolous and eaſy Kinds of Learning ſuch for Inſtance as are converſant about the Collation of M.S.S. the Rectification of POINTS, and the Correction of LETTERS, the general and approved Cuſtom is for all Profeſſors of this Claſs, whether Friends or Enemies, to cry up each other as much as they pleaſe, and that it is even reckoned a Piece of Incivility not to preface a Citation from ever ſo inſignificant a Dealer, in verbal Criticiſm with ſome ſuperlative Appellation. And why, ſay they, ſhould theſe Nibblers of old Books "*theſe Word-catchers that live on Syllables*" be indulged in this Amplitude of Expreſſion to one another, when they who furniſh the Materials on which the Spawn of theſe Vermin are to feed in after Ages, are denied the little Satisfaction of a more ſizeable, as well as a more deſerved Praiſe?

I have

I have not been afraid, you ſee, to ſet the Arguments of theſe unhappy Advocates for themſelves in as ſtrong a Light as they will bear, becauſe I can eaſily truſt your Sagacity to find out a full and deciſive Anſwer to them.

In the *firſt* Place, you will refer theſe Idolaters of FAME, for their better Information, to that curious Diſcourſe on this Subject, which makes the *fourth* of the preſent Collection. Next, you will tell them that you by no Means intend to deprive them of their juſt Praiſe, but that they muſt not ſet up for Judges in their own Caſe, and preſume to think how much of it they have Reaſon to look for from their Friends. You will further ſignify to them, that the trueſt Office of Friendſhip is to be ſparing of Commendation, leſt it awaken the Envy of a malicious World; that there is a Kind of Faſcination in Praiſe, which wiſe Men have been juſtly ſuſpicious of in all Ages; and that a Grain or two from thoſe who are not uſed to be prodigal of this Incenſe, is an Offering of no ſmall Value. But chiefly and laſtly, you will give them to underſtand, that true Honour is ſeated not in the Mouths but Hearts of Men; and that for any Thing they know, one may be forced to entertain the higheſt poſſible Eſteem of their Virtues, though for their Sakes, and for other wiſe Reaſons, one has that virtuous Command of one's Tongue and Pen, as not to acquaint them with it.

Then, as to the *Plainneſs* and *Openneſs* of Mind, which is ſaid to make a Part in the Compoſition of a Man of Letters, you will tell them that this is the very Foible you moſt lament, and moſt wiſh them to correct: That it expoſes them to much Cenſure, and many other Inconveniencies; that this Frankneſs of Diſpoſition makes them beſtow their Praiſes on thoſe whom the World has no ſuch Eſteem for, or whom it would rather ſee left in Obſcurity and Oblivion; that they often diſguſt their Betters by this Proceeding, who have their Reaſons for deſiring that a Cloud may remain on the Characters of certain obnoxious and dangerous Writers; that by ſuch warm and unmanaged Commendations they become Partners, as it were, of their ill Deſerts; that they even make themſelves anſwerable for their future Conduct; which is a Matter of ſo very nice a Conſideration, that the great Maſter of Life, though he

had not the Virtue always to act up to his own Maxim, delivers it for a Precept of ſpecial Uſe in the Commerce of the World,

QUALEM COMMENDES ETIAM ATQUE ETIAM ADSPICE.

For it ſignifieth nothing in the Caſe before us, whether the Recommendation be to a Patron or the Public.

For all theſe Reaſons you will aſſure them that this ill Habit of ſpeaking their Mind on all Occaſions, juſt as Nature and blind Friendſhip dictate, is that which more than any Thing elſe expoſes them to the Contempt of knowing and conſiderate Men.

Laſtly, with Regard to that other frivolous Plea taken from the Malignity of Mankind, and even thoſe of their own Family and Profeſſion, you will convince them that this is totally a Miſtake, that the World is ready enough to take Notice of ſuperior Eminence in Letters, that it is even apt to grow extravagant in its Admiration, and that this Humour of the Public is itſelf a Reaſon for that Reſerve with which their Friends, if they truly merit that Name, ought to conduct themſelves towards them: that this Splendour of Reputation, which is ſo generally the Conſequence of diſtinguiſhing Learning, requires to be allayed and ſoftened by the diſcreet Management of thoſe who wiſh them well, leſt it not only grow offenſive to weak Eyes, but dazzle their own with too fond an Imagination of their own Importance, and ſo relax the Ardour of their Purſuits, or betray them into ſome unſeemly Oſtentation of their juſt Merits. You will further ſuggeſt, that great Atchievements in Letters, are ſufficiently recompenced by the ſilent Complacency of ſelf Eſteem and of a good Conſcience; while leſſer Services demand to be brought out and magnified to the public Eye for the due Encouragement and Conſolation of thoſe, who would otherwiſe have but ſmall Reaſon to be ſatisfied with themſelves. You might even obſerve, that Silence itſelf is often a full Acknowledgement of ſuperior Deſert, eſpecially when perſonal Obligations, as well as other Reaſons, might provoke them to break through it. In ſuch Caſes it is

to

to be underſtood, that if a Friend be ſparing of his good Word, it is in Violence to his Inclination, and that nothing but the tender Apprehenſion of puſhing an acknowledged Merit too far, witholds him from giving a public Teſtimony to it. But in Concluſion, you will not omit to ſet them right with Regard to one Material miſtake in this Matter; that whereas they complain of the ſuperior Eſtimation in which the Profeſſors of verbal Criticiſm are held amongſt us, whom with a ſtrange Malignity they affect to repreſent as the very loweſt Retainers to Science; you, and all true Scholars, on the other hand, maintain that the ſtudy of Words is the moſt uſeful and creditable of all others, and that this genuine claſs of learned Men, have Reaſon to pride themſelves in their objected, but truly glorious Character of VERBAL CRITICS.

And now Sir, having ſeen how little can be ſaid in Juſtification of that offenſive Cuſtom which the learned have ſome how taken up of directly applauding one another, I come to the more immediate Purpoſe of this Addreſs, which was to ſhew how ſingularly happy you have been in avoiding this great Vice, and to take Occaſion from the Example you have now ſet us, to recommend the contrary Virtue to the Imitation of others.

I am ſenſible there are ſome Difficulties to be encountered at ſetting out. A generous Mind will probably feel ſome Reluctance, at firſt, to the Scheme of ſuppreſſing his natural Feelings, and of with-holding from his Friend that juſt tribute of Praiſe which many others perhaps are but too willing ſhould be with-held from him. But all Scruples of this Sort will be got over when the full Merit of your Example hath been conſidered; I mean when the Inducements you had to give into the common Weakneſs on this occaſion come to be fairly drawn out; by which it will be clearly ſeen that you have the Glory of ſetting a Precedent of the moſt heroic Magnanimity and ſelf Denial, and that nothing can poſſibly be urged in the caſe of any other, which you have not triumphantly gotten the better of in your own.

I obſerve it to your Honour, Sir, you have ventured on the ſame ground in this famous Diſſertation, which hath been trodden by the moſt noted, at leaſt, of our preſent Writers. But

this is not enough. It will be of moment to conſider a little more particularly the *Character* of the Perſon whom you chuſe to follow or rather nobly emulate in this Route. And leſt you ſhould think I have any Deſign to leſſen the Merit of your Conduct towards him by giving it in my cool Way, take it from one of thoſe warm Friends who never balk their Humour in this Sort of Commendations. Upon aſking him what he thought of the learned Perſon's Character, and telling him the Uſe I might perhaps make of his Opinion in this Addreſs to you, he began in a very ſolemn Way.

"The Author of the D. L. ſays he is a Writer whoſe Genius "and Learning have ſo far ſubdued Envy itſelf, (though it ne- "ver roſe Fiercer againſt any Man, or in more various and gro- "teſque Shapes) that every Man of Senſe now eſteems him the "Ornament, and every good Man the bleſſing of theſe Times."

Hold, ſaid I, my good Friend, I did not mean to put your Eloquence to the Stretch for this Panegyric on his *intellectual* Endowments, which I am very ready to take upon Truſt, and, to ſay the Truth, have never heard violently run down by any but very prejudiced or very dull Men. His moral Qualities are thoſe I am moſt concerned for.

"His *moral*, reſumed he haſtily, ſhine forth as ſtrongly "from all his *Writings* as the other, and are thoſe which I "have ever reverenced moſt. Of theſe his Love of Letters and "of Virtue; his Veneration of great and good Men; his Deli- "cacy of Honour in not aſſuming to himſelf or depreſſing the "Merit of others; his Readineſs to give their Due to all Men of "real Deſert whoſe Principles he oppoſes, even to the faſtidious "ſcoffing Lord SHAFTESBURY, and the licentious BAYLE; "but above all, his Zeal for Religion and for Truth, theſe are "Qualities, which, as often as I look into his Volumes, attract "my Admiration and Eſteem. Nor is this Enumeration, tho' "it be far from complete, made at Random. I could illuſtrate "each of theſe Virtues by various Inſtances, taken from his "Works, were it not that the perſon you mean to Addreſs is "more converſant in them, and more ready, I may preſume, "to do him Juſtice on any fitting Occaſion than myſelf. The "Liberty indeed he takes of diſſenting from many great Names

"is

" is conſiderable, as well as of Speaking his free Thoughts of " the Writers for whom he hath no Eſteem. But the *one* he " doth with that Reſpect and Deference, and the *other* with " that Reaſon and Juſtice, and *both* with that ingenuous Open- " neſs and Candour, the Characteriſtics of a truly great Mind, " that they whom he oppoſes cannot be angry, and they whom " he cenſures, are not miſuſed. I mention this the rather on ac- " count of the Clamor which has ſo frequently been raiſed " againſt the Freedom and Severity of his Pen. But there is no " Myſtery in the Caſe. No dead Writer is ſo bad but he has " ſome Advocates, and no living one ſo contemptible but he has " ſome Friends. And the Misfortune is, that while the preſent " Generation is too much prejudiced to do him right, Poſterity, " to whom the Appeal of Courſe lies, are not likely to have it " in their Power to rejudge the Cauſe; the Names and Wri- " tings, he moſt undervalues, being ſuch as are haſtening, it " ſeems, to that Oblivion which is prepared for ſuch Things."

" Theſe continued he, are ſome of the obvious Qualities of " the WRITER, and for the perſonal Virtues of the MAN.—But " here I may well refer you to Dr. JORTIN himſelf, who will take " a Pleaſure to aſſure you, that his private Character is not leſs " reſpectable than his public; or rather, if the one demands our " Veneration, that the other muſt ſecure our Love. And yet " why reſt the Matter on the Credit of one, when all his Ac- " quaintance agree in this, that he is the eaſieſt in his Conver- " ſation, the frankeſt and moſt communicative, the readieſt to " do all good Offices; in ſhort the friendlieſt and moſt generous " of Men."

Thus far our zealous Friend. And though I know how much you agree with him in your Sentiments, I dare ſay you cannot but ſmile at ſo egregious a Specimen of the high *complimentary Manner*. But though one is not to expect an Encomiaſt of this Claſs will be very ſenſible of any Defects in the Perſon, he celebrates, yet it cannot be diſowned that this magnified Man hath his Foibles as well as another. I will be ſo fair as to enumerate ſome of them.

As he is conſcious of *intending* well, and even greatly in his learned Labors, he is rather diſpoſed to think himſelf injured by

by malicious Slanders and groſs Miſrepreſentations. And then as he hath abundantly too much Wit, eſpecially for a great Divine, he is apt to ſay ſuch Things, as tho' dull Men do not well comprehend, they ſee Reaſon enough to take Offence at. Beſides, he doth not ſufficiently conſult his Eaſe or his Intereſt by the Obſervance of thoſe Forms and Practices which are in Uſe amongſt the prudent Part of his own Order. This no Doubt begets a reaſonable Diſguſt. And even his Friends, I obſerve, can hardly reſtrain their Cenſure of ſo great a Singularity.

" He is ſo much in his Study, they ſay, that he hardly " allows himſelf Time to make his Appearance at a Levee. Not " conſidering that *illud unum ad laudem cum labore directum* " *iter qui probaverunt prope jam ſoli in Scholis ſunt relicti.*" Theſe Infirmities it muſt be owned, are very notorious in him; to which it might be added that he is very indiſcreet, ſometimes, in the Topics and Turn of his Converſation. His Zeal for his FRIEND it ſo immoderate, that he takes fire even at the moſt diſtant Reflection that he hears caſt upon him. And I doubt no Conſideration could with-hold him from contradicting any Man, let his Quality and Station be what it would, that ſhould hazard a Joke, or an Argument, in his Company, againſt RELIGION.

I thought it but juſt to take Notice of theſe Weakneſſes. And there may perhaps be ſome others, which I do not now recollect. Yet on the whole, I will not deny that he may fairly paſs for an able, a friendly, and even amiable Man.

This Perſon then, ſuch as he is, ſuch at leaſt as the Zealots repreſent and you eſteem him, you have the Pleaſure to call your FRIEND: Report ſays too, that he has more than a common Right to this *Title;* That he has won it by many real Services done to yourſelf. How doth the Conſciouſneſs of all this fire you! and what Pains do I ſee you take to reſtrain that impatient Gratitude which would relieve itſelf by breaking forth in the Praiſes of ſuch a Friend!

And yet—in Spite of all theſe Incitements from *Eſteem*, from *Friendſhip*, and from *Gratitude*, which might prompt you to ſome Extravagance of Commendation, ſuch is the Command

mind you have of yourſelf, and ſo nicely do you underſtand what belongs to this Intercourſe of learned Friends, that in the Inſtance before us you do not, I think, appear to have exceeded the modeſt Proportion even of a temperate and chaſte Praiſe.

I aſſure you, Sir, I am ſo charmed with the Beauty of this Conduct, that tho' it may give your Modeſty ſome Pain, I cannot help uniting the ſeveral Parts of it, and preſenting the entire Image to you in one Piece.

I meddle not with the Argument of your elaborate Diſſertation. It is enough that your Readers know it to be the ſame with that of another famous one in the D. L. They will know then that among the various Parts of that Work none was ſo likely, as this, to extort your Applauſe. For it is univerſally, I ſuppoſe, agreed that, for a point in claſſical Criticiſm, there is not the Man living who hath a keener Reliſh for it than yourſelf. And the general Opinion is, that your honoured Friend hath a Sort of Talent for this Kind of Writing. Some Perſons, I know have talked at a ſtrange Rate. One or two I once met with, were for ſetting him much above the modern, and on a level, at leaſt, with the beſt of the old Critics. But this was going too far, as may appear to any one that hath but attentively read and underſtood what the judicious Mr. UPTON, and the learned Mr. EDWARDS have, in their various Books and Pamphlets, well and ſolidly, and with great Delight to many diſcerning perſons, written on this ſubject. Yet ſtill I muſt needs think him conſiderably above MINELLIUS and FARNABY; and almoſt equal to old SERVIUS himſelf, that perhaps one doth not find in him the ſingular *Ingenuity*[t] you admire in the laſt of theſe Critics.

But be this as it will, it ſeems pretty well agreed that the learned Perſon, tho' ſo great a Divine, is a very competent Judge, and no mean Proficient in claſſical Criticiſm. There are many Specimens and Talents in this Way diſperſed thro' the large and miſcellaneous Work of the D. L. But the greateſt Effort of his Genius, they ſay, is ſeen in the Explanation of

[t] Diſs. VI. p. 259.

the

the 6th Book of the Ænëis. And with all its Defects, I can eaſily perceive you were ſo ſtruck with it, that it was with the utmoſt Reluctance you found yourſelf obliged by the Regard, which every honeſt Critic owes to Truth, and by the ſuperior Delicacy of your purpoſe, to cenſure and expoſe it.

Another Man, I can eaſily imagine, would have ſaid to himſelf before he had entered on this Taſk, "This fine Commentary, which ſets the moſt finiſhed Part of the Ænëis, and indeed the whole Poem in ſo new, and ſo advantageous a Light, tho' not an Eſſential in it, is yet a conſiderable Ornament of a juſtly admired Work. The Author too is my particular Friend; a Man the fartheſt of all others, from any Diſpoſition to leſſen the Reputation of thoſe he loves; the ſubject hath been well nigh exhauſted by him; and the Remarks I have to offer on his Scheme, are not, in Truth, of that Conſequence as to make it a Point of Duty, for me to lay aſide the uſual Regards of Friendſhip on their Account. And though HE hath Greatneſs of Mind enough not to reſent this Liberty, his impatient and ill-judging Friends will be likely to take Offence at it. The Public itſelf, as little biaſſed as it ſeems to be in his Favor, may be even ſcandalized at an Attempt of this Nature, to which no important Intereſts of Religion or Learning ſeem to oblige me.

After this Manner I ſay would a common Man have been apt to Reaſon with himſelf. But you, Sir, underſtand the *Rights* of literary Freedom, and the *Offices* of ſacred Friendſhip at another Rate. The *one* authorize us to deliver our Sentiments on any Point of Literature without Reſerve. And the *other* will not ſuffer you to diſhonour the Man you Love, or require you to ſully the Purity of your own Virtue, by a vicious and vulgar Complaiſance.

Or to give the Account of the whole Matter in your own memorable Words.

The 6th Book of the Ænëis, you obſerve, tho' the moſt finiſhed Part of the XII. is certainly obſcure. "Here then is a Field open for Criticiſm, and all of us, who attempt to explain and illuſtrate Virgil, have Reaſon to HOPE that we may

" may make ſome *Diſcoveries*, and to fear that we may fall " into ſome *Miſtakes*; and this ſhould induce us to conjecture " with *Freedom*, to propoſe with *Diffidence*, and to diſſent " with *Civility*. Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι," quoth old Heſiod. [2]

Which ſhall I moſt admire, the Dignity, the Candour, or the Prudence that ſhine forth in this curious Paragraph, which ſtands as a Sort of Preface to the Refutation, as no Doubt you deſigned it, of your Friend's Work? " *You have Reaſon* " *to hope* that, after the unſucceſsful Efforts *of the Author of the* D. L. *You may make ſome Diſcoveries.*" In this Declaration ſome may eſteem you too ſanguine. But I ſee nothing in it but a Confidence very becoming a Man of your Talent at a *Diſcovery*, and of your Importance in the literary World. You add indeed, as it were to temper this Boldneſs, that " *You have Reaſon to fear too that you may fall into ſome Miſ-* " *takes.*" This was rather too modeſt; only it would ſerve, at the ſame Time to intimate to your Friend what he had to expect from the following Detection of his Errors. But you lead us to the Conſequence of theſe Principles. " *They* " *ſhould induce us*, you ſay, TO CONJECTURE WITH FREE- " DOM." Doubtleſs. And the Dignity of your Character is ſeen in taking it. For ſhall the Authority or Friendſhip of any Man ſtand in the Way of my Conjectures?

> ———*ſcilicet, ut non*
> *Sit mihi prima fides; et verè quod placet ut non*
> *Acriter elatrem!*

———" TO PROPOSE WITH DIFFIDENCE."

Certainly very *prudent*, eſpecially for one Sort of *free Conjecturers*; and, by the Way, no bad Hint to the Perſon you glance at, whoſe Vice it is thought to be, above that of moſt other Writers, never to trouble himſelf with compoſing a Book on any Queſtion, of whoſe Truth he is not previouſly and firmly convinced—" AND TO DISSENT WITH CIVILITY."

[2] Diſ. VI. P. 251.

A *candid*

A *candid* Inſinuation which amounts to this, "That when a "Writer hath done his beſt to ſhew his Learning and his Wit, "the Man at whoſe Expence it is, eſpecially if he be a Friend, "is in Conſideration of ſuch Services, not to take it amiſs."

I have been the freer to open the Meaning of this introductory Paragraph, becauſe it lets us into the Spirit with which you mean to carry yourſelf in this learned Contention. For a *Contention* it is to be, and to good Purpoſe too, if old Heſiod be any Authority. Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσι, quoth old Heſiod. Though to make the Application quite pat, the Maxim ſhould have run thus Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε φιλοῖσι, which I do not find in old Heſiod.

However the Reaſon of the Thing extends to both. And as *Friends* after all are but Men, and ſometimes none of the beſt neither, what need for ſtanding on this Diſtinction?

Yet ſtill the Queſtion returns "Why ſo cool in the Entrance of this friendly Debate? Where had been the Hurt of a little amicable Parlying before Daggers drawing? If a Man in the true Spirit of ancient Chivalry, will needs break a Lance with his Friend, he might give him good Words at leaſt, and ſhake Hands with him before the Onſet. Something of this Sort might have been expected, were it only to ſave the Reputation of "*diſſenting with Civility.*"

Now in Anſwer to this Queſtion, which comes indeed to the Point, and which I hear aſked in all Companies, I reply with much Confidence, *firſt*, that the very Foundation of it is laid in certain high fantaſtic Notions about the Duties of Friendſhip, and in that vicious Habit of Civility that hath ſo long been prevalent among learned Friends, both which Props and Pillars of the Cauſe I may preſume with great Modeſty to have entirely overturned.

But *ſecondly*, and chiefly I ſay, that the whole is an arrant Miſrepreſentation; for that you have indeed proceeded in this Affair, with all that Civility and even Friendlineſs that could in Reaſon be expected from you: I mean ſo far as the Sobriety and *Retenüe*, as the French term it (it is plain the Virtue hath not been very common amongſt us from our having no Name to call it by) of a true critical Friendſhip will allow.

Now

Now there are ſeveral Ways by which a Writer's Civility to his Friend may appear without giving into the formal Way of Addreſs: Juſt as there are ſeveral Ways of expreſſing his Devotion to his Patron, without obſerving the ordinary Forms of Dedication; of which to note it by the Way, the lateſt and beſt Inſtances I have met with, are "A certain Thing pre-"fatory to a learned Work, entitled, *The Elements of Civil* "*Law*" and "Thoſe curious two little Paragraphs prefixed "to *The ſix Diſſertations on Different Subjects.*"

You ſee the Delicacy of the Learned is improving in our Days in more Reſpects than one. And take my Word for it, you have contributed your Share to this good Work. For as you began, ſo you conclude your Volume with a Maſter-ſtroke of Addreſs, which will deſerve the Acknowledgment and Imitation of all your Brethren, as I now proceed diſtinctly and with great Exactneſs of Method to unfold.

The FIRST Way of diſtinguiſhing a learned Friend without incurring the Guilt of downright Compliment, is *by writing on the ſame Subject with him.* This is an obvious Method of paying one's Court to a great Writer. For it is in Effect telling him that the public Attention is raiſed to the Argument he hath been debating; and that his Credit hath even brought it into ſuch Vogue, that any Prate on the ſame Subject is ſure of a favourable Reception. This I can readily ſuppoſe to have been your firſt Motive for engaging in this Controverſy. And the Practice is very frequent. So when a certain Edition of SHAKESPEARE appeared, though it had been but the Amuſement of the learned Editor, every Body went to Work, in good Earneſt on the great Poet, and the Public was preſently over-run with Editions, and Criticiſms, and Illuſtrations of him. Thus too it fared with the ſeveral Subjects treated in the D. L. Few were competent Judges of the main Argument, or diſpoſed to give it a candid Interpretation. But every Smatterer had ſomething to ſay to this or that occaſional Diſquiſition. Thus SYKES and STEBBING grew immortal, and as the Poet ſays truly, *in their own Deſpite.* And what but ſome faint Glimmering of this *bright Reverſion,* which we will charitably hope may be ſtill kept in Reſerve for them, could

could put it into the Heads of ſuch Men as WORTHINGTON, H. G. C. and PETERS, to turn Critics and Commentators on the Book of JOB?

SECONDLY, Though I acknowledge the full Merit of this Way of treating a learned Friend, I am rather more taken with another, which is that of *writing againſt him*. For this demonſtrates the Eſteem one hath of the Author's Work, not only as it may ſeem to imply a little generous Rivalry, or, indeed, Envy, from which Infirmity a truly learned Spirit is ſeldom quite free, but as it ſhews the Anſwerer thought it worth *writing againſt*; which, let me aſſure you, is no vulgar Compliment, as many living Writers can teſtify, who to this Hour are ſadly lamenting that their Ill-fortune hath never permitted them to riſe to this Diſtinction. Now, in this View of the Matter, I muſt take Leave to think that you have done a very ſubſtantial Honour to the Author of the famous *Diſcourſe on the VIth Book of Virgil*, in levelling ſo long and ſo elaborate a Diſputation againſt him. And he of all other Men ought to be of my Mind, who to my certain Knowledge hath never done thus much for one in a Hundred of thoſe learned Perſons whoſe principal End in commencing Writers againſt him was to provoke him to this Civility.

But then, THIRDLY, this Compliment of *writing againſt* a great Author may be conveyed with that Addreſs, that he ſhall not appear, I mean to any but the more Sagacious and Diſcerning, to be *written againſt* at all. This curious Feat of *Leger-de-main* is performed *by glancing at his Arguments without ſo much as naming the Perſon or referring to him.* This I account the moſt delicate and flattering of all the Arts of literary Addreſs, as it expreſſeth all the Reſpect, I have taken Notice of under the preceding Article, heightened with a certain Awe and Fear of Offence, which to a liberal Mind, I ſhould think muſt be perfectly irreſiſtible. It is with much Pleaſure I obſerve many Examples of this Kind in your truly candid Diſſertation, where without the leaſt Reference, or under the ſlight Cover of—*ſome Friends of Virgil ſay* [3]—*ſome Commen-*

[3] P. 296.

tators

tators have thought, [4]*—Virgil's Friends suppose* [5]—and the like, you have dextrously and happily ſlid in a Cenſure of ſome of your Friend's principal Reaſonings. But to be impartial, though you manage this Matter with admirable Grace, the Secret is in many Hands. And whatever be the Cauſe, hath been more frequently employed in the Caſe of the Author of the D. L. than any other. I could mention at leaſt a Dozen famous Writers, who, like the Flatterers of Auguſtus, don't chuſe to look him full in the Face, but artfully intimate their Reverence of him by indiſcreet Glances. If I ſingle out one of theſe from all the reſt, it is only to gratify the Admirers of a certain eminent PROFESSOR, who, as an Oxford Friend writes me Word, hath many delightful Inſtances of this Sort in his very edifying Diſcourſes on the HEBREW POETRY.

FOURTHLY, Another Contrivance of near Affinity to this, is, when you oppoſe his Principles indeed, but *let his Arguments quite alone.* Of this Management a wary Reader will diſcover many Traces in your obliging Diſcourſe. And can any Thing be more generous than to eaſe a Man of the Shame of ſeeing his own Reaſonings confuted, or even produced when the Writer's Purpoſe requires him to pay no Regard to them? Such Tenderneſs I think, though it is pretended to by others, can of Right belong only to the true Friend. But your Kindneſs knows no Bounds. For,

FIFTHLY, Though you find yourſelf ſometimes obliged to produce and confute his Reaſonings, *you take Care to furniſh him with better of your own.* The Delicacy of this Conduct lies in the good Opinion which is inſinuated of the Writer's Concluſion, and in the Readineſs which you ſhow to ſupport it even in Spite of himſelf. There is a choice Inſtance in that Part of your Diſcourſe, where agreeing with your Friend that the Puniſhments of *Tartarus* are properly *eternal,* you reject his Reaſon for that Concluſion, but ſupply him with many others in its Stead.

"This alone will not prove the Eternity of Puniſhments, "for, &c.——But if to this you add the Platonic Doctrine,

[4] P. 255. [5] P. 296.

" that very wicked Spirits were never releaſed from *Tarta-*
" *rus*. AND the Silence of *Virgil* as to any Diſmiſſion from
" that Jail, and the Cenſure of the *Epicureans*, who objected
" to religious Syſtems the Eternity of Puniſhments,

" *Æternas quoniam pœnas in morte timendum*;

" AND the general Doctrine of the Mythologiſts, AND the
" Opinion of SERVIUS, that VIRGIL was to be taken in this
" Senſe, we may conclude that the Puniſhments in his
" Tartarus were probably eternal[6]."

Never let Men talk after this of the Niggardlineſs of your Friendſhip, when, though you take from him with one Hand, you reſtore him five-fold with the other.

After ſuch an overflow of Goodneſs, nothing I can now Advance will ſeem incredible. I take upon me to affirm therefore,

SIXTHLY, That it is a mere Calumny to ſay that you have contented yourſelf, though you very well might with mere *negative* Encomiums. You can venture on occaſion *to quote, from your Friend in Form*, and as it ſhould ſeem with ſome *apparent Approbation*. An Inſtance is now before me. You cite what the Author of the D. L. ſays of " *the Tranſformation of the* " *Ships into Sea Deities*, by which ſays he VIRGIL would inſi-
" nuate, I ſuppoſe, the great Advantage of cultivating a Naval
" Power, ſuch as extended Commerce and the Dominion of the
" Ocean: Which in Poetical Language is becoming *Deities of*
" *the Sea*.'

To which you add " in *Favour* of this Opinion it may be
" obſerved, that AUGUSTUS owed his Empire in a great
" Meaſure to his Naval Victories."[7]

Now can any thing be civiler than this, or more expreſſive of that amiable Turn of Mind, which diſpoſes a Man to help forward a lame Argument of his Friend, and give it the needful Support of his Authority? For it hath been delivered as a Maxim by the nice Obſervers of Decorum, that wherever you would compliment another on his Opinion, you ſhould always endeavour to add ſomething of your own that may inſinuate at

[6] P. 261. [7] P. 253.

leaſt

leaſt ſome little Defect in it. This Management takes off the Appearance of *Flattery*, a Vice which the Latin Writers, alluding to this Frequency of unqualified Aſſent, have properly enough expreſſed by the word ASSENTATIO. But catch you tripping in this Way if one can. It is plain you went on this juſt Principle in the Inſtance before us, which otherwiſe let me tell you, I ſhould have taken for ſomething like an Attempt towards downright Adulation. As here qualified, I ſet it down for another Inſtance of juſt Compliment, more direct indeed than the other five, yet ſtill with that graceful Obliquity which they who know the World, expect in this Sort of Commerce. And I may further obſerve, that you are not ſingular in the Uſe of this Mode of Celebration. Many, even of the Enemies of this Author, have obligingly enough employed it when they wanted to confirm their own Notions by his, or rather to ſhew their Parts in firſt catching a Hint from him, and then as they believe, improving upon it—Still I have greater Things in view. For,

SEVENTHLY, you not only with the higheſt Addreſs, inſinuate a Compliment in the Way of Irritation, but you once or twice *expreſs it in full Form*, and with all the Circumſtance of Panegyrical Approbation. Having mentioned the Caſe of the Infants in Virgil's Purgatory, which hath ſo much perplexed his learned Commentators, you riſe at once into the following Encomium. "It is an *ingenious* conjecture propoſed in the D. L. that the "Poet might deſign to diſcountenance the curſed Practice of "expoſing and murdering Infants."

This was very liberal, and I began to think you had forgotten yourſelf a little in ſo explicit a Declaration. But the next Paragraph relieved me. "It might be added, that Virgil had "perhaps *alſo* in View to pleaſe Auguſtus, who was deſirous "of encouraging Matrimony, and the Education of Children, "and extremely intent upon repeopling Italy which had been "exhauſted by the civil Wars."[8] It is plain you have ſtill in your Eye that ſage Rule which the Men of Manners lay down, of *qualifying* your Civilities. So that I let this paſs without farther Obſervation. Only I take Leave to warn you againſt the too frequent Uſe of this Artifice, which but barely ſa-

[8] P. 269.

tisfies for calling your Friend's Notion "*an ingenious Con-*
"*jecture.*"

Not but there are others who ſee this Contrivance in another Light, and treat it as an *Art of damning with faint Praiſe*; a Cenſure which one of the zealot Friends preſumes to caſt, with much Injuſtice and little Knowledge of the World, on the very Leader and Pride of our Party. Whereas I deliver it for a moſt certain Truth, that the fainter and feebler our Praiſe of any Man is, juſt ſo much the better will it be received by all Companies, even by the Generality of thoſe who call themſelves his beſt Friends. And ſo apprehenſive indeed am I of this nice Humour in Mankind, that I am not ſure of the very ſlight Things I am forced to ſay of yourſelf, though merely to carry on the Purpoſe of this Addreſs, will not by certain Perſons inwardly at leaſt, be ill taken. And with this needful Apology for myſelf I proceed to celebrate,

EIGHTHLY, The laſt and higheſt Inſtance of your Civilities to your admired Friend, which yet I hope to vindicate from any reaſonable Suſpicion of Flattery; I preſumed to ſay in the foregoing Article that you had *once or twice* hazarded even a direct Compliment on the Perſon whoſe Syſtem you oppoſe. I expreſſed myſelf with Accuracy. There is *one other* place in your Diſſertation, where you make this Sacrifice to Friendſhip or to Cuſtom. The Paſſage is even wrought up into a Reſemblance of that unqualified Adulation, which I condemn ſo much, and from which, in general your Writings are perfectly free. I could almoſt wiſh for your Credit, to ſuppreſs this one obnoxious Paragraph. But it runs thus.

"That the ſubterraneous Adventures of Æneas were in-
"tended by Virgil to repreſent the *Initiation* of his Heroe, is
"an *elegant* Conjecture, which hath been laid before the Public,
"and ſet forth to the beſt Advantage *by a learned Friend.*"[9]

I confeſs to you I did not know at firſt Sight what to do with the two high flown Epithets, *elegant* and *learned*, which ſtand ſo near together in one Sentence. Such accumulated Praiſes, had well nigh overſet my Syſtem. And I began with much

[9] P. 293.

Solicitude

Solicitude to conſider how I ſhould be able to reconcile this eſcape of your Pen with your general Practice. But taking a little Time to look about me, I preſently ſpied a Way of extricating both of us from this Difficulty. For hang it, thought I, if this Notion of the Heroe's Adventures in the infernal Regions be *elegant*, it is but a Conjecture; and ſo poor a Matter as this were hardly worth purſuing, as the Author of the D. L. hath done through almoſt a fourth Part, of a very ſizeable Volume.

And then as to the Term *elegant*, to be ſure it hath a good Sound; but more than a *third* Part of this choice Volume of yours, I obſerved is employed in making appear that the Conjecture, whatever it be, hath not the leaſt Feature of *Truth* in it. And *Elegance* altogether devoid of Truth was, I concluded a very pitiful Thing, and indeed no very intelligible Encomium. Well, but let there be as little Truth as you will, in this Conjecture, ſtill it *hath been ſet forth to the beſt Advantage*, and to crown all *by a learned Friend*. Here a ſwarm of freſh Difficulties attacked me. *Sed nil deſperandum te duce.* For why talk of *Advantage*, when the Conjecture after all would not bear the Handling? It was but mighty little (your Friendſhip would not let you do more) which you had brought againſt it. And the Conjecture I ſaw, was ſhrunk to nothing, and is never likely to riſe again into any Shape or Subſtance. So that when you added *by a learned Friend*, I could not for my Life help laughing. Surely, thought I, the Reverend Perſon intends on this Occaſion to be pleaſant.—Indeed you often are ſo with a very good Grace, but I happened not to expect it juſt at this Moment.—For what *Learning*, worth ſpeaking of, could there be in the Support of a Notion, which was ſo eaſily overturned without any?

You may be ſure I mean no Reflection in theſe Words. Nobody queſtions your Erudition. But it was not your Fortune or your Choice to make a ſhew of it in this Diſcourſe. The Propriety of the Epithet *learned*, then did not evidently and immediately appear.

However, as I knew there was in Truth, no ſmall Quantity of Learning in the Piece referred to, and that the Author of the D. L. whatever BATE, and PETERS and JACKSON may ſay or

intimate, is unqueſtionably, and to a very competent Degree learned, I began to take the Matter a little more ſeriouſly. And upon looking attentively at the Words a ſecond Time, I thought a very natural Account might be given of them upon other Principles. For as to the Subſtantive *Friend*, why might not that for once be put in for your own Sake as well as his? the Advantages of Friendſhip are Reciprocal. And though it be very clear to other People which is the gainer by this Intercourſe, who knows but Dr. JORTIN, in his great Modeſty might ſuppoſe the Odds to lie on his own Side.

And then for *learned*, which had embarraſſed me ſo much I bethought myſelf at laſt there was not much in that, this Attribute having been long proſtituted on every Man who pretends in any Degree, to the Profeſſion of Letters.

So that on the Whole, though I muſt ſtill reckon this for an Inſtance, amongſt others, of that due Meaſure of Reſpect with which your Politeneſs teaches you to treat your Friends, yet I ſee no Reaſon for charging it with any Exceſs of Civility.

And now, Sir, having been at all this Pains to juſtify you from the two contrary Cenſures of having done *too little*, and *too much*, let us ſee how the Account ſtands. Malice itſelf, I think, muſt confeſs that you have not been laviſh of your Encomiums. You have even diſpenſed them with a Reſerve, which, though I admire extremely, will almoſt expoſe You to the Imputation of *Parſimony*. And, yet, on the other Hand, when we compute the Number, and eſtimate the Value of your Applauſes, we ſhall ſee Cauſe to correct this Cenſure. For, from the EIGHT Articles I have ſo carefully ſet down, and conſidered, it appears, at length, that you have done all due Honour to your Friend, and in Ways the moſt adapted to do him Honour. That is to ſay, *You have adopted his Subject—You have written againſt him—You have glanced at him—You have ſpared his Arguments—You have lent him ſome of your own—You have quoted him—You have called his Conjecture ingenious—Nay, elegant—And you have called himſelf learned*, and what is more, *your Friend*.

And

And if all this will not ſatisfy him, or rather his Friends, (for I hope, and partly believe, he himſelf thinks nothing of this whole Matter) I know not, for my Part, what will. I am ſure (and that ſhould be your Satisfaction as it is mine) that you have gone as far as was conſiſtent with *Delicacy* of Friendſhip (which may reaſonably imply in it a little Jealouſy) and with the virtuous Conſciouſneſs of that Importance which Writers of your Claſs ought to be of to themſelves. And I hope never to ſee the Day when you ſhall be induced by any Conſiderations to compliment any Man breathing at the Expence of theſe two Virtues.

And here, on a View of this whole Matter, let me profeſs the Pleaſure I take in obſerving that you (and I have remarked it in ſome others) who have ſo conſtantly thoſe ſoft Words of *Candour*, *Goodneſs*, and *Charity* in your Mouth, and whoſe Soul, one would think, was ready to melt itſelf into all the Weakneſſes of this Character, ſhould yet have Force enough not to relent at the warmeſt Influences of *Friendſhip*. Men may ſee by this Inſtance that *Charity* is not that unmanly enfeebling Virtue which ſome would repreſent it; when, though ready, on fit Occaſions, to reſolve and open itſelf to a *general* Candor, it ſhuts up the Heart cloſe and compact, and impregnable to any *particular* and perſonal Attachment.

I take much Delight in this pleaſing Contemplation. Yet, as our beſt Virtues, when puſhed to a certain Degree, are on the very Point of becoming Vices, you are not to wonder that every one hath not the Diſcernment or the Juſtice to do you Right. And, to ſee in Truth, the Malignity of human Nature, and the Neceſſity there was for you to inculcate in your *third* Diſcourſe, *The Duty of judging candidly and favourably of others*, I will not conceal from you, at parting what hath been ſuggeſted to me by many Perſons to whom I communicated the Deſign of this Addreſs. "They ſaid, beſides other Things, which I have occaſionally obviated in the Courſe of this Letter" That the excellent Perſon whom you have allowed yourſelf to treat with ſo much Indignity and Diſreſpect (I need not take Notice that I uſe the very Terms of the Objectors) in this poor and diſingenuous Criticiſm upon

him, had ſet you an Example of a very different Sort, which you ought in common Equity, and even Decency, to have followed." They obſerve that his own Pen never expatiates more freely, and with more Pleaſure, than when it finds or takes the Occaſion to celebrate the Virtues of ſome deſerving Friend. They own, the natural Warmth and Benevolence of his Temper is even liable to ſome Exceſs on theſe inviting Occaſions. And, for Inſtance, they referred me to a Paragraph in the Notes on *Julian*, which, though I know you do not forget, I ſhall here ſet down as it ſtands in the laſt Edition. He had juſt been touching a Piece of eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory. "But this, ſays he, I leave with Julian's Adventurers to my learned Friend, MR. JORTIN, who, I hope, "will ſoon oblige the Public with his curious Diſſertations "on eccleſiaſtical Antiquity, compoſed, like his Life, not "in the Spirit of *Controverſy*, nor, what is worſe, of *Party*, "but of *Truth* and *Candour*."[s]

Here, ſaid they inſultingly, is a Specimen of that truly liberal Spirit, with which one learned Friend ſhould exert himſelf when he would do Honour to another. Will all the Volumes which the profound eccleſiaſtical Remarker hath publiſhed, or ever will publiſh, do him half the Credit with Poſterity, as this ſingle Stroke, by which his Name and Virtues are here adorned and uſhered into the Acquaintance of the Public? And will you ſtill pretend to vindicate him from the Scorn which every honeſt Man muſt have for him, after ſeeing how unworthily he requites this Service by his famous SIXTH DISSERTATION in this new Volume?

This, and a great deal more to the ſame Purpoſe, was ſaid by them in their tragical Way. I need not hint to you after the clear Expoſition I have given of *my* own Sentiments, how little Weight their Rhetoric had on me, and how eaſily I turned aſide this impotent, though invenomed Invective, from falling on your Fame and Memory. For the *Compliment* they affect to magnify ſo much, let every candid Reader judge of it for himſelf. But as much had been ſaid, in this

[s] Julian, P. 316.

Debate,

Debate, concerning FRIENDSHIP, and the Persons with whom it was most proper to contract it, I found myself something struck with the concluding Observation of one of these rhetorical Declaimers. As it was delivered in a Language you love, and is, besides, a Passage not much brown upon by the Dealers in such Scraps, I have thought it might perhaps afford you some Amusement. He did not say where he found it, and you would not like it the better, if he had, but as I remember, it was delivered in these Words,

Εμοὶ προς φιλοσόφυς ἐςὶ φιλία· πρὸς μέν τοι ΣΟΦΙΣΤΑΣ ἢ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΣΤΑΣ, ἢ τοιοῦτο γένος ἕτερον ΑΝΘΡΩΠΩΝ ΚΑΚΟΔΑΙΜΟΝΩΝ, ὥτε ΝΥΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΦΙΛΙΑ ΜΗΤΕ ΥΣΤΕΡΟΝ ΠΟΤΕ ΓΕΝΟΙΤΟ.

Lincoln's-Inn,
Nov. 25, 1755.

A

LETTER

TO THE

Rev. Dr. THOMAS LELAND,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN:

IN WHICH

His late DISSERTATION *on the Principles of Human Eloquence* is criticized;

AND

The Biſhop of GLOUCESTER's *Idea of the Nature and Character of an inſpired Language*, as delivered in his Lordſhip's *Doctrine of Grace*,

IS VINDICATED

From ALL the Objections of the learned Author of the DISSERTATION.

First printed
1764.

A

LETTER

TO

The Rev. Dr. LELAND.

Rev. SIR,

I HAVE read your DISSERTATION *on the Principles of human Eloquence*, and ſhall very readily, I dare ſay, be indulged in the Liberty, I am going to take, of giving you my free Thoughts upon it. I ſhall do it, with all the Regard that is due from one Scholar to another; and even with all the Civility which may be required of ONE, who hath his Reaſons for addreſſing you, in this public Manner, without a Name.

You entitle your Work *A Diſſertation on the Principles of Eloquence*: But the real Subject of it, is an *Opinion*, or *Paradox*, as you chuſe to term it, delivered by the Biſhop of *Glouceſter* in his late Diſcourſe *on Grace*. This Opinion, indeed, concerns, or rather, in your Ideas, ſubverts, *the very Principles* of Eloquence, which your Office, it ſeems, in a learned Society obliged you to maintain: So that you cannot be blamed for giving ſome Attention to the ingenious Prelate's Paradox, which ſo incommodiouſly came in your Way. Only the more Intelligent of your Hearers might poſſibly think it ſtrange that, in a Set of rhetorical Lectures, addreſſed to them, the *controverſial* Part ſhould ſo much take the lead of the *Didactic*; or rather, that the *Didactic* Part ſhould ſtand quite ſtill, while the *Controverſial* keeps pacing it, with much Alacrity, from one End of your Diſſertation to the other.

Yet neither, on ſecond Thoughts, can you be blamed for this Conduct, which one way or other might ſerve to the Inſtruction of your young Auditory; if not in *the Principles of Rhetoric*, yet in a better thing, *the Principles of Logic*. It might,

might, further, ſerve to another Purpoſe, not unworthy the Regard of a Rhetoric-Lecturer. The Subject of Eloquence has been ſo exhauſted in the fine Writings of Antiquity, and, what is worſe, has been ſo hackneyed in modern Compilations from them, that your Diſcourſe wanted to be enlivened by the poignant controverſial Air you have given to it, and to be made important, by bringing an illuſtrious Character into the Scene.

All this I am ready to ſay in your Vindication, if your Conduct may be thought to require any. Having, therefore, nothing to object to the *general Deſign*, or *Mode* of your Diſſertation, I ſhall confine myſelf entirely to the MATTER of it, after acquainting the Reader, in few Words, with the Occaſion and Subject of this Debate.

The Bp. of *Glouceſter*, in a late Theological Treatiſe *on the Doctrine of Grace*, which required him to ſpeak fully to the Subject of *Inſpiration*, found it neceſſary to obviate an Objection to what he conceived to be the right Notion of *inſpired Scripture*, which had been ſupported by ſome ingenious Men, and very lately by Dr. MIDDLETON. The Objection is delivered by the learned Doctor, in theſe Words.

" If we allow the gift [of inſpired Languages] to be laſting, " we muſt conclude that ſome at leaſt of the Books of Scrip- " ture were in this inſpired Greek. But we ſhould naturally " expect to find an inſpired Language to be ſuch as is worthy " of God; that is, pure, clear, noble and affecting, even " beyond the Force of common Speech; ſince nothing can " come from God but what is perfect in its Kind. In ſhort, " the Purity of PLATO, and the Eloquence of CICERO. Now, " if we try the Apoſtolic Language by this Rule, we ſhall be ſo " far from aſcribing it to God, that we ſhall ſcarcely think it " worthy of Man, that is, of the Liberal and Polite; it being " utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding with every " Fault that can poſſibly deform a Language. And though " ſome Writers, prompted by a falſe Zeal, have attempted to " defend the Purity of the Scripture-Greek, their La- " bour has been idly employed [1]". Thus far, the learned DOCTOR.

[1] Eſſay on the Gift of Tongues, Works, vol. ii. p. 91.

'These triumphant Obſervations, ſays the Biſhop, are 'founded on two Propoſitions, both of which he takes for 'granted, and yet neither of them is true:

'The one, That an inſpired Language muſt needs be a 'Language of perfect Eloquence;

'The other, That Eloquence is ſomething congenial and 'eſſential to human Speech [2].'

The BISHOP then undertakes to ſhew the Falſhood of theſe two Propoſitions. YOU, Sir, contend for the Truth of them. That the Reader may be enabled to judge for himſelf between you, I ſhall quote his Lordſhip's own Words, Paragraph by Paragraph, ſo far as any thing ſaid by him is controverted by you; and ſhall then endeavour, with all Care, to pick up the looſe Ends of your Argument, as I find them any where *come up* in the ſeveral Chapters of your Diſſertation; intermixing, as I go along, ſuch Reflections of my own, as the Occaſion may ſuggeſt.

'With regard to the FIRST Propoſition (reſumes the Biſhop) 'I will be bold to affirm, that were the STYLE of the New 'Teſtament exactly ſuch as his [Dr. MIDDLETON's] very 'exaggerated Account of it would perſuade us to believe, 'namely, that it is *utterly rude and barbarous, and abounding 'with every Fault that can poſſibly deform a Language*, this 'is ſo far from proving ſuch Language not divinely inſpired, 'that it is one certain Mark of this Original [3].

By the Manner, in which the learned Biſhop introduces this *Affirmation*, one ſees that he foreſaw very clearly it would be eſteemed a *bold* one. Nay, in another Place[4], he even takes to himſelf the Shame, with which ſome Readers, he well knew, would be forward enough to cover him, and in one Word confeſſes his general Notion of Eloquence to be a PARADOX: *Which yet*, ſays he, *like ſo many others, I have had the odd Fortune to advance, will be ſeen to be only another Name, for* TRUTH. After this Conceſſion, it had been more generous in you to have omitted ſome invidious Paſſages; ſuch as

[2] Doctrine of Grace, b. 1. c. VIII. p. 41. [3] Ib.
[4] D. G. p. 51. 2d. Ed. 8vo.

that

that where you ſay, *the Biſhop in his Reply to this Objection* [of Dr. MIDDLETON] *ſeems to have diſplayed that* BOLD OPPOSITION TO THE GENERAL OPINIONS OF MANKIND, *by which his learned Labours are diſtinguiſhed*; Intr. p. ii. And again in p. vii. where you ſpeak of his Principles as *Paradoxical*, and implying AN HARDY OPPOSITION TO THE GENERAL SENSE OF MANKIND.

But let the *Boldneſs* of the Biſhop's Principles be what it will, there is ſmall Hurt done, provided they turn out, what he ſeems perſuaded they will, only *Truths*. Let us attend his Lordſhip, then, in the Proof of his FIRST Paradox.

'I will not pretend, ſays he, to point out which Books of 'the N. T. were, or were not, compoſed by thoſe who had 'the Greek Tongue thus miraculouſly infuſed into them; but 'this I will venture to ſay, that the Style of a Writer ſo in-'ſpired, who had not (as theſe Writers had not) afterwards 'cultivated his Knowledge of the Language on the Principles 'of Grecian Eloquence, would be preciſely ſuch as we find it 'in the Books of the New Teſtament.

'For, if this only be allowed, which no one, I think, will 'conteſt with me, that a ſtrange Language, acquired by illi-'terate Men, in the ordinary Way, would be full of the Idioms 'of their native Tongue, juſt as the Scripture-Greek is obſerv-'ed to be full of Syriaſms, and Hebraiſms; how can it be 'pretended by thoſe who reflect upon the Nature of Language, 'that a ſtrange Tongue divinely infuſed into illiterate Men, 'like that at the Day of Pentecoſt, could have any other Pro-'perties and Conditions.[s]

Here, the Features of this bold Paradox begin to ſoften a little. We are ſomething reconciled to it, 1. by being told, what the *Rudeneſs and Barbarity* is, which is affirmed to be *one certain Mark* of an inſpired Language, namely, *its being full of the Idioms* of the inſpired Writer: And 2. by being told, that theſe Idioms are equally to be expected, whether the new Language be infuſed by divine Inſpiration, or acquired by illiterate Men in the ordinary Way. In the *latter* Caſe, it is preſumed,

[s] P. 41, 42.

and

and ſurely with Reaſon enough (becauſe Experience uniformly atteſts the Fact), that a ſtrange Language, ſo learnt, would abound in the native Idioms of the Learner: All that remains is to ſhew that the Event would be the ſame, in the *former*. The Biſhop then applies himſelf, in order, to this Taſk.

'Let us weigh theſe Caſes impartially. Every Language 'conſiſts of two diſtinct Parts; the ſingle Terms, and the 'Phraſes and Idioms. The firſt, as far as concerns Appella-'tives eſpecially, is of mere arbitrary Impoſition, though on 'artificial Principles common to all Men: The ſecond ariſes 'inſenſibly but conſtantly, from the Manners, Cuſtoms, and 'Tempers of thoſe to whom the Language is vernacular; and 'ſo becomes, though much leſs arbitrary (as what the Gram-'marians call *Congruity* is more concerned in this Part than in 'the other), yet various and different as the ſeveral Tribes and 'Nations of Mankind. The firſt therefore is unrelated to 'every thing but to the Genius of Language in general; the 'ſecond hath an intimate Connexion with the Faſhions, No-'tions, and Opinions of that People only, to whom the Lan-'guage is native.

'Let us conſider then the conſtant Way which illiterate 'Men take to acquire the Knowledge of a foreign Tongue. 'Do they not make it their principal, and, at firſt, their only 'Study, to treaſure up in their Memory the Signification of the 'Terms? Hence, when they come to talk or write in the 'Speech thus acquired, their Language is found to be full of their 'own native Idioms. And thus it will continue, till by long 'uſe of the ſtrange Tongue, and eſpecially by long Acquain-'tance with the Owners of it, they have imbibed the particu-'lar Genius of the Language.

'Suppoſe then this foreign Tongue, inſtead of being thus 'gradually introduced into the Minds of theſe illiterate Men, 'was inſtantaneouſly infuſed into them; the Operation (though 'not the very Mode of operating) being the ſame, muſt not 'the Effect be the ſame, let the Cauſe be never ſo different? 'Without queſtion. The divine Impreſſion muſt be made 'either by fixing the Terms, or ſingle Words only, and their

'Signification in the Memory; as for Inſtance, Greek Terms 'correſponding to the Syriac or Hebrew; or elſe, together 'with that ſimple Impreſſion, another muſt be made, to in-'rich the Mind with all the Ideas which go towards the com-'poſing the Phraſes and Idioms of the Language ſo inſpired: 'But this latter Impreſſion ſeems to require, or rather indeed 'implies, a previous one of the Tempers, Faſhions, and Opi-'nions of the People to whom the Language is native, upon 'the Minds of them to whom the Language is thus imparted; 'becauſe the Phraſe and Idiom ariſes from, and is dependent 'on, thoſe Manners: And therefore the Force of Expreſſion can 'be underſtood only in Proportion to the Knowledge of the 'Manners: And underſtood they were to be the Recipients of 'this ſpiritual Gift, being not organical Canals, but rational 'Diſpenſers. So that this would be a Waſte of Miracles with-'out a ſufficient Cauſe; the Syriac or Hebrew Idiom, to 'which the Diſciples were enabled of themſelves to adapt the 'Words of the Greek, or any other Language, abundantly 'ſerving every uſeful Purpoſe, all which centered in giving 'CLEAR INTELLIGENCE. We conclude, therefore, that 'what was thus inſpired was the TERMS, together with that 'grammatic Congruity, which is dependant thereon. In a 'Word, to ſuppoſe ſuch kind of inſpired Knowledge of *ſtrange Tongues* as includes all the native Peculiarities, which, if you 'will, you may call their *Elegancies*; (for the more a Lan-'guage is coloured by the Character and Manners of the na-'tive Uſers, the more elegant it is eſteemed) to ſuppoſe this, is, 'as I have ſaid, an ignorant Fancy, and repugnant to Reaſon 'and Experience.

'Now, from what has been obſerved, it follows, that if 'the Style of the N. T. were indeed derived from a Lan-'guage divinely infuſed as on the Day of Pentecoſt, it muſt 'be juſt ſuch with Regard to its Style, as in fact, we find it 'to be; that is to ſay, Greek Words very frequently Syriac 'and Hebrew Idiom.

'The Concluſion from the whole is this, that a *nominal* or '*local* Barbarity of Style (for that this Attribute, when appli-

'ed

'ed to Style, is no more than nominal or local, will be clear-
'ly ſhewn under our next Head) is ſo far from being an Objec-
'tion to its miraculous Acquiſition, that it is one Mark of ſuch
'extraordinary original.[6]

I have given this long Quotation together, that the Reader may comprehend at one view, the Drift and Coherence of the Biſhop's Argument; which is ſo clearly explained, that what Force it hath can receive no Addition from any Comment of mine upon it.

It is true, this Force appears to you no mighty Matter—"We are told, you ſay, that, in order to convey clear Intel-"ligence to a Foreigner, nothing more is neceſſary, than the "Uſe of the *Words* of his Language adapted to the *Idiom* of "our own. But ſhall we always find correſpondent Words in "his Language?[7]"

Shall *we always find correſpondent Words?*——Not always, *perfectly* correſpondent. Where does the Biſhop ſay, we ſhall? Or, how was it to his Purpoſe to ſay it? He does indeed ſpeak of *ſuch a Correſpondency of Terms*, and chiefly *of ſuch an Adaption of the Terms of one Language to the Idiom of another*, as ſhall abundantly ſerve to give *clear Intelligence*. And this is all he had Occaſion to ſay.

Well, but an exact Correſpondency of Terms is material. To what? To give *clear Intelligence?* But if this be true, no clear Intelligence can poſſibly be given in any Tranſlation from one Language into another; for, in all Tranſlations whatever, it is neceſſary to render ſome Words by others, that are not perfectly correſpondent. You will ſcarcely deny that our Engliſh Tranſlation of the Goſpels conveys, in general, *clear Intelligence* to the Engliſh Reader, though many Terms are uſed in it, and were of Neceſſity to be uſed, that do not perfectly and adequately correſpond to the Greek Terms, employed by the ſacred Writers. Without Doubt it was your Purpoſe to convey *clear Intelligence* to your Engliſh Reader in the elegant Tranſlations, they ſay, you have made of DEMOSTHENES:

[6] From p. 44. to p. 45.
[7] Diſſertation, p. 82.

and yet doubtleſs you will acknowledge that many Words of the Athenian Orator are not perfectly correſpondent to thoſe employed by you in your Verſion of them.

What follows from this? Why, either that all Tranſlations muſt be exploded and ſet aſide as inſufficient to give clear Intelligence, or that we muſt accept them, with all their unavoidable Imperfections, as, in general, ſufficiently repreſentative of the Senſe of their Originals, though in ſome Particulars that Senſe be inadequately conveyed to us.

But how then, you will ſay, ſhall we gain a clear and perfect Intelligence of ſuch Particulars? Why in the Way, which common Senſe ſuggeſts; by inquiring, if we are able, what the preciſe Meaning is of thoſe Terms of the original Language, to which the tranſlated Terms are thus imperfectly correſpondent. And if this be an Inconvenience, 'tis an Inconvenience neceſſarily attending every Tranſlation in the World, in which a Writer would expreſs the mixed Modes denoted by the Words of any other. For ſuppoſing the Greek Tongue, infuſed by divine Inſpiration into the ſacred Writers, to have been that of PLATO or DEMOSTHENES himſelf, you will hardly pretend that it could have furniſhed them with Greek Terms perfectly expreſſive of ſuch compound Ideas as certain Syriac or Hebrew Terms expreſſed, and of which their Subject obliged them to give, as far as the Nature of the Caſe would permit, *clear Intelligence*. So that I cannot for my Life comprehend the Drift of that ſhort Queſtion, *Shall we always find correſpondent Terms in a Foreign Language?* or, the Pertinence of your learned Comment on the Text of CICERO's Letter to SERVIUS.

I am ſenſible indeed, that if the *Terms* only of the new Language were divinely infuſed, *theſe*, whether perfectly correſpondent or not, would be inſufficient of themſelves to give clear Intelligence. But the Biſhop ſuppoſes more than this to be infuſed; for *what was inſpired*, he tell us, *was the Terms*, TOGETHER *with that Grammatic Congruity, which is dependent thereon*. Now this Knowledge of the *Grammatic Congruity* of any Tongue, ſuperadded to a Knowledge of its *Terms*, would,

would, methinks, enable a Writer to expreſs himſelf in it, for the moſt Part, *intelligibly*.

I confeſs, the Biſhop ſpeaks—*of fixing the Terms or ſingle Words* ONLY *and their Signification in the Memory*—But then he does not mean to exclude the *Grammatic Congruity* in the Uſe of them, which, as we have ſeen, he expreſly requires in the very ſame Paragraph, but merely to expoſe the Notion of the *Phraſes and Idioms* being required, too. His Lordſhip ſpeaks of the *Terms, or ſingle Words* ONLY, in Oppoſition to *Phraſes and Idioms:* You ſeem to ſpeak *of Terms or ſingle Words* ONLY, in Oppoſition to *Syſtematic Congruity*.

I ſay, you *ſeem* ſo to ſpeak: For otherwiſe I know not what to make of all you ſay concerning the Inſufficiency of the *Terms only* of any Language to give Intelligence. And yet, in what follows, you *ſeem* to do Juſtice to the Biſhop, and to admit that, beſides the *Terms*, a *Grammatic Congruity in the Uſe of them* was divinely inſpired. For you go on to obſerve, "That "the real Purport of almoſt every Sentence in every Lan- "guage, is not to be learned from the Significations of de- "tached Words, *and their Grammatical Congruity*, even "where there Signification may be expreſſed by correſpondent "Words in another Language."[s]

And here, Sir, your Learning expatiates through ſeveral Pages: the Purpoſe of all which is to ſhew, that, if the *Terms* of one Language, though *congruouſly uſed*, be ſtrictly adapted to the *Idiom* of another, ſtill they will give no Intelligence, or at leaſt a very obſcure one; as you endeavour to prove by a *decent* Inſtance taken from your Countryman, SWIFT, in his Dotages; and another, given by yourſelf in a literal Verſion of a long Paſſage of a ſacred Writer. It is true, in this laſt Inſtance, you do not confine yourſelf to the ſtrict Obſervance of *Grammatic Congruity*. If you had done this, it would have appeared, from your own Inſtance, that *Intelligence* might have been given, and with tolerable *Clearneſs* too, even in a literal Verſion.

But be it allowed, that, if the Terms of one Language,

[s] Differt. p. 84.

even though a congruous Conſtruction be obſerved, be conſtantly and ſtrictly adapted to the *Idioms* of another, the Expreſſion will ſtill, many Times, be very dark and obſcure: How is this *Obſcurity* to be prevented? Take what Language you will for the Conveyance of Inſtruction, it will be neceſſary for the Reader or Hearer to gain a competent Knowledge of its Idioms and Phraſeology, before he can receive the full Benefit of it. So that, unleſs there had been a Language in the World, native to all Nations, and in the ſtricteſt Senſe of the Word, *univerſal*, I ſee not how Inſpiration itſelf could Remedy this Inconvenience. Suppoſe, as I ſaid before, that the inſpired Language, in which the Apoſtles wrote, had been the pureſt Greek, ſtill its *idiomatic Phraſeology* had been as ſtrange and obſcure to all ſuch to whom that Language was not native, as the Syriac or Hebrew Idioms, by which the Apoſtolic Greek is now ſuppoſed to be ſo much darkened.

I conclude upon the whole, that nothing you have ſaid, overturns, or ſo much as affects, the learned Prelate's Notion of divine Inſpiration, *as conveying only the Terms and ſingle Words of one Language, correſponding to thoſe of another, together with that Grammatic Congruity in the Uſe of them, which is dependant thereon.* This *firſt and grand Principle*, as you call it, of the Biſhop's new Theory, *is ſuch*, you ſay, *as no Critic or Grammarian can admit* [9]. On the contrary, I muſt preſume to think, becauſe I have now ſhewn, that no Critic or Grammarian, who deſerves the Name, can reaſonably object to this *Principle*, as it allows all that is neceſſary to be ſuppoſed of an inſpired Language, its Sufficiency to give clear Intelligence: So *clear*, that, had the Idioms of the new Language been inſpired too, it could not, in the general View of Providence, who intended this Intelligence for the Uſe of all People and Languages, have been clearer.

But your unfavourable Sentiment of the Biſhop's Principle ariſes from your Miſconception of the *Circumſtances*, *Abilities*, and *Qualifications* of the Apoſtles, when they addreſſed them-

[9] Differt. p. 86.

ſelves

ſelves to the Work of their Miniſtry, and eſpecially to the Work of compoſing Books for the Inſtruction of the Faithful in this originally inſpired Language.

When the Greek Language was firſt infuſed, it would, no doubt, be full of their native Phraſes, or rather it would be wholly and entirely adapted to the Hebrew or Syriac Idioms. This would render their Expreſſion ſomewhat dark and obſcure to their Grecian Hearers.

But then it would be intelligible enough to thoſe, to whom they firſt and principally addreſſed themſelves, the *Helleniſtic Jews*, who, though they underſtood Greek beſt, were generally no Strangers to the Hebrew Idiom.

Further ſtill, though this Hebrew-Greek Language was all that was originally infuſed into the Apoſtles, nothing hinders but that they might, in the ordinary Way, improve themſelves in the Greek Tongue, and ſuperadd to their inſpired Knowledge whatever they could acquire, beſides, by their Converſation with the native Greeks, and the Study of their Language. For, though it can hardly be imagined, as the Biſhop ſays, *that the inſpired Writers had cultivated their Knowledge of the Language on the Principles of the Grecian Eloquence* [1], that is, had formed and perfected their Style by an anxious and critical Attention to the Rules and Practice of the Greek Rhetors, yet we need not conclude that they wholly neglected to improve themſelves in the Knowledge and Uſe of this new Language. So that by the Time they turned themſelves to the Gentiles, and ſtill more by the Time they applied themſelves to pen the Books of the N. T. they might be tolerable Maſters even of the peculiar Phraſeology of the Greek Tongue, and might be able to adapt it, in a good Meaſure, to the Greek Idioms.

All this, I ſay, is very *ſuppoſable*; becauſe their turning to the Gentiles was not till near TEN Years, after the Deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt upon the Apoſtles; and the Date of their earlieſt Writings, penned for the Edification of the Church, was not till near TWENTY Years after that Period: In all which Time, they had full Leiſure and Opportunity to acquire a competent Knowledge of the native Idiomatic Greek, abun-

[1] Doct. of Grace, p. 41.

dantly ſufficient to anſwer all Ends of Clearneſs and Inſtruction.

But I go further and ſay, it is not only very *ſuppoſable*, and perfectly conſiſtent with all the Biſhop has advanced on the Subject of Inſpiration, that the ſacred Writers *might* thus improve themſelves, but it is, likewiſe, very *clear* and *certain*, that they DID. How elſe are we to account for that Difference of Style, obſervable in the ſacred Writers, whoſe Expreſſion is more or leſs coloured by their native Hebrew Idioms, according as their Acquaintance with the Greek Tongue was more or leſs perfect? There were ſtill, no Doubt, very many of their own native Idioms, interſperſed in their moſt improved Greek: As muſt ever be the Caſe of Writers who compoſe in a foreign Tongue, whether acquired in the ordinary Way, or ſupernaturally infuſed into them: But theſe Barbariſms, as they are called, I mean theſe Syriaſms or Hebraiſms, are not ſo conſtant and perpetual as to prevent their Writings from giving *clear Intelligence*. In ſhort, the Style of the inſpired Writers is JUST that which we ſhould naturally expect it to be, on this Suppoſition of its being ſomewhat improved by Uſe and Exerciſe. and which the learned Biſhop *accurately* (and in perfect *Conſiſtency* with his main Principle, *of the Terms only being inſpired, with the congruous Uſe of them*) defines it to be, "*Greek Words* VERY FREQUENTLY *delivered in Syriac or Hebrew Idioms.*"[2]

Thus, in every View, the Biſhop's *grand* Principle may be ſafely admitted. All that we *need* ſuppoſe, and therefore all that is *reaſonable* to be ſuppoſed, is, *That the Terms of the Greek Language, and a Grammatical Congruity in the Uſe of them*, was miraculouſly infuſed: The Reſt would be competently and ſufficiently obtained by the Application of ordinary Means, without a Miracle.

After ſaying ſo little, or rather after ſaying indeed *nothing*, that affects the Biſhop's Principle, I cannot but think it is with an ill Grace you turn yourſelf to cavil at the *following in-*

[2] Doct. of Grace, p. 45.

cidental

cidental Obſervation of his Lordſhip, which yet will be found as true and as juſt as any other he has made on this Subject.

To thoſe, who might expect, *that, beſides the ſimple Impreſſion of the Greek Terms only, and their Signification* on the Minds of the inſpired Linguiſts, *another ſhould have been made to inrich the Mind with all the Ideas which go towards the Compoſing the Phraſes and Idioms of the Language ſo inſpired* (all which had been neceſſary, if the inſpired Language had been intended for a perfect Model of Grecian Eloquence) the Biſhop replies—'This latter Impreſſion ſeems to require, or rather indeed implies, a previous one, of the Tempers, Faſhions, and Opinions of the People to whom the Language is native, upon the Minds of them to whom the Language is thus imparted; becauſe the Phraſe and Idiom ariſes from and is dependent on thoſe Manners[3]. But ſuch an Impreſſion, as this, he goes on to ſhew, was not to be expected.

It is clear from this Paſſage, that the Biſhop is ſpeaking of *an Impreſſion*, neceſſary to be made on the Minds of the Apoſtles, if the inſpired Language had been ſo complete as to extend to all its native Phraſes and Idioms. If the Apoſtles were inſtantly to poſſeſs the inſpired Greek in this Perfection, it is neceſſary to ſuppoſe that this *laſt* Impreſſion muſt, as well as that of the Terms, be made upon them. Can any Thing be more certain and undeniable, than this *Affirmation?* Yet, in p. 86. of your Book, you have this ſtrange Paſſage.

After having ſhewn, as you ſuppoſe, that the Biſhop's grand Principle, of the Inſpiration of the TERMS only, ſtands on a very inſecure Foundation, "Perhaps, you ſay, it is no "leſs HAZARDOUS to affirm, that a Knowledge of the Idiom "or Phraſeology of any Language, *always* implies a previous "Knowledge of the Cuſtoms and Manners of thoſe to whom "it is vernacular."

You intended, no Doubt, in your Cenſure of this hazardous Poſition, to oppoſe ſomething which the Biſhop had affirmed. Be pleaſed now to caſt your Eye on the Paſſage you criticize, and tell me where the Biſhop aſſerts, *that a* KNOWLEDGE *of the Idiom or Phraſeology of any Language* ALWAYS *implies a pre-*

[3] Doct. of Grace, p. 43.

vious

vious Knowledge of the Cuſtoms and Manners of thoſe to whom it is vernacular. What the Biſhop aſſerts is, *That an* IMPRESSION *of the Phraſes and Idioms of an inſpired Language implies a previous* IMPRESSION *of the Tempers, Faſhions, and Opinions of the People to whom the Language is native, upon the Minds of them to whom the Language is* THUS *imparted:* That is, if a Knowledge of the Idioms had been *impreſſed*, a Knowledge of the Cuſtoms and Manners, from which thoſe Idioms ariſe, and without a Knowledge of which they could not be underſtood (as they were to be, by the Recipients of this ſpiritual Gift) muſt have been *impreſſed*, likewiſe. No, you ſay; a *Knowledge* of the Idiom of a Language does not *always* imply a previous *Knowledge* of the Manners. Who ſays it does? We may come to *know* the Idioms of Language, without a *divine Impreſſion:* and without ſuch Impreſſion, for any Thing appears to the contrary, the Biſhop might ſuppoſe the ſacred Writers came by their Knowledge, ſo far as they poſſeſſed it, of the Greek Idioms. But the *Impreſſion* of ſuch Idioms could only come from another and *previous Impreſſion* of the Cuſtoms and Manners: becauſe in this Caſe, without a previous Impreſſion of the *Cuſtoms and Manners*, the *Idioms* themſelves, when impreſſed, could not have been underſtood, nor conſequently put to Uſe, by the Perſons, on whom this Impreſſion was made. They had no Time to recur to Lexicons, Grammars, and Commentaries to know the Meaning of the impreſſed Idioms. How then were they, on the Inſtant, to know their Meaning at all, but by a *previous Impreſſion* of the Manners, from which they aroſe, and which would put them into a Capacity of Underſtanding theſe impreſſed Idioms?

In a Word, the Biſhop is ſpeaking of SUPERNATURAL IMPRESSION: you, of NATURAL KNOWLEDGE. No wonder, then, your Reaſoning and your Learning, in the concluding Pages of this Chapter, ſhould look entirely *beſide* the Matter in Hand, or, at beſt, ſhould look ſo *aſkew* on the Biſhop's *hazardous* Poſition. It is certain, you are far enough out of all Danger of encountering it, when you entrench yourſelf, at Length, behind this diſtant and ſecure Concluſion—

"that

" that the Knowledge of Idiom is ſo far from requiring, or " implying a previous one of Tempers, Manners, &c. that " the very CONVERSE of this ſeems to be the ſafer Principle; " and that Tempers and Manners are not to be learned, with- " out ſome Degree of previous Acquaintance with the Peculi- " arities of a Language[a]:" a Propoſition, which, though exceptionable enough, as you put it, and even ſuggeſting ſome pleaſant Ideas, I am in no Humour, at preſent, to conteſt with you.

This, Sir, IS THE WHOLE of what I find advanced by you, that hath any Shew or Appearance of being intended as a Confutation of the Argument by which the Biſhop ſupports his FIRST PARADOX; in Oppoſition to Dr. MIDDLETON's Opinion, *That an inſpired Language muſt needs be a Language of perfect Eloquence.* The Biſhop has told us in very accurate Terms what he conceives the Character of an inſpired Language muſt needs be: and I have at leaſt ſhewn, that the Character he gives of it may be a juſt one, notwithſtanding any Thing you have objected to it in your learned Diſſertation.

I now proceed to the Biſhop's SECOND PARADOX; which oppoſes Dr. MIDDLETON's *ſecond Propoſition, That Eloquence is ſomething congenial and eſſential to human Speech, and inherent in the Conſtitution of Things.*

'This ſuppoſes, ſays the Biſhop, that there is ſome certain 'ARCHETYPE in Nature, to which that Quality refers, and 'on which it is to be formed and modelled. And, indeed, 'admitting this to be the Caſe, one ſhould be apt enough to 'conclude, that when the Author of Nature condeſcended to 'inſpire one of theſe plaſtic Performances of human Art, he 'would make it by the exacteſt Pattern of the *Archetype.*

'But the Propoſition is fanciful and falſe. Eloquence is 'not congenial or eſſential to human Speech, nor is there any 'Archetype in Nature to which that Quality refers. It is 'accidental and arbitrary, and depends on Cuſtom and Fa- 'ſhion: It is a Mode of human Communication which

[a] Diſſert. p. 88.

'changes

'changes with the changing Climates of the Earth; and is as 'various and unſtable as the Genius, Temper, and Manners 'of its diverſified Inhabitants. For what is PURITY but the 'Uſe of ſuch Terms, with their multiplied Combinations, as 'the Intereſt, the Complexion, or the Caprice of a Writer or 'Speaker of Authority hath preferred to its Equals? What is 'ELEGANCE but ſuch a Turn of Idiom as a faſhionable Fancy 'hath brought into Repute? And what is SUBLIMITY but 'the Application of ſuch Images, as arbitrary or caſual Con- 'nexions, rather than their own native Grandeur, have dig- 'nified and ennobled? Now ELOQUENCE is a Compound of 'theſe three Qualities of Speech, and conſequently muſt be 'as nominal and unſubſtantial as its conſtituent Parts. So that, 'that Mode of Compoſition, which is a Model of *perfect Elo- 'quence* to one Nation or People, muſt appear extravagant or 'mean to another. And thus in Fact it was. Indian and 'Aſiatic Eloquence were eſteemed hyperbolic, unnatural, ab- 'rupt and puerile to the more phlegmatic Inhabitants of *Rome* 'and *Athens*. And the weſtern Eloquence, in its Turn, ap- 'peared nerveleſs and effeminate, frigid or inſipid, to the har- 'dy and inflamed Imaginations of the Eaſt. Nay, what is 'more, each Species, even of the moſt approved Genus, 'changed its Nature with the change of Clime and Language; 'and the ſame Expreſſion, which, in one Place, had the 'utmoſt *Simplicity*, had, in another, the utmoſt *ſublime*.[5]

The Biſhop then proceeds to illuſtrate this laſt Obſervation by a famous Inſtance, taken from the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*, and then recapitulates and enforces his general Argument in the following Manner.

'Apply all this to the Books of the N. T. an authorized 'Collection, profeſſedly deſigned for the Rule and Direction 'of Mankind. Now ſuch a Rule demanded that it ſhould be in- 'ſpired of God. But inſpired Writing, the Objectors ſay, 'implies the moſt *perfect Eloquence*. What human Model then 'was the Holy Ghoſt to follow? And a human Model, of ar- 'bitrary Conſtruction, it muſt needs be, becauſe there was no

[5] Doct of Grace, p. 52, 53.

other a

'other: Or, if there were another, it would never ſuit the 'Purpoſe, which was to make an Impreſſion on the Minds and 'Affections; and this Impreſſion, ſuch an Eloquence only as 'that which had gained the popular ear, could effect. Should 'therefore the *eaſtern* Eloquence be employed? But this would 'be too inflated and gigantic for the *Weſt*. Should it be the '*weſtern?* But this would be too cold and torpid for the *Eaſt*. 'Or, ſuppoſe the *generic* Eloquence of the more poliſhed Nati-'ons was to be preferred, which *Species* of it was to be employed? 'The rich Exuberance of the Aſiatic Greeks, or the dry Con-'ciſeneſs of the Spartans? The pure and poignant Eaſe and 'flowing Sweetneſs of the Attic Modulation, or the Strength 'and grave Severity of the Roman Tone? Or ſhould all give 'Way to that African Torrent, which aroſe from the fermented 'Mixture of the Dregs of *Greece* and *Italy*, and ſoon after over-'flowed the Church with theological Conceits, in a ſparkling 'Luxuriancy of Thought, and a ſombrous Rankneſs of Ex-'preſſion? Thus various were the Species! all as much de-'cried by a different Genus, and each as much diſliked by a 'different Species, as the Eloquence of the remoteſt Eaſt and 'Weſt, by one another [6].'

Thus far the learned Biſhop, *with the Spirit and Energy*, as you will obſerve, *of an ancient Orator* [7]; and, let me add, with a Juſtneſs and Force of Reaſoning, which would have done Honour to the beſt ancient Philoſopher. But here we ſeparate again. You maintain, with Dr. MIDDLETON, *that Eloquence is ſomething congenial and eſſential to human Speech:* While *I*, convinced by the Biſhop's Reaſoning in theſe Paragraphs, maintain that it aſſuredly is not.

The Subject, indeed, affords great Scope to your rhetorical Faculties; and the Cauſe, you maintain, being that, as you conceive, of the ancient Orators, and even of Eloquence itſelf, you ſuffer your Enthuſiaſm to bear you away, without controul; and, as is the natural Effect of Enthuſiaſm, with ſo little Method and Preciſion of Argument, that a cool Examiner of your

[6] Doct. of Grace, p. 55, 56.
[7] Diſſert. p. 19.

Work

Work hardly knows how to follow you, or where to take Aim at you, in your aery and uncertain Flight. However, I ſhall do my beſt to reduce your Rhetoric to Reaſon; I mean, to repreſent the Subſtance of what you ſeem to intend by Way of Argument againſt the Biſhop's Principle, leaving your Eloquence to make what Impreſſion on the gentle Reader it may.

And FIRST, in Oppoſition, as you ſuppoſe, to the Biſhop's Tenet, *That Eloquence is* NOT *ſomething congenial and eſſential "to human Speech,"* you apply yourſelf to ſhew, through ſeveral Chapters, that Tropes, Metaphors, Allegories, and univerſally what are called by Rhetoricians *Figures of Speech*, are natural and neceſſary Expreſſions of the Paſſions, and have their Birth in the very Reaſon and Conſtitution of Things. To make out this important Point is the ſole Drift of your I, II, III, and IVth Chapters; in which you ſeem to me to be contending for that which nobody denies, and to be diſputing without an Opponent. At leaſt, you can hardly believe that the Biſhop of *Glouceſter* is to be told, that Metaphors, Allegories, and Similitudes are the Offspring of Nature and Neceſſity, HE, who has, *with the utmoſt Juſtneſs and Elegance of reaſoning*, as you well obſerve [8], explained this very Point, himſelf, in the DIVINE LEGATION.

WHAT then are we to conclude from theſe elaborate Chapters? Why, that by ſome unlucky Miſtake or other, let us call it only by the ſofter Name, of *Inattention*, you have entirely miſrepreſented the Scope and Purpoſe of all the Biſhop has ſaid on the Subject of Eloquence. And that this is no haſty or groundleſs Charge, but the very Truth of the Caſe, will clearly be ſeen from a brief Examination of the Biſhop's Theory, compared with your Reaſonings upon it.

The Poſition, *that Eloquence is ſomething congenial and eſſential to human Speech, ſuppoſes*, ſays the Biſhop, *that there is ſome certain Archetype in Nature, to which that Quality refers, and on which it is to be formed and modelled.*

The Biſhop, you ſee, requires an *Archetype* to be pointed out to him of that conſummate Eloquence, which is ſaid to be *con-*

[8] Diſſert. p. 4.

genial

genial and eſſential to human Speech. The Demand is ſurely reaſonable; and not difficult to be complied with, if ſuch an Archetype do, in Fact, ſubſiſt. But do you know of any ſuch? Do you refer him to any ſuch? Do you ſpecify that *Compoſition?* Or do you ſo much as delineate that *ſort* of Compoſition, which will paſs upon all Men under the Idea of an Archetype? Nothing of all this. Permit us then to attend to the Biſhop's Reaſoning, by which he undertakes to prove that no ſuch Archetype does, or can exiſt.

'The Propoſition (that aſſerts, there is ſuch an Archetype) 'is fanciful and falſe. Eloquence is not congenial or eſſential 'to human Speech, nor is there any Archetype in Nature to 'which that Quality refers. It is accidental and arbitrary, and 'depends on Cuſtom and Faſhion: It is a Mode of human 'Communication which changes with the changing Climates of 'the Earth; and is as various and unſtable as the Genius, Tem-'per, and Manners of its diverſified Inhabitants.[9]'

The Biſhop aſſerts *there is no Archetype*, becauſe Eloquence is a variable Thing, depending on Cuſtom and Faſhion; is nothing abſolute in itſelf, but relative to the Fancies and Prejudices of Men, and changeable, as the different Climes they inhabit. This *general* Reaſon ſeems convincing; it appeals to Fact, to Experience, to the Evidence of Senſe. But the learned Prelate goes further. He analyzes the complex Idea of Eloquence: He examines the Qualities of Speech, of which it is made up; and he ſhews that they are nominal and unſubſtantial. Hence it follows, again, That there is no Archetype in Nature of perfect Eloquence; its very conſtituent Parts, as they are deemed, having no Subſtance or Reality in them.

But why ſhould the Biſhop condeſcend to this Analyſis, when his *general Argument* ſeemed deciſive of the Queſtion? For a good Reaſon. When the Biſhop aſked for an ARCHETYPE, though you are ſhy of producing any, he well knew that the Maſters of Eloquence, thoſe I mean who are accounted ſuch in theſe Parts of the World, had pretended to give one. He knew the Authority of theſe Maſters of human Speech with the

[9] Doct. of Grace, p. 65.

Sort

Sort of Men he had to deal with: he therefore takes the Archetype, they have given, and ſhews, upon their own Ideas of Eloquence, it is a mere Phantom.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the Biſhop, in touching incidentally the Queſtion of Eloquence in a theological Treatiſe, ſhould follow the Greek and Latin Rhetors through all the Niceties and Diſtinctions of their Art, or ſhould amuſe himſelf or us with a minute Detail of all the Particulars which go to the making up of this mighty Compound, their ARCHETYPAL IDEA of human Eloquence. If he had been ſo pleaſed, and had had no better Buſineſs on his Hands, it is likely he could have told us *News*, as you have done, out of ARISTOTLE, LONGINUS, and CICERO. But his Manner is to ſay no more on a Subject, than the Occaſion makes neceſſary; which, in the preſent Caſe, was no more than to acquaint his Reader, in very general Terms, with the conſtituent Parts of Eloquence which he reſolves into theſe three, PURITY, ELEGANCE nd SUBLIMITY.

But this you call *a moſt illogical Diviſion of Eloquence*; *for that the Biſhop hath not only enumerated the conſtituent Parts imperfectly*; *but, of the three Qualities which he hath exhibited, the firſt is included in the ſecond, and the third is not neceſſarily and univerſally a Part of Eloquence*[1].

The *Enumeration*, you ſay, *is imperfect*. Yet *Purity*, I think, denotes whatever comes under the Idea of PROPRIETY, that is, of approved Cuſtom, as well as grammatical Uſe, in any Language: *Elegance*, expreſſes all thoſe Embelliſhments of Compoſition, which are the Effect of ART: and I know no fitter Term than *Sublimity*, to ſtand for thoſe Qualities of Eloquence, which are derived from the Efforts of Genius, or, NATURAL PARTS. Now what elſe can be required to complete the Idea of Eloquence, and what Defect of Logic can there be in comprehending the various Properties of human Speech under theſe three generic Names? The Diviſion is ſurely ſo natural and ſo intelligible, that few Readers, I believe, will be diſpoſed to object with you, *that the firſt of the*

[1] Diſſert. p. 41.

three

three Qualities is included in the ſecond, and that the third is not neceſſarily and univerſally a Part of Eloquence.

But let the Biſhop's Enumeration be ever ſo *logical*, you further quarrel with his *Idea* of theſe three conſtituent Parts of Eloquence, and his reaſoning upon them.

'What, ſays his Lordſhip, is PURITY but the Uſe of ſuch 'Terms with their multiplied Combinations, as the Intereſt, the 'Complexion, or the Caprice of a Writer or Speaker of Autho-'rity hath preferred to its equals?'

This Idea of Purity in Language you think ſtrange; and yet in the very Chapter in which you ſet yourſelf to contemplate and to reprobate this *ſtrange Idea*, you cannot help reſolving *Purity* into *Uſage and Cuſtom*, that is, with QUINCTILIAN, into *Conſenſum Eruditorum*; which ſurely is but ſaying in other Words with the Biſhop, that it conſiſts *in the Uſe of ſuch Terms, with their multiplied Combinations, as the Intereſt, the Complexion, or the Caprice of a Writer or Speaker of Authority hath referred to its Equals*—for *Equals* they undoubtedly were, till that Uſage or Cuſtom took Place. When this *Conſent of the Learned* is once eſtabliſhed, every Writer or Speaker, who pretends to *Purity* of Expreſſion, muſt doubtleſs conform to it: But previouſly to ſuch Conſent, *Purity* is a Thing arbitrary enough to juſtify the Biſhop's Concluſion, that this Quality *is not congenial and eſſential to human Speech.*

Next, the Biſhop aſks, 'What is ELEGANCE but ſuch a 'Turn of Idiom as a faſhionable Fancy hath brought into Re-'pute?'

Here, again, you grow very nice in your Inquiries into the Idea of *Fancy*, the Idea of *Faſhion*, and I know not what of that Sort. In a Word, you go on *defining*, and *diſtinguiſhing* to the End of the Chapter, in a Way that without Doubt would be very edifying to your young Scholars in *Trinity College*, but, as levelled againſt the Biſhop, is certainly unſeaſonable and out of Place. For, define *Elegance* as you will, it finally reſolves into ſomething that *is not of the Eſſence of human Speech*, but factitious and arbitrary; as depending much on the Taſte, the Fancy, the Caprice (call it what you pleaſe) of ſuch Writers or Speakers, as have obtained the po-

pular Vogue for this Species of Eloquence, and ſo had the Fortune to bring the Turn of Idiom and Expreſſion, which they preferred and cultivated, into general Repute.

'Laſtly,' the Biſhop aſks, 'What is SUBLIMITY but the 'Application of ſuch Images, as arbitrary or caſual Connecti-'ons, rather than their own native Grandeur, have dignified 'and enobled?'

To this Queſtion you reply by aſking another, *Whether Sublimity doth neceſſarily conſiſt in the Application of Images?* But, *firſt*, if what is *called* Sublimity, *generally* conſiſts in the Application of Images, it is abundantly ſufficient to the Biſhop's Purpoſe: *Next*, I preſume to ſay, that the ſublime of Eloquence, or the Impreſſion which a Genius makes upon us by his Expreſſion, conſiſts neceſſarily and univerſally in the Application of *Images*, that is, of bright and vivid Ideas, which is the true, that is, the received Senſe of the Word, *Images*, (however Rhetoricians may have diſtinguiſhed different Kinds of them, and expreſſed them by different Names) in all rhetorical and critical Works. *Laſtly*, I maintain that theſe bright and vivid Ideas are rendered *intereſting* to the Reader or Hearer from the Influence of ASSOCIATION, rather than *of their own native Dignity and Grandeur:* of which I could give ſo many Inſtances, that, for this Reaſon, I will only give your *own*, which you lay ſo much Streſs upon, of *the famous Oath by the Souls of thoſe who fought at* Marathon *and* Platæa [2]: where the peculiar Ideas of *Intereſt*, *Glory*, and *Veneration*, aſſociated to the *Image* or Idea of the Battle of *Marathon* and *Platæa*, gave a ſublime and Energy to this Oath of DEMOSTHENES, *by the Souls of thoſe that fought there*, in the Conceptions of his Countrymen, which no other People could have felt from it, and of which you, Sir, with all your Admiration of it, have certainly a very faint Conception at this Time.

I ſhould here have diſpatched this Article of *Sublimity*, but that you will expect me to take ſome Notice of your Objection to what the Biſhop obſerves, 'That this Species of Eloquence 'changed its Nature, with the Change of Clime and Lan-

[2] Diſſert. p. 45.

'guage;

'guage; and that the ſame Expreſſion, which in one Place 'had the utmoſt *Simplicity*, had, in the other, the utmoſt '*ſublime*[3].' An Obſervation, which he illuſtrates and confirms by the various Fortune of the famous Paſſage in *Geneſis*, *God ſaid let there be Light, and there was Light*; ſo *ſublime*, in the Apprehenſion of LONGINUS and BOILEAU, and ſo *ſimple*, in that of HUETIUS and LE CLERC.

To this pertinent Illuſtration, moſt ingeniouſly explained and enforced by the learned Prelate, you reply with much Eaſe, "That this might well be, and even in the ſame Place," and then proceed to *inform* him of I know not what Union between *Simplicity* and *Sublimity*; though you *civilly* add, "That it is "a Point known to every SMATTERER in Criticiſm, that "theſe two Qualities are ſo far from being inconſiſtent with "each other, that they are frequently united by a natural and "inſeparable Union[4]."

"Simplicity and *Sublimity* may be found together." I think the Propoſition falſe, in your Senſe of it, at leaſt. But be it true, that theſe Qualities in Expreſſion may be found together. What then? The Queſtion is of a Paſſage, where theſe Qualities, in the Apprehenſion of great Critics, are found ſeparately; the one Side maintaining that it is merely *ſimple*, the other that it is merely *ſublime*. *Simplicity* is, here, plainly oppoſed to *Sublimity*, and implies the Abſence of it: BOILEAU, after LONGINUS, affirming that the Expreſſion *is*, and his Adverſaries affirming that it is *not*, *ſublime*. Can any Thing ſhew more clearly, that the *ſublime* of eloquent Expreſſion depends on *caſual aſſociations*, and not on the Nature of Things?

But the Biſhop goes farther and tells us, what the *Aſſociations* were that occaſioned theſe different Judgments of the Paſſage in Queſtion. The Ideas ſuggeſted in it were *familiar*, to the ſacred Writer: They were *new* and admirable to the Pagan Critic. Hence the Expreſſion would be of the greateſt *Simplicity* in MOSES, though it would be naturally eſteemed by LONGINUS, infinitely *ſublime*.

[3] Doct. of Grace, p. 53. [4] Differt. p. 58.

Here you cavil a little about the Effect of *Familiarity*: But, as conſcious of the Weakneſs of this Part of your Anſwer, *Not to inſiſt*, you ſay, *upon this, How comes it then that* BOILEAU *and many other Chriſtian Readers, to whom the Ideas of Creation were as familiar as to* MOSES *himſelf, were yet affected by the Sublime of this Paſſage?* You aſk, How this comes to paſs? How? Why in the Way, in which ſo many other ſtrange Things come to paſs, by *the Influence of Authority*. LONGINUS had ſaid, the Expreſſion of this Paſſage was *ſublime*. And when he had ſaid this, the Wonder is to find two Men, ſuch as HUETIUS and LE CLERC, who durſt, after that, honeſtly declare their own Feelings, and profeſs that, to them, the Expreſſion was *not* ſublime.

But more on this Head of *Authority*, preſently.

You ſee, Sir, I paſs over theſe Chapters *on the Qualities of Eloquence*, though they make ſo large a Part of your *Diſſertation*, very rapidly: and I do it, not to eſcape from any Force I apprehend there to be in your Argument or Obſervations, but becauſe I am perſuaded that every Man, who knows what Language is, and how it is formed, is ſo convinced that thoſe Qualities of it by which it comes to be denominated *pure*, and *elegant*, and *intereſting*, are the Effects of *Cuſtom*, *Faſhion*, and *Aſſociation*, that he would not thank me for employing many Words on ſo plain a Point. Only, as you conclude this Part of your Work with *an Appeal*, which you think ſufficiently *warranted, againſt the moſt poſitive Deciſions of Faſhion, Cuſtom, or Prejudice, to certain general and eſtabliſhed Principles of rational Criticiſm*, ſubverſive, as you think, of the Biſhop's whole Theory, I ſhall be bold to tell you, as I juſt now promiſed, what my Opinion is *of theſe eſtabliſhed Rules of* RATIONAL CRITICISM: by which you will underſtand how little I conceive the Biſhop's Syſtem to be affected by this confident Appeal to *ſuch Principles*.

I hold then, that what you ſolemnly call *the eſtabliſhed Principles of rational Criticiſm* are only ſuch Principles as Criticiſm hath ſeen good to eſtabliſh *on the Practice of the Greek and Roman Speakers and Writers*; the European Eloquence being ultimately the mere Product and Reſult of ſuch Practice; and

European

European Criticiſm being no further *rational* than as it accords to it. This is the Way, in which ancient and modern Critics have gone to Work in forming their Syſtems; and their Syſtems deſerve to be called *rational*, becauſe they deliver ſuch Rules as Experience has found moſt conducive to attain the Ends of Eloquence in theſe Parts of the World. Had you attended to this obvious Conſideration, it is impoſſible you ſhould have alarmed yourſelf ſo much, as you ſeem to have done, at the Biſhop's bold Paradox, as if it threatened the Downfall of Eloquence itſelf; which, you now ſee, ſtands exactly as it did, and is juſt as ſecure in all its eſtabliſhed Rights and Privileges on the Biſhop's Syſtem of *there being no Archetype of Eloquence in Nature*, as upon your's, *that there is one*. The Rules of Criticiſm are juſt the ſame on either Suppoſition, and will continue the ſame ſo long as we take the Greek and Roman Writers for our Maſters and Models; nay, ſo long as the Influence of their Authority, now confirmed and ſtrengthened by the Practice of Ages, and ſtruck deep into the European Notions and Manners, ſhall ſubſiſt.

You need, therefore, be in no Pain for the Intereſts of Eloquence, which are ſo dear to you; nor for the Dignity of your *Rhetorical Office* in the Univerſity of *Dublin*; which is ſurely of Importance enough, if you teach your *young Hearers* how to become eloquent in that Scene where their Employment of it is likely to fall; without pretending to engage them in certain chimerical Projects how they may attain an eſſential univerſal Eloquence, or ſuch as will paſs for Eloquence in all Ages and Countries of the World.

You ſee, Sir, if this Opinion of mine be a Truth, that it overturns at once the whole Structure of your Book. We, no Doubt, who have been lectured in Greek and Roman Eloquence, think it preferable to any other; and we think ſo, becauſe it conforms to certain Rules which our Criticiſm has eſtabliſhed, without conſidering that thoſe Rules are only eſtabliſhed on the ſucceſsful Practice of European Writers and Speakers, and are therefore no Rules at all in ſuch Times and Places where a different, perhaps a contrary Practice is followed with the ſame Succeſs. Let a Spartan, an Aſiatic, an

African, a Chineſe Syſtem of Rhetoric be given: Each of theſe ſhall differ from other, yet each ſhall be beſt and moſt *rational*, as relative to the People for whom it is formed. Nay, to ſee how groundleſs all your Fancies *of a rational eſſential Eloquence are*, do but reflect that even the European Eloquence, though founded on the ſame general Principles, is yet different in different Places, in many Reſpects. I could tell you of a Country, and that at no great Diſtance, where that which is thought ſupremely *elegant*, paſſes in another Country, not leſs converſant in the *eſtabliſhed Principles of rational Criticiſm*, for FINICAL; while what, in this Country, is accepted under the Idea of *Sublimity*, is derided, in that other, as no better than BOMBAST.

What follows, now, from this Appeal to *Experience*, againſt your Appeal to the *eſtabliſhed Rules of Criticiſm?* Plainly this: That all the Rhetors of Antiquity put together are no Authority againſt what the Biſhop of *Glouceſter* aſſerts concerning the Nature of Eloquence; ſince THEY only tell us (and we will take their Word for it) what will *pleaſe or affect* under *certain* Circumſtances, while the BISHOP only queſtions, whether the ſame Rules, under ALL Circumſtances, will enable a Writer or Speaker to *pleaſe and affect*. Strange! that you ſhould not ſee the Inconſequence of your own Reaſoning. The Biſhop ſays, The Rules of Eloquence are for the moſt Part local and arbitrary: No, you ſay, The Rules are not local and arbitrary, FOR they are held reaſonable ones at *Athens* and *Rome*. Your very Anſwer ſhews, that they were local and arbitrary. You ſee, then, why I make ſo ſlight, on this Occaſion, of all your multiplied Citations from the ancient Writers, which, how reſpectable ſoever, are no deciſive Authority, indeed no Authority at all, in the preſent Caſe.

Hitherto, the Biſhop had been conſidering Eloquence ONLY SO FAR as it is founded in arbitrary Principles and local Prejudices. For though his Expreſſion had been general, he knew very well that his Theſis admitted ſome Limitation; having directly affirmed of *the various Modes of Eloquence*, not that they were altogether and in all Reſpects, but MOSTLY *fantaſtical*, p. 67. which, though you are pleaſed to charge it upon

upon him as an *Inconſiſtency* [5], the Reader ſees it only a neceſſary Qualification of his general Theſis, ſuch as might be expected in ſo exact a Writer, as the learned Biſhop. He now then attends to this Limitation, and conſiders what Effect it would have on his main Theory.

'It will be ſaid, *are there not ſome more ſubſtantial Principles of Eloquence, common to all* the various Species that have obtained in the World?—Without Doubt, there are.—Why then ſhould not theſe have been employed, to do Credit to the Apoſtolic Inſpiration? For good Reaſons: reſpecting both the Speaker and the Hearers. For what *is* Eloquence but a perſuaſive Turn given to the Elocution to ſupply that inward, that conſcious Perſuaſion of the Speaker, ſo neceſſary to gain a fair Hearing? But the firſt Preachers of the Goſpel did not need a Succedaneum to that inward conſcious Perſuaſion. And what is the *End* of Eloquence, even when it extends no farther than to thoſe more general Principles, but to ſtifle Reaſon, and inflame the Paſſions? But the Propagation of Chriſtian Truths indiſpenſably requires the Aid of Reaſon, and requires no other human Aid [6].'

Here, again, you are quite ſcandalized at the Biſhop's paradoxical Aſſertions concerning the *Nature* and *End* of Eloquence; and you differ as widely from him now he argues on the Suppoſition of there being *ſome more ſubſtantial Principles of Eloquence*, as you did before, when he contended that *moſt* of thoſe, we call Principles, were arbitrary and capricious Things. You even go ſo far as to inſult him with a String of Queſtions, addreſſed *ad Hominem:* for, having quoted ſome Paſſages from his Book, truly eloquent and rhetorical, you think you have him at Advantage, and can now confute him out of his own Mouth.

"Can any Thing, you aſk, be more brilliant, more enli-
"vened, more truly rhetorical, than theſe Paſſages? What
"then are we to think of the Writer and his Intentions? Is he
"really ſincere in his Reaſonings? Or are theſe eloquent
"Forms of Speech ſo many Marks of Falſhood? Were they

[5] Differt. p. 80. n. [6] Doct. of Grace, p 56, 57.

" assumed as *a Succedaneum to conscious Persuasion?* And is " the End and Design of them to *stifle Reason and inflame the* " *Passions*[7] *?*"

To blunt the Edge of these sharp and pressing Interrogatories, give me leave to observe that the main Question, agitated by the Bishop, is, whether Divine Inspiration can be reasonably expected to extend so far as to infuse a perfect Model of Eloquence, and to over-rule the inspired Apostles in such Sort as that all they write or speak should be according to the Rules of the most consummate Rhetoric. He resolves this Question, in the *negative: First*, by shewing that there is no such Thing as what would be deemed a perfect Model of Eloquence subsisting in Nature, a great Part of what is called Eloquence in all Nations, being arbitrary and chimerical; and, *secondly*, by shewing that even those Principles, which may be justly thought more substantial, were, for certain Reasons, not deserving the sollicitous and over-ruling Care of a divine Inspirer. His Reasons are these: *First*, that Eloquence, when most genuine, *is but a persuasive Turn given to the Elocution to supply that inward, that conscious Persuasion of the Speaker, so necessary to gain a fair Hearing, and which the first Preachers of the Gospel had already* by the Influence and Impression of the Holy Spirit upon their Minds: And, *next*, that *the End of Eloquence even when it extends no further than to those more general Principles, is but to stifle Reason, and inflame the Passions*; an *End* of a suspicious Sort, and which the Propagation of Christian Truths, the proper Business of the sacred Writers or Speakers, did not require.

You see these *Reasons*, in whatever defective, are both of them founded in *one common* Principle, which the Bishop every where goes upon, and the best Philosophy warrants. That, when the Deity interposes in human Affairs, he interposes no further than is *necessary* to the End in View, and leaves every Thing else to the Intervention and Operation of second Causes. The Apostles wanted NO Succedaneum to an inward conscious Persuasion, which the Observance of the general Principles of

[7] Differt. p. 20.

Eloquence

Eloquence ſupplies: they were not, therefore ſupernaturally inſtructed in them. They wanted NO Aſſiſtance from a Power, that tends *to ſtifle Reaſon and inflame the Paſſion:* It was not therefore, miraculouſly imparted to them. Every Thing here, is rational and cloſely argued. What was not neceſſary, was not done. Not a Word about the Inconvenience and Inutility, in all Caſes, of recurring to the Rules and Practice of a chaſte Eloquence: Not a Word to ſhew, that, where Eloquence is employed, there is nothing but Fraud and *Falſehood*, no inward Perſuaſion, no Conſciouſneſs of Truth: Not a Word to inſinuate, that either you or the Biſhop ſhould be reſtrained from being as eloquent, on Occaſion, as you might have it in your Power to be, or might think fit: Nay, not a Word, againſt the Apoſtles themſelves having Recourſe to the Aids of human Eloquence, if they had Acceſs to them, and found them expedient; only theſe Aids were not REQUIRED, that is, were not to be claimed or expected from divine Inſpiration.

Thus ſtands the Biſhop's reaſoning, perfectly clear and juſt. The only Room for Debate, is, whether his Ideas of the *Nature* and *End* of Eloquence be juſt, too. *Eloquence*, he ſays, *is but a perſuaſive Turn given to the Elocution to ſupply that inward, that conſcious Perſuaſion of the Speaker, ſo neceſſary to gain a fair Hearing.* The general Affirmation you do not, indeed cannot, reject or controvert; for the great Maſter of Eloquence himſelf confirms it in expreſs Words—*Tum optimè dicit Orator, cum* VIDETUR *vera dicere.* QUINCTIL. l. iv. c. 2. And, again, *Semper ita dicat,* TANQUAM *de causâ optimè ſentiat.* l. v. c. 13. that is, an inward conſcious Perſuaſion is to be ſupplied by the Speaker's Art. The Biſhop's Idea then of the *Nature* of Eloquence is, as far as I can ſee, the very ſame Idea, which QUINCTILIAN had of it. Both agree that Eloquence is *ſuch a Turn of the Elocution as ſupplies that inward conſcious Perſuaſion, ſo neceſſary to the Speaker's Succeſs.* The Biſhop adds, that this *Supply* the inſpired Writers did not want. But you will ſay, perhaps, that merely human Writers may have this *inward conſcious Perſuaſion*, as well as the inſpired. What then? If human Writers can do without this Succedaneum, which human Eloquence ſupplies to inward Perſuaſion, who

who obliges them to have Recourſe to it? Yes, but they cannot do *ſo well* without it. Who then forbids them to have Recourſe to it? For neither are the inſpired Writers barred of this Privilege: Only, as being ſimply UNNECESSARY, it was nor præternaturally ſupplied. Your Perplexity on this Subject ariſes from not diſtinguiſhing between what is *abſolutely neceſſary*, and what is *ſometimes expedient*: Divine Inſpiration provides only for the *firſt*; the *latter* Conſideration belongs to human Prudence.

But it is, further, a Miſtake to ſay, *that merely human Writers have their inward conſcious Perſuaſion as well as the divine.* They may have it, indeed, from the Concluſions of their own Reaſon, but have they it in the ſame Degree of Strength and Vivacity, have they the ſame *full Aſſurance of Faith*, as thoſe who have Truth immediately impreſſed upon them by the Hand of GOD? I ſuppoſe not.

But the Biſhop's Idea of the END of Eloquence, revolts you as much as his Idea, of its *Nature*. *What*, ſays he, *is the* END *of Eloquence, even when it extends no further than to thoſe more general Principles, but to ſtifle Reaſon and inflame the Paſſions?* And what other End, I pray you, can it have? You will ſay, To adorn, recommend, and enforce Truth. It may be ſo, ſometimes: This, we will ſay, is its more legitimate End. But even this End is not accompliſhed but by *ſtifling Reaſon and inflaming the Paſſions*: that is, Eloquence prevents Reaſon from adverting *ſimply* to the Truth of Things, and to the Force of Evidence; and it does this by agitating and diſturbing the natural and calm ſtate of the Mind with rhetorical *Diminutions or Amplifications.* VIS *oratoris* OMNIS, ſays QUINCTILIAN, *in* AUGENDO MINUENDOQUE *conſiſtit.* [l viii. c. 3. ſub fin.] Now what is this but *ſtifling Reaſon?* But it goes further: It *inflames the Paſſions*, the ultimate End it has in View from *ſtifling Reaſon*, or putting it off its Guard. And for this, again, we have the Authority of QUINCTILIAN, *affectibus perturbandus et ab intentione auferendus orator. Non enim ſolum oratoris eſt docere, ſed plus Eloquentia* CIRCA MOVENDUM *valet.* l. iv. c. 5. Or, would you ſee a Paſſage from the great Maſter of Rhetoric, where his *Idea* of this double

End

End of Eloquence is given at once? It follows in theſe Words —*Ubi* ANIMIS *judicum* VIS *afferenda eſt, et* AB IPSA VERI CONTEMPLATIONE *abducenda mens,* IBI PROPRIUM ORATORIS OPUS EST, l. vi. c. 2. That is, where the *Paſſions are to be inflamed and Reaſon ſtifled, there is the proper Uſe and Employment of the rhetorical Art.* So exactly has the Biſhop traced the Footſteps of the great Maſter, when he gave us his Idea of the END of Eloquence!

Well, but this *End,* you ſay, is IMMORAL. So much the worſe for your Syſtem, for ſuch is the undoubted End of Eloquence, even by the Confeſſion of its greateſt Patrons and Advocates themſelves. But what? Is this End immoral in all Caſes? And have you never heard, *that the Paſſions,* as wicked Things as they are, *may be ſet on the Side of Truth?* In ſhort, Eloquence, like Ridicule, which is, indeed, no mean Part of it, may be either well or ill employed; and though it cannot be truly ſaid, that the end of either is ſimply *immoral,* yet it cannot be denied, that what theſe *Modes of Addreſs* propoſe to themſelves in ALL Caſes, is, *to ſtifle Reaſon and inflame the Paſſions.*

The Biſhop's Idea, then, of the End of Eloquence, I preſume, is fairly and fully juſtified. But your Complaint now is, that the Biſhop does not himſelf abide by this Idea. For you find a Contradiction between what his Lordſhip ſays here —*that the End of Eloquence, even when it extends no further than to thoſe more general Principles, is but to ſtifle Reaſon and inflame the Paſſions,* and what he ſays elſewhere—*that the principal End of Eloquence, as it is employed in human Affairs, is to miſlead Reaſon, and to cajole the Fancy and Affections*[3]. But theſe Propoſitions are perfectly conſiſtent, nor was the *latter* introduced ſo much as for the Purpoſe of *qualifying and palliating* any Thing that might be deemed offenſive in the *former.* For though Eloquence, chaſtely employed, goes no further than to *ſtifle Reaſon and inflame the Paſſions* (and the chaſteſt Eloquence, if it deſerves the Name, goes thus far), yet *the principal End of Eloquence, as it is employed in human Affairs,* is to

[3] Differt. p. 80. n.

miſlead

miſlead Reaſon, which is ſomething more than *ſtifling* it; and to *cajole*, which is much worſe than to *inflame*, the Paſſions. Reaſon may be STIFLED, and the Paſſions INFLAMED, when the Speaker's Purpoſe is to inculcate *Right and Truth*; Reaſon is only in Danger of being MISLED, and the Fancy and Affections of being CAJOLED, when Wrong and Error are enforced by him. So very inaccurate was your Conception of the Biſhop's Expreſſion! which I ſhould not have explained ſo minutely, but to ſhew you that, when you undertook to expoſe ſuch a Writer, as the Biſhop, you ſhould have ſtudied his Expreſſion with more Care, and ſhould have underſtood the Force of Words at another Rate, than you ſeem to have done in this Inſtance.

Still you will aſk, if the *End* be ſo legitimate, why ſhould not the inſpired Writers be truſted with this powerful Engine of human Eloquence? The Biſhop gives ſeveral Reaſons: It is a *ſuſpicious Inſtrument*, p. 57. It was an *improper* Inſtrument for heaven-directed Men, whoſe Strength was not to be derived from *the Wiſdom of Men*, but from *the Power of God*, p. 59. But the direct and immediate Anſwer it contained, as I obſerved, in theſe Words—*The Propagation of Chriſtian Truths indiſpenſably requires the Aid of Reaſon, and requires no other Aid.* 1. Chriſtianity, which is *a reaſonable Service*, was of Neceſſity to be propagated by Force of Reaſon; in the Biſhop's better Expreſſion, IT INDISPENSABLY REQUIRED THE AID OF REASON; but *Reaſon*, he tells us in the next Words, *can never be fairly and vigorouſly exerted but in that favourable Interval which precedes the Appeal to the Paſſions.* 2. The Propagation of Chriſtianity, which indiſpenſably required the Aid of Reaſon, REQUIRED NO OTHER HUMAN AID: That is, no other human Means were ſimply REQUISITE OR NECESSARY. God, therefore, was pleaſed to leave his inſpired Servants to the prudential Uſe and Exerciſe of their own natural or acquired Talents; but would not ſupernaturally endow them with this *unneceſſary* Power of eloquent Words. The inſpired Writers, even the moſt learned, and by Nature the moſt eloquent of them, made a very ſparing Uſe of ſuch Talents, *proudly ſacrificing them*, as the Biſhop nobly

and

and eloquently ſays, *to the Glory of the everlaſting Goſpel.* But as the *End* was not, ſo neither was the *Uſe* of Eloquence, ſimply immoral or evil in itſelf. They were Conſiderations of *Propriety*, *Prudence*, and *Piety*, which reſtrained the Apoſtles generally, but not always, in the *Uſe* of Eloquence; which was leſs *decent* in their Caſe, and which they could very well do without. When the ſame Conſiderations prompt other Men, under other Circumſtances, to affect the Way of Eloquence, it may ſafely, and even commendably, for any Thing the Biſhop has ſaid on this Subject as it concerns divine Inſpiration, be employed.

Admitting then the Biſhop's Ideas both of the *Nature* and *End* of Eloquence, the *Want* of this Character in the ſacred Writings is only vindicated, not *the Thing itſelf* interdicted or diſgraced.

The Concluſion from the whole of what the Biſhop has advanced on this Argument, follows in theſe Words:

'What, therefore, do our Ideas of Fit and Right tell us is 'required in the *Style* of an univerſal Law? Certainly no more 'than this—To employ thoſe Aids which are common to *all* 'Language as ſuch; and to reject what is peculiar to *each*, as 'they are caſually circumſtanced. And what are theſe Aids 'but CLEARNESS and PRECISION? By theſe, the Mind and 'Sentiments of the Compoſer are intelligibly conveyed to the 'Reader. Theſe Qualities are eſſential to Language, as it 'is diſtinguiſhed from Jargon: They are eternally the ſame, 'and independent on Cuſtom or Faſhion. To give a Lan'guage *Clearneſs* was the Office of Philoſophy; to give it '*Preciſion* was the Office of Grammar. Definition performs 'the firſt Service by a Reſolution of the Ideas which make 'up the Terms: Syntaxis performs the ſecond by a Combina'tion of the ſeveral Parts of Speech into a ſyſtematic Congru'ity: Theſe are the very Things in Language which are leaſt 'poſitive, as being conducted on the Principles of Metaphy'ſics and logic. Whereas, all beſides, from the very Power 'of the Elements, and Signification of the Terms, to the 'Tropes and Figures of Compoſition, are arbitrary; and, 'what is more, as theſe are a Deviation from thoſe Principles

'of

'of Metaphyſics and Logic, they are frequently vicious. 'This, the great Maſter quoted above (QUINCTILIAN) freely 'confeſſeth, where ſpeaking of that ornamented Speech, which 'he calls σχήματα λέξεως, he makes the following Confeſſion 'and Apology—eſſet enim omne ſchema VITIUM, ſi non pe-'teretur, ſed accideret. Verum auctoritate, vetuſtate, con-'ſuetudine, plerumque defenditur, ſæpe etiam RATIONE QUA-'dam. Ideoque cum ſit a ſimplici rectoque loquendi genere 'deflexa, *virtus* eſt, ſi habet PROBABILE ALIQUID quod 'ſequatur. [9]'

There is no Part of your Book in which you exult more than in the Confutation of this obnoxious Paragraph. It is to be hoped, you do it on good Grounds—but let us ſee what thoſe Grounds are.

The Biſhop, in the Paragraph you criticiſe in your vth Chapter, had ſaid *that Tropes and Figures in Compoſition*, under certain Circumſtances, there expreſſed, are frequently *vicious*. You make a Difficulty of underſtanding this Term, and doubt whether his Lordſhip means *Vice* in a *critical* or *moral* Senſe. I take upon me to anſwer roundly for the Biſhop, that he meant *Vice*, in the *critical* Senſe: For he pronounces ſuch Tropes and Figures *vicious*, ONLY *as they are a Deviation from the Principles of* METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC; and therefore I preſume he could not mean *Vice* in the other Senſe, which is *a Deviation from the Principles of* ETHICS. All you ſay on this Subject, then, might have been well ſpared.

This incidental Queſtion, or Doubt of your's, being cleared up, let us now attend to the *more ſubſtantial Grounds* you go upon, in your Cenſure of the learned Biſhop.

He had been ſpeaking of *Clearneſs* and *Preciſion*, *as the Things in Language, which are leaſt poſitive. Whereas all beſides, from the very Power of the Elements and Signification of the Terms, to the Tropes and Figures of Compoſition, are arbitrary*; *and, what is more, as theſe are a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic, are frequently vicious.*

[9] Doct. of Grace, p. 58.

In

In *the firſt Place*, you ſay, *it were to be wiſhed that his Lordſhip had been pleaſed to expreſs himſelf with a little more Preciſion—Want of Preciſion* is not, I think, a Fault with which the Biſhop's Writings are commonly charged; and I wiſh it may not appear in this Inſtance, as it did lately in another, that your Miſapprehenſion of his Argument ariſes from the very *Preciſion* of his Expreſſion. But in what does this ſuppoſed *Want of Preciſion* conſiſt? Why, in not qualifying this Sentence, paſſed on *the Tropes and Figures of Compoſition*, which, from the general Terms, in which it is delivered, falls indiſcriminately upon ALL Writers and Speakers; for that "ALL Men, who have ever written and ſpoken, have *fre-* "*quently* uſed this Mode of Elocution, which is ſaid to be "*frequently* vicious[1]." Well, but from the Word, *frequently*, which you make yourſelf ſo pleaſant with, it appears that the Biſhop *had* qualified *this bold and dangerous Poſition*. —Yes, but this makes the Poſition *ſtill more bold*. Indeed! The Biſhop is then ſingularly unhappy, to have his Poſition, *firſt*, declared bold for Want of being qualified, and, *then*, bolder ſtill, for being ſo. But your Reaſon follows.

"What makes this Poſition ſtill more hardy is, that, how- "ever the Concluſion ſeems confined and reſtrained by the "Addition of that qualifying Word (frequently), yet the "Premiſes are general and unlimited. It is aſſerted without "any Reſtriction, that figurative Compoſition is a Deviation "from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic. If then it be "vicious *as* it is, i. e. *becauſe (quatenus)* it is ſuch a Devia- "tion, it muſt be not only *frequently* but *always* vicious; a "very ſevere Cenſure denounced againſt almoſt every Speaker, "and every Writer, both ſacred and prophane, that ever ap- "peared in the World[2]."

Here your Criticiſm grows very logical; and notwithſtanding the Confidence I owned myſelf to have in the *Preciſion* of the Biſhop's Style, I begin to be in Pain how I ſhall diſengage him from ſo exact and philoſophical an Objector. Yet, as the Occaſion calls upon me, I ſhall try what may be done. *As*

[1] Diſſert. p. 24. [2] Diſſert. p. 25.

theſe

theſe (Tropes and Figures of Compoſition) *are a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic, they are frequently* VICIOUS. Since the *Attribute* of this Propoſition is ſo peculiarly offenſive to you, your firſt Care, methinks, ſhould have been to gain preciſe and exact Ideas of the *Subject*; without which it is not poſſible to judge whether what is affirmed of it be exceptionable, or no.

By *Tropes and Figures of Compoſition*, you ſeem to underſtand *Metaphors*, *Allegories*, *Similitudes*, and whatever elſe is vulgarly known under the Name of *Figures of Speech*. For in p. 29, you ſpeak of *Allegories*, *Metaphors*, *and* OTHER *Tropes and Figures*, *which*, *you ſay*, *are no more than Compariſons and Similitudes expreſſed in another Form*: And your Concern, throughout this whole Chapter, is for the Vindication of *ſuch Tropes and Figures* from the ſuppoſed Charge of their being *a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic*. But now, on the other Hand, I dare be confident that the Biſhop meant theſe Terms, not in this *ſpecific*, but in their *generic* Senſe, as expreſſing any Kind of Change, Deflexion, or Deviation from the plain and common Forms of Language. I ſay, I am *confident* of this, 1, becauſe the preciſe Senſe of the Words *is* ſuch as I repreſent it to be; and I have obſerved, though, it ſeems, you have not, that the Biſhop is of all others the moſt *preciſe* in his Expreſſion. 2. Becauſe QUINCTILIAN authorizes this Uſe of thoſe Terms, who tells us that—*per tropos verti formas non verborum modo ſed et ſenſuum, et compoſitionis*, l. viii. c. 6. And as to *figuram*, he defines it to be (as the Word itſelf, he ſays, imports) *conformatio quædam orationis, remota à communi et primum ſe offerente ratione*, l. ix. c. 1. *Words* large enough to take in every poſſible Change and Alteration of common Language. So that *all Manners and Forms* of Language, different from the common ones, may, according to QUINCTILIAN, be fitly denominated *Tropes and Figures of Compoſition*. 3. I conclude this to be the Biſhop's Meaning, becauſe the *ſpecific Senſe* of theſe Words was not ſufficient to his Purpoſe, which was to ſpeak of ALL kinds of tropical and figured Speech. Now though *Allegories*, *Metaphors*, *and other Tropes and Figures which are no more than*

than Comparisons and Similitudes, expressed in another Form, belong indeed to the *Genus* of figured Language, they are by no Means the whole of it, as so great a Master of Rhetoric, as yourself, very well knows. 4. I conclude this, from the *peculiar Mode* of his Expression: If the Bishop had said simply *tropes and Figures of Speech*, I might perhaps (if nothing else had hindered) have taken him to mean, as you seem to have done, only *Metaphors, Allegories, and other Tropes and Figures, expressing, in another Form, Comparisons and Similitudes*, which, in vulgar Use, come under the Name of *Tropes and Figures of Speech*: But when he departs from the common Form of Expression and puts it, *Tropes and Figures of* COMPOSITION, I infer that so exact a Writer, as the Bishop, had his Reasons for this Change, and that he intended by it to express *more* than *Tropes or Figures of Speech* usually convey, indeed ALL that can any Way relate to tropical and figurative Use of Words in *literary Composition*.

It is now seen what the SUBJECT of this bold Proposition is: namely, *tropical or figured Language, in general*. This figured Language, as it is a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphysics and Logic, is frequently *vicious*; i. e. is an acknowledged Vice or Fault in Composition, as such. We now then see the Force of the PREDICATE.

Well; but if this figured Language "be vicious *as* it is, "*i. e. because, quatenus*, it is such a Deviation, it must not "only be *frequently*, but *always* vicious." The Premises are general and unlimited: So must, likewise, be the Conclusion. What Sense, then, is there in the Word *frequently*? Or what Room, for that Qualification?

See, what it is to be a great Proficient in Logic, before one has well learnt one's Grammar! As, i. e. *because, quatenus*, say you. How exactly and critically the English Language may be studied in *Dublin*, I pretend not to say: But we in *England* understand the Particle *as*, not only in the Sense of *because, quatenus*, but also, and, I think more frequently, in the Sense of *in Proportion as, according as*, or, if you will needs have a Latin Term to explain an English Term, *prout, perinde ac*. So that the Proposition stands thus: *These Tropes and Figures*, ACCORDING

CORDING AS *they are a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphyſic and Logic, are frequently vicious.* The Premiſes, you now ſee, are qualified, as well as the Concluſion. Figured Language, WHEN it deviates from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic, becomes vicious. Figured Language is then—what? *always* vicious? But the Biſhop did not ſay, that figured Language is *always* a Deviation from thoſe Principles. He only ſays, *when* it ſo deviates, it is vicious. It is implied in the Expreſſion, that figured Language at leaſt *ſometimes* deviates from thoſe Principles, and the Biſhop, as appears, is of Opinion that it *frequently* deviates: He therefore ſays, conſiſtently with his Premiſes, and with his uſual Accuracy, It is *frequently* vicious.

In ſhort, the Biſhop's Argument, about which you make ſuch a Stir, if drawn out in Mood and Figure, would, I ſuppoſe, ſtand thus—"Tropical and figured Language, WHEN it "deviates from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic, is "vicious—Tropical and figured Language FREQUENTLY de-"viates from thoſe Principles—Therefore tropical and figured "Language is FREQUENTLY vicious." And where is the Defect of Senſe or Logic, I want to know, in this Argumentation? But you impatiently aſk, Are *Metaphors, Allegories, and Compariſons* then included in this *figured Language*, which is pronounced *vicious?* To this Queſtion, I can only reply, That I know not whether *Metaphors, Allegories, and Compariſons*, are, in the Biſhop's Opinion, *Deviations* from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic; for I cannot find that he ſays any Thing, in *particular*, of this Kind of Tropes and Figures. But if you, or any one for you, will ſhew clearly, that *Metaphors, Allegories, and Compariſons* are ſuch *Deviations*, the Biſhop, for any Thing I know, might affirm, and might be juſtified in affirming that they were in themſelves *vicious*. But be not too much alarmed for your Favourites, if he ſhould. They would certainly keep their Ground, though convicted of ſuch *Vice*; at leaſt unleſs the Rhetoricians of our Time ſhould be ſo dull as not to be able to find out what QUINCTILIAN calls *probabile aliquid*, ſome probable Pretext to juſtify or excuſe them.

But,

But, inſtead of troubling ourſelves to gueſs what the Biſhop *might* ſay on a Subject on which he has ſaid nothing, it is to better Purpoſe to attend to what he *has* ſaid on the Subject in Queſtion. The Biſhop *has* ſaid, *That tropical and figured Language is frequently vicious.* You aſk when? He replies, *When it deviates from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic.* But in what particular Inſtance doth this appear? He tells you this too. He gives you Inſtances enough, to juſtify his Affirmation, that tropical and figured Language is *frequently* vicious; for he exemplifies his Affirmation in ONE WHOLE Claſs of ſuch figured Speech, as deviates from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic, and is therefore vicious, namely, *in the Claſs of verbal Figures.* 'This, (*i. e.* the Truth of the Affirmation, That figured Language, according as it is found to be a Deviation 'from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic, is frequently 'vicious) the great Maſter, QUINCTILIAN, freely confeſſeth, 'where, ſpeaking of that ornamented Speech, which he calls 'σχήματα λέξεως, he makes the following Confeſſion and Apo-'logy—eſſet enim omne ſchema VITIUM, ſi non peteretur, ſed 'accideret. Verum auctoritate, vetuſtate, conſuetudine, ple-'rumque defenditur, ſæpe etiam RATIONE QUADAM. Ideo-'que cum ſit a ſimplici rectoque loquendi genere deflexa, *vir-'tus* eſt, ſi habet, PROBABILE ALIQUID quod ſequatur[s].'

The Difficulty, I truſt, now begins to clear up. Figured Language, is frequently vicious. Of this we have an Inſtance given in one entire Species of figured or ornamented Speech, namely σχήματα λέξεως, or *verbal Figures.* Can any Thing be clearer, and plainer? Yet, becauſe you have taken it into your Head that by *Tropes and Figures of Compoſition* the Biſhop underſtood, nay could only underſtand, *Metaphors, Allegories, and Compariſons*, you dreamt of nothing, here, but the ſame fine Things. And though QUINCTILIAN lay before the Biſhop, when he quoted theſe Words, though the Biſhop's own expreſs Words ſhew the contrary, for he ſpeaks not of Tropes and Figures in general, much leſs of ſuch Tropes and Figures as you ſpeak of, but ſolely of *that ornamented Speech*, called σχή-

[s] Quintil. l. ix. c. 3.

παλαι λεξεως, you will needs have him quote QUINCTILIAN in this Place as ſpeaking of *Rhetorical Figures*. But let us attend to QUINCTILIAN's Words. *Eſſet omne ſchema vitium, ſi non peteretur, ſed accideret.* What! Shall we think that the Biſhop could mean to affirm of *rhetorical Figures*, that they would *always be vicious*, if they *were not ſought for, but occurred of themſelves?* For that, I think, is the Tranſlation of—*ſi non peterentur, ſed acciderent.* Surely one Way, and that the chief, in which *rhetorical Figures, Metaphors, Allegories, and Compariſons*, become vicious, is, when they ARE *ſought for, ſollicitouſly hunted after, and affectedly brought in.* The very contrary happens with Regard to theſe verbal figures; they are vicious, when they *are* NOT *ſought for and purpoſely affected.* I conclude then, that his Lordſhip, who ſurely does not want common Senſe, and, I think, underſtands Latin, did not, and could not intend to exemplify his Obſervation in the Caſe of *rhetorical Figures.*

Still you are ſomething puzzled and perplexed by the Biſhop's Obſervation. Admitting him to mean, as his Author does, *verbal Figures*, how can theſe be conſidered *as a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic?* How? Why, has not the Biſhop told us, or, if he had not, is it not certain in itſelf, that *to give a Language Clearneſs is the Office of Philoſophy; and that Definition, a Part of Logic, performs that Service by a Reſolution of the Ideas, which make up the Terms?* But theſe verbal Figures are often a Deviation from, nay a willful Defiance of, *all logical Definition.* Witneſs the very Inſtance you and QUINCTILIAN give us, in VIRGIL's *timidi damæ.* Logic defines *damæ* to be the *Females* of that Species of Animals, called *Deer.* The figurative VIRGIL confounds this Diſtinction by uſing this Term for the *Males*, as well as Females. But, univerſally, *Grammar* itſelf, whoſe peculiar Office is to *give Preciſion to Language*, is a Part of Logic: The Biſhop ſays, *its Rules are conducted on the Principles of Logic.* But *verbal Figures*, even when they do not offend againſt the Strictneſs of Definition, are univerſally Violations, in ſome Degree or other, of *Grammar*, i. e. of *Logic.* Yet theſe Violations of *Logical Grammar*, QUINCTILIAN tells us, may be allowed, *ſi habent probabile*

probabile aliquid quod ſequantur; that is, for ſome fantaſtical Reaſon or other, by which the Maſters of Rhetoric are pleaſed to recommend them to us.

And now, Sir, let me aſk, what becomes of your fine Comment on QUINCTILIAN's Chapter concerning *verbal Figures*, and, particularly, of your nice Diſtinction between theſe, and *rhetorical Figures*, which the Biſhop, no Doubt, wanted to be informed of? The Iſſue of your Exploits in Logic and Criticiſm is now ſeen to be this, That you have groſsly miſrepreſented the Biſhop; and needleſsly, at leaſt, explained QUINCTILIAN. *Firſt*, you make the Biſhop talk of *rhetorical Figures* ONLY, in the *ſpecific* Senſe of the Terms, when his Lordſhip was all the while ſpeaking of *figured Language, in general*. *Next*, you make him deliver a bold Poſition concerning rhetorical Figures, as being *frequently* vicious, becauſe *always* Deviations from the Principles of Metaphyſics and Logic; when all he maintains, is, That figured Language is FREQUENTLY vicious according as it deviates from thoſe Principles; and, in particular, that *that* Part of figured Speech, called grammatical or verbal Figures, is ALWAYS vicious.

To conclude, if you had ſhewn any Compunction, or even common Reſpect in expoſing what you took to be the Biſhop's Abſurdities on this Subject, I ſhould have made a Conſcience of laying you open on this Head of *Rhetorical and Grammatical Figures*. As it is, your unmerciful Triumph over the poor Biſhop, makes it allowable for me to lay your Dealing with him before the Reader in all its Nakedneſs; and after what has been ſaid, I cannot do it better than by letting him ſee how the Biſhop's Argumentation is repreſented by you, as drawn out in your own Words, and that in full Mood and Figure.

"I ſhould by no Means, ſay you, willingly miſrepreſent the "argument of my Lord Biſhop; but upon repeated Examina- "tion of the Paſſage here quoted, I muſt ſtate it thus:

"QUINCTILIAN declares, that what are called grammatical "figures are really no more than faulty Violations of gramma- "tical Rules, unleſs when purpoſely introduced upon ſome rea- "ſonable or plauſible Grounds."

THERE-

THEREFORE,

" He confeſſes that Tropes and Figures of Compoſition, " they are a Deviation from the Principles of Metaphyſics a " Logic, are frequently vicious."

You add, " If this be a fair Repreſentation, it were to " wiſhed that the learned Author *had ſo far condeſcended to M* " *of confined Abilities*, as to explain the Connection betwe " theſe two Propoſitions [a].

As the *learned Author*, I gueſs, may be better employ than in this unneceſſary Taſk, which you *wiſh* to impoſe up him, I have taken upon me to diſcharge that Office, with l able Hands; and yet, have *explained the Connections betwee theſe two Propoſitions* in ſuch Sort, that, if I miſtake not, w ſhall never hear more from you, of any Inconſiſtency betwe them.

I have now, Sir, gone through the ſeveral Particulars o your Diſſertation, and have ſhewn, I think, clearly and invincibly, that all your Objections to the Biſhop's paradoxical Sentiments on the Subject of Eloquence are miſtaken and wholly groundleſs.

The TWO Propoſitions, his Lordſhip took upon him to confute. 1. *That an inſpired Language muſt needs be a Language of perfect Eloquence*; and 2. *That Eloquence is ſomething congenial and eſſential to human Speech, and inherent in the Conſtitution of Things:* Theſe two Propoſitions, I ſay, are ſo thoroughly confuted by the Biſhop, that not one Word of all you ſay in any Degree affects his reaſoning, or ſupports thoſe two Propoſitions againſt the Force of it. I am even candid enough to believe that, on further Thoughts, you will not yourſelf be diſpleaſed with this ill Succeſs of your Attack on the learned Prelate's *Principles*; which are manifeſtly calculated for the Service of Religion and the Honour of inſpired Scripture. For, though you attempt to ſhew us in your two laſt Chapters, how the Honour of inſpired Scripture may be ſaved on *other Principles*, yet allow me to ſay that, for certain Reaſons, I much queſtion the Validity of thoſe Principles; at leaſt, that

[a] Diſſert. p. 34.

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the Perſons, moſt concerned in this Controverſy, will by no Means ſubſcribe to them. If there be an Archetype of Eloquence in Nature, 'one ſhould be apt enough, as the Biſhop 'ſays, to conclude, that when the Author of Nature condeſ-'cended to inſpire one of theſe plaſtic Performances of human 'Art, he would make it by the exacteſt Pattern of the Arche-'type[2].' Or, whatever you and I and the Biſhop might conclude, aſſure yourſelf that the Objectors to inſpired Scripture will infallibly draw that Concluſion. And, when they do ſo, and fortify themſelves, beſides, with the Authority of ſo great a Maſter of Eloquence, as yourſelf, it will be in vain, I doubt, to oppoſe to them your ingenious Harangues and Encomiums on the eloquent Compoſition of the ſacred Scriptures. Nay, it would give you, no Doubt, ſome Pain to find that, though they ſhould accept your Authority for the Truth of their favourite Principle of there being *an Archetype in Nature of perfect Eloquence*, they would yet reject your *Harangues and Encomiums* with the Diſdain which is ſo natural to them. The Honour of ſacred Scripture will then hang on a Queſtion of *Taſte:* and unluckily the Objectors are of ſuch an Authority in that Reſpect, that there is no Appeal from their Deciſions of it.

The Contemplation of theſe *Inconveniencies*, together with the *Love of Truth*, determined me to hazard this Addreſs to you. I will not deny, beſides, that the mere *Juſtice* due to a great Character, whom I found ſomewhat freely, not to ſay injuriouſly treated by you, was, alſo, *one* Motive with me. If I add ſtill *another*, it is ſuch as I need not diſown, and which you, of all Men, will be the laſt to object to, I mean a Motive of *Charity* towards yourſelf.

I am much a Stranger to your Perſon, and, what it may perhaps be ſcarce decent for me to profeſs to you, even to your Writings. All I know of YOURSELF, is, what your Book tells me, that you are diſtinguiſhed by an honourable Place and Office in the Univerſity of *Dublin:* and what I have heard of your WRITINGS, makes me think favourably of a private Scholar, who, they ſay, employs himſelf in ſuch Works of

[2] Doct. of Grace, p. 52.

Learning

Learning and Taſte, as are proper to inſtill a Reverence into young Minds for the beſt Models of Antient Eloquence. While you are thus creditably ſtationed, and thus uſefully employed, I could not but feel ſome Concern for the Hurt you were likely to do yourſelf by engaging in ſo warm and ſo unneceſſary an Oppoſition to a *Writer*, as you characterize him, *of diſtinguiſhed Eminence* [4]. Time was, when even with us on this ſide the Water, the Novelty of this Writer's Poſitions, and the Envy, which ever attends ſuperior Merit, diſpoſed ſome warm Perſons to open, and proſecute with many hard Words, the unpopular Cry againſt him, of his being a bold and PARADOXICAL Writer. But Reflexion and Experience have quieted this Alarm. Men of Senſe and Judgement now conſider his Paradoxes as very harmleſs, nay, as very ſober and certain Truths; and even vye with each other in their Zeal of Building upon them, as the ſureſt Baſis, on which a juſt and rational Vindication of our common Religion can be raiſed. This is the preſent State of things with us, and eſpecially, they ſay, in the Univerſities of this Kingdom.

It was, therefore, not without ſome Surprize, and, as I ſaid, with much real Concern, that I found a Gentleman of Learning and Education revive, at ſuch a Juncture, that ſtale and worn-out Topic, and diſgrace himſelf by propagating this Clamour of I know not what *paradaxical Baldneſs*, now long out of Date, in the much-approved Writings of this great Prelate. Nor was the Diſhonour to yourſelf, the only Circumſtance to be lamented. You were ſtriving with all your Might, to infuſe Prejudices into the Minds of many ingenious and virtuous young Men; whom you would ſurely be ſorry to miſlead; and who would owe you little Thanks for prepoſſeſſing them with unfavourable Sentiments of ſuch a Man and Writer, as the Biſhop of *Glouceſter*, they will find, is generally eſteemed to be.

Theſe, then, were the Conſiderations, which induced me to employ an Hour or two of Leiſure in giving your Book a free Examination. I have done it in as few Words as poſſible, and

[4] Adv. to the Differt.

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in a *Manner* which no reaſonable and candid Man, I perſuade myſelf, will diſapprove. I know what Apologies may be requiſite to the learned Biſhop for a Stranger's engaging in this officious Taſk. But to you, Sir, I make none: It is enough if any Benefits to yourſelf or others may be derived from it.

I am with Reſpect, &c.

FINIS.